

Unwanted Butterflies

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Unwanted Butterflies

by [lookingatherhurts](#)

Summary

Jungkook and Taehyung hate each other. Except, of course, when they're having sex.

Office Copulation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter One: Office Copulation

Yoongi sighs as soon as he opens the door to their apartment, throwing the keys on the purple couch to his right he despises so much. The only reason it's still in its place is because Taehyung insisted upon keeping it, saying it brought a modern touch to their house (he also threatened to sleep in the couch outside if it were to be thrown. Yoongi didn't mind but Jimin did). Said guy walks behind him with the grocery bags tightly held in his small fingers. Right when he's about to ask Yoongi if he wants to order some food or cook something up, his boyfriend spots Jungkook's leather jacket thrown carelessly on the floor and groans. "For fuck's sake, he's here again."

"Really? That's a new record." Jimin laughs, amused as he begins saving the fresh vegetables and fruits into the fridge. Yoongi holds the door open for him, leaning against it with a frown on his face.

"Not funny. Thanks God Tae's room is upstairs." He murmurs, eyes going instinctively towards the ceiling.

"As if that ever blocks any sounds." Jimin scoffs with a shake of his head which makes his orange hair move, strands falling on his forehead and blocking his view forcing him to run a hand through it as he usually does. "They probably already finished."

"Oh then..." he bites his lip, realization slowly sinking in.

"Yup, any minute now." Jimin nods, arranging the milk and the orange juice next to the beers, the brown paper bags at his feet.

"3...2...1" Yoongi counts with his fingers, trying hard to find the situation as amusing as his boyfriend does. It's not like he can complain anyway, since he's the one that moved in their apartment a few months ago. He'd wanted to get their own place with Jimin but they couldn't afford a good one and considering this one was already paid for by Taehyung's rich parents, he decided not to rush it. That being said, he wasn't aware of Tae's loud hobbies. At least the guy has

the decency of never doing it throughout the night.

“You fucking idiot!” Taehyung’s loud yell is heard through the apartment, earning a cackle from his best friend at the accurate countdown.

“Like clockwork.” Yoongi can’t help but smile as he sees Jimin’s eyes shine with the slight tremble of his lips as he laughs.

“You wanna cook?” He asks him once his laugh stops.

“Yeah but help me out, will you?” He asks while trying to recall his mom’s old jajangmyeon recipe. Jimin grins as he begins following Yoongi’s expert orders with enthusiasm, since he’s barely allowed inside the kitchen at all after almost burning the entire apartment down while trying to make some toast. It was traumatic to say the least. He’s chopping the onions trying not to harm himself as the blonde cuts the pork into small pieces at his left, the oven separating the two dark marble counters. They both stay in silence, pretending not to hear their friend’s quarrel.

“Why are you calling me an idiot when you fucking agreed to this!?” Jungkook says then, the rage obvious in his voice.

“Find the key or I swear to God---“ Tae threatens back just as a piercing laugh is heard, cutting his sentence off.

“What? You’ll slap me like the little bitch you are?”

Yoongi chuckles at that and Jimin sends him a glare with his eyes shining due to the onions.

“Call me a bitch once more! I fucking dare you!” Taehyung proclaims and silence follows suit before Jungkook, a smile clear on his voice, says, “You love it when I call you a bitch though,”

“Jungkook, shut the fuck up.” Tae replies, embarrassed and mad. After being his best friend for years now, Jimin can recognize every emotion behind his words, despite his attempts at hiding them. That’s why he likes Jungkook so much, because he makes Tae incredibly flustered and irritated, which never ceases to satisfy him.

“Make me.” The challenge is laced in his husky voice and even Jimin shudders at it, earning a weird look from his boyfriend.

“I can’t when I’m tied up like this!” Taehyung yells back then, his

throat probably hurting ensuing his screaming.

“Ew, ew, ew!” Jimin shuts his eyes in disgust, not finding the situation amusing anymore as he pictures his best friend tied up against his king size bed, strip naked.

“They are kinkier than I thought,” Yoongi laughs. A murmur is heard then which spikes Jimin’s curiosity. His hands stops chopping for a second, and even Yoongi pretends to be inspecting the pork in utter silence, fingers touching the fresh meat with a fake interest, concentrated on the task like a natural chef. That is, until...

“You had the key all along! You fucker! Get back here!” Taehyung is yelling louder than before, the bed moving along with him and reverberating through the apartment. His friends hear nearing footsteps and find a few seconds later a smirking Jungkook buttoning his black shirt with ease. His black hair is slightly messy in a way that still manages to look undeniably hot.

“Hey guys.” He smiles at them as if they haven’t just heard the whole thing.

“Hey, Kook.” Jimin nods, a red blush rising from his neck to his cheeks as he forces his eyes to head back to the cutting board. It’s a truth universally acknowledged that Jeon Jungkook is one of the (if not *the*) hottest men in Seoul. Not that Jimin would actually ever voice his thoughts, but he’s proud of his bestie for finding such a hot piece of ass to fuck every week. Regardless of how dysfunctional their relationship is...

“Jungkook!” Taehyung almost falls through the stairs as he runs towards him with only a white sheet covering his body, holding it tightly to his chest.

“What now?” The younger rolls his eyes turning in his direction.

“You’re going to pay for what you did back there.” Taehyung says with gritted teeth, his index finger pointing at him accusatorily, eyes narrowed with the intense promise of revenge. Jungkook stares at the finger trying to hide his amusement against such a lame threat, and failing miserably.

“I really ought to go now.” He says, not even trying to look apologetic in the slightest.

“No. You stay until I say so.” Tae demands, but is ignored by the other

who couldn't care less about the his attempts to sound scary.

"Bye guys, nice seeing you." He smiles once again to both Yoongi and Jimin before the door slams behind him on his way out. Taehyung throws himself into the purple couch he adores so much with a shriek.

"I fucking hate him." He covers his face with the palms of his hands, groaning into them.

"Well, you are the one who fucks him." Yoongi shrugs from the kitchen counter, resuming his meat cutting.

"Shut up." Tae glares at him in reply.

Jungkook is on the elevator towards his own penthouse when he remembers he left his leather jacket back at Taehyung's and for the way he stared at him when he left the apartment, he will most probably have a hard time getting it back. He sighs as the metal doors slide open and he walks with determined steps into his home.

"Back from Tae's?" Namjoon asks without looking up from his Sudoku, his black rimmed glasses resting on the bridge of his nose and a red pen on his slender fingers.

"Yup. I'll quickly take a shower and leave." He lets the older know as he plugs his phone on his charger. He's been sharing the penthouse with Namjoon, his older brother, for over three years now. Their parents bought it back when he was sixteen and Joon was nineteen, deeming it an appropriate age for them to live on their own and learn the hardships of life. Without even attending university, they both got jobs in their dad's world-known tech company, Bangtan. Namjoon was his father's right hand, being smart enough to tackle every issue with finesse, while Jungkook limited himself to smaller tasks since he wasn't interested and therefore didn't put much of an effort in anything he did. It isn't a big surprise his dad prefers Joon over him, the younger, wilder and rebellious Kookie who supposedly wastes his whole potential.

"Again? It's ten p.m." Namjoon comments, making a show of staring at his wrist to check the time even though the man is a living clock himself.

"Do I have a curfew now?" Jungkook asks half amused leaving the bathroom's door open to hear his brother better.

“No, but you have work in the morning.” Namjoon grumbles and Jungkook is forced to ignore the slight boil of his blood. The condescending tone to his every word combined with his idea of actually changing Jungkook into a better, mature man, are enough to rile him up. It has already happened many times before but right now he really doesn’t have the time nor the interest in fighting his brother.

“I’ll be there. Don’t worry, *boss*.” He spits the words with emphasis, his hands quickly unbuttoning his shirt. He reminds himself not to wear shirts when he is going to be fucking someone’s brains out. It can be a bit of an inconvenience, mostly when Taehyung is so damn needy.

“I do worry though. Where are you even going?” Namjoon questions him, the Sudoku long forgotten on his lap. Jungkook turns around inspecting the red marks Taehyung left drawn on his back. Fuck, the idiot.

“Yugyeom’s.”

“You literally just got back from having sex with Tae, and now you are heading to do the same with Yugyeom.” Joon states, incredulity on his words as he crumples the Sudoku book in his fists without even realizing it.

“Sounds about right.” Jungkook smiles, turning the shower’s head on with a quick move of his wrist.

“How are you so horny? Are you going to fuck everyone in the office until dad finds out?” He asks him then, the questions direct and hurtful as usual. After years of hearing them though, Jungkook is more than used to them. He bites the inside of his cheek nonetheless, refraining from snapping at him.

“Can we save the lecture for later?” The younger brother asks, head peeking out from the bathroom’s now half-closed door. “Like, tomorrow morning when I want to do anything *but* work?”

“You’re unbelievable.” Namjoon narrows his eyes at him, disappointment clear on his face. Jungkook clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth at the word.

“Funny, that’s what Taehyung said today when I was fucking him against the---“

“Please, don’t.” He raises his palm up, stopping the words from

polluting his brain any more, making the other laugh.

“Okay, sorry. I really have to take a shower though, so...keep the good work.” Jungkook sends him an ironic thumbs up before slamming the door.

“If it isn’t Tae the Tiger.” A voice says from next to him when he’s on his break after an hour long conference meeting about the new apps ideas to be developed during 2017.

“Hoseok, hey.” Taehyung smiles, his hands stirring his hot cup of coffee after having added two teaspoons of sugar.

“You just killed it in there, man. If you don’t get a promotion soon, I’m suing your boss.” The other smiles at him, all charming white teeth and bright eyes. Tae grins proudly against his better judgement, remembering the ideas he’d come up with during the holidays. It felt good to be able to expose them to the professionals and have them actually nod in contemplation instead of throwing him dirty looks that made him wish he hadn’t opened his mouth in the first place.

“Namjoon-ssi is a really wise man. He knows what he’s doing so it’s really okay.” He says anyways, because Hoseok isn’t really his friend and bad-mouthing the boss isn’t what you do with people that aren’t *at least* your friends. It also helps a ton that neither Jimin nor Yoongi work here, so he can basically whine and bitch about every single thing without any danger whatsoever (though he likes to think they would never rat him out). And anyway, Namjoon really is a good boss, but that doesn’t change the fact Tae has been working his ass off for over more than two years now and he only got a place on the conference room last month. Even that new guy Lay got to be there, regardless of his bad ideas that made the entire room stare at him with pity.

“Sure, sure. So um...you and Jungkook, huh?” Hoseok’s lips move in a sly smile at the same time he leans against the counter in a relaxed, opened pose.

“Excuse me?” Taehyung asks after taking a short sip that burns his throat. The taste is comforting either way, his tongue already used to the bittersweet flavor that helps him stay awake throughout the day.

“Oh, don’t get me wrong, I’m totally into office copulation.” Hoseok winks at him and Tae has to hold back a startled laugh.

“Copulation, you say?”

“We are all grown adults here, let’s just say it how it is. Office coitus or fornication, whatever.” The brunette shrugs nonchalantly, waving his hand in a careless gesture that makes his light blue shirt wrinkle with the movement. Tae notices the awful bright red color of the tie and hides a wince.

“Why can’t you just say sex?” He asks but oh boy he shouldn’t have asked that, for Hoseok sends him a glare similar to his mom’s whenever he used to skip a class in high school and got caught.

“That’s a crude word, watch your mouth.”

“Okay...” Taehyung replies, getting ready to flee from the weird and awkward conversation.

“So anyway, you and Jeon?” Hoseok insists, not giving up regardless of how uncomfortable Tae obviously is.

The name sends a shiver down Taehyung’s spine, memories of him moaning that exact word the night before have him gritting his teeth yet again. He’s already resigned himself to the physical attraction the two of them have, but he can’t say he likes Jungkook in the slightest. His cocky mannerisms combined with his lack of maturity and responsibility make him one of the last men he’d ever consider a friend, let alone a lover. That and the fact the only reason he even has a job in the company is because he’s the boss’s precious son.

“What about us?” He grunts, debating whether he should throw the contents of his cup on Hoseok’s head. But then again, he does want to drink the coffee. He can’t quite believe the nerve of this guy, though. They’ve barely ever talked inside the office as it is, and now he’s asking about his private life?

“You copulate.” Hoseok states with a calm, almost tired expression.

“Sometimes, yeah. So?” He shrugs. It’s not like it’s a secret since even Namjoon knows. Okay, that one wasn’t exactly on purpose but the incident still makes Jungkook laugh. The fact that his older brother found the two of them fucking on his own house wasn’t funny for Tae, though. The younger shit hadn’t told him he shared the penthouse with anyone, let alone his damn boss. Still, Namjoon never brought

out the topic again and the few people in the office that new about them having sex did not seem to care since it didn't intervene with their work. It's not like they'd ever fuck in the office anyway.

"Nice." He smirks and Taehyung is seriously freaked out.

"Um, sure. I...have to go head back to my desk." He replies, pointing towards the opened door with his right thumb over his shoulder.

"Nice talking to you, say hi to Jungkook for me!"

"Will do." He murmurs before turning around, coffee cup in hand. He sighs in relief when he starts finally walking back to the only place he seems to find peace in. As soon as he sits down on his desk and opens a new tab on his computer though, there's the last person he would like to see poking his head into his cubicle.

"Hey, I forgot my jacket on your house last night." He whispers and Tae turns away from his computer with arms crossed tightly around his chest.

"Why do I get a feeling I don't give a fuck?" He asks sarcastically, an eyebrow raised to his hairline and an index finger resting thoughtfully against his chin.

"Come on, I need it." Jungkook quite literally whines, refraining from insulting the other as he wants to since he knows that approach won't get him his jacket back.

"And I needed to have my wrist to choke you but hey, can't let that happen." He grunts, leaning forward while still seating on his black chair. The younger sighs at that, looking at the ceiling as if asking God for patience. He even murmurs something under his breath that Tae is unable to catch.

"Are you really still mad about that?" He asks after taking a deep breath, as if he needs a whole ritual to not snap at Taehyung.

"Fuck off."

"You fuck off first." He fires back and Tae rolls his eyes at the other's stupidity.

"This is literally my damn office. Fuck off before I hurt you." He threatens, about to stand up. They hardly ever talk to each other inside the company since they always end up fighting (they hardly ever talk

to each other at all). It was only once when Taehyung found Jungkook sitting on *his* chair that he almost lost it, and Jackson Wang from his cubicle next to him had to stop him from punching him in the face. He would've lost his job but part of him wishes Jackson hadn't been there so he could've hit him as hard as he wanted to right now.

"Bitch." The other murmurs loud enough for him to hear and fuck it, Taehyung is ready to lose his job. He stands up, hands balled into fists, nails digging into his skin.

"What did you just call me?" He whispers, but his low voice is worse than when he is yelling and Jungkook should know that by now. They've been sleeping around for over two months and known each other ever since he started working here. He should *know*.

"I said bitch." The younger smiles wickedly, all red lips, pale skin and perfect parted dark hair. His expensive shirt is glued to his body like a second skin, the black tie in a perfect knot around his neck. And yet, no matter how gorgeous he looks, Taehyung hates him so much he barely contains the rage bursting through his body.

"That jacket you love so much is going to be burnt to the ground and you will never see it again." He promises with his lips pursing and an intense gaze; his eyebrows furrowed, his eyes shiny with fury. If looks could kill, Jungkook would be long dead by now.

"Don't you fucking dare, Taehyung." He leans closer, his perfume making Taehyung sick to the stomach. He hates how used to it he is, how that same smell can be found on his skin right after having Jungkook take him over and over again. The pain of his back is a constant reminder, the hickeys under his shirt a secret companion.

"Try me. I'm sick of you and your stupid games. We're done." Taehyung's words echo through his cubicle and sound as final as a novel coming to a heartbreaking end. His face is a short meter from the other who smiles at him *again*, entertained because he isn't having none of it. He has the nerve of simply laughing amused at the older, his mouth open wide in delight and his head thrown backwards. It'd be a beautiful sight if it weren't for the fact it's Jeon Jungkook.

"You said that last time." His expression only riles up Taehyung even more, the vein on his neck that has been kissed so many times before, right where his pulse vibrates under Jungkook's lips, is prominently shown with the tremble of his throat as he screams back: "Yeah well, this time I mean it!"

“Whatever helps you sleep at night. I’ll be collecting my jacket tonight.” He winks before turning around and leaving towards his own bigger, more luxurious office. In where he hardly ever does anything besides sitting on his ass.

As soon as he’s gone, Taehyung quickly takes his phone from his pocket and types a text hurriedly to Yoongi. The smirk plastered on his face is inevitable.

Taehhh

Grab Jungkook’s jacket and burn it in the garden.

Yoongi!*

I’m not even gonna ask.

Taehhh

Don’t tell Jimin! @:

Yoongi!*

He’ll smell the smoke but whatever. See ya.

Taehhh

Thanks! (:

Jungkook hears Taehyung’s evil laugh and almost breaks the pencil on his hand into two. His assistant who was pouring him a cup of coffee shudders, making a few drops fall into his glass desk. She apologizes profusely but Jungkook simply waves her off, sick of her incompetence.

He narrows his eyes, focused on Tae’s desk regardless of the view being blocked by the walls separating them. He better have his jacket ready when he gets to his apartment tonight or *else*.

Chapter End Notes

New fanfic! I can't quite help myself hehe. I love Taekook, sue me.

Hope you like it and suscribe. Do comment and send kudos (:

Refusing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Chapter Two: Refusing

Taehyung hears the loud banging on the door right when he turns the TV on to watch “The Legend of the Blue Sea.” That for him is excuse enough to ignore it. He has a big spoon and a bowl of ice cream on his lap; second huge excuse to ignore the following yelling, mostly when it’s obviously Jungkook’s angry voice.

“Taehyung open up or I swear to God, I will break this damn door!”

“You aren’t that macho, Jungkook!” He rolls his eyes while he screams back, his voice slightly muffled by the spoon on his tongue. The sweet taste of chocolate has him practically moaning against it. He watches as Joon Jae puts on a pilot costume that makes him look extremely hot, with such a concentration that he fails to notice the sudden halt of the screaming coming from the hallway outside.

So when the door is suddenly opened and Tae turns around, he is surprised to say the least. Of course, Jungkook didn’t actually break down the door but instead found Jimin returning from his dancing studio; and of course, his best friend is a traitor and let Jungkook in with a big triumphant grin on his face.

“Tae, don’t be rude to our guests.” He shakes his head disapprovingly and Taehyung has to suppress another scream. Jimin is wearing a white shirt which is pretty see-through in the first place, and combined with his sweaty body, everyone who glances his way is practically seeing him shirtless. Taehyung highly dislikes the way Jungkook is suddenly paying more attention to his best friend than him, so he chooses to stand up and go over to the younger as he slowly brings his spoon to his mouth and licks it slowly. Jungkook follows the movement with his eyes, forgetting everything about Jimin’s hot appearance who has already left to take a cold shower. Once Taehyung finally finishes swiping his tongue on every side of the metal spoon, showing off how much his mouth can stretch, Jungkook gulps before saying as determined as he can muster, “I want my jacket

back.”

“And I want my virginity back,” Tae murmurs sarcastically, popping his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

“What?”

“I told you I was going to burn it. Burnt it is,” Taehyung calmly states, setting the ice cream on the small table near the purple couch.

“You did *not* burn it,” Jungkook narrow his eyes, fists balled tightly at his sides.

“I just said I did, you jerk! You really thought I wasn’t going to?” He laughs the idea off, amused at Jungkook’s shocked expression.

“You’re going to regret this so fucking much,” he threatens, one raised finger almost touching Taehyung’s kimono.

“Oh yeah? How so?” He smiles, walking the steps that separate them from each other and looking up at him with a smirk playing on his lips, already picturing the possible scenarios. Jungkook stares at Taehyung; his bright mischievous eyes, his inviting mouth and soft tanned skin. He stares for what feels like forever, making Taehyung excited and almost proud for the lust written in the younger’s intense gaze. But then he simply looks away and starts walking towards the door.

“Hey, where are you going?” Tae asks him sounding disappointed as he refrains from running after him.

“I’m not having sex with you until you give me my jacket back,” Jungkook explains, barely sparing him a glance.

“*What?*” The brunette spits the word, bewildered.

“You heard me,” Jungkook has the nerve to shrug, as if he hadn’t just (temporary) ended their agreement. Taehyung swallows, the walls he’s built around himself ever since he was twelve years old, caging him stronger than ever as he refuses to show any hint of emotion.

“Whatever. I don’t even like you...and I have many other people to fuck,” he lies, because he knows Jungkook does have other people to fuck but he doesn’t. Not because he can’t get anyone to want him, since it’s rather the opposite; people practically throw themselves at him. It’s just that (as much as he would never admit it) no one fucks

him quite like Jungkook does. Probably because no one hates him as much as he does, and unfortunately, there's a sickly satisfying pleasure in being fucked with such a deep anger and desperation.

"Good luck with finding someone to put up with your kinky shit," the younger smiles humorlessly before exiting the apartment.

"Excuse me? You like my kinks!" He yells, but it's too late since Jungkook has already slammed the door on his face.

"Back from Tae's?" Namjoon asks as he looks up from the opened folder he was frowning at a few second ago. He's sitting on the beige sofa in the middle of the living room, the biggest one opposite the TV they never turn on. Joon is surrounded by piles of papers scribbled with colorful notes here and there. Jungkook barely manages to get a glimpse of their dad's company name before Namjoon is grabbing the documents and placing them on the folder before closing it.

"What is it with you and always having the need to know where I come from and where I go to?" Jungkook inquires with a deep sigh, sitting on the couch next to his brother and ignoring his spiked curiosity at what his brother is hiding from him. He tells himself he doesn't even want to work there, so why should he care about the issues they are unable to manage?

"I'm your hyung. I ought to know," Joon replies, a slight concern shining in his brown eyes.

"Whatever. Yes, I am back but I won't be going there again." Jungkook states with a grunt, irritated at being reminded about Taehyung's childish deeds.

"What? Why?" His brother asks, and Jungkook is forced to ignore how thoroughly worried he looks, as if the simple notion of him not sharing a bed with Taehyung brings him to his personal downfall. Okay, perhaps the younger is exaggerating but he is aware of Namjoon's delirious thoughts and his inner wishes of seeing the two of them together, as a damn couple. The idea makes Jungkook sick.

"The fucking prick burnt my leather jacket!"

Namjoon laughs, loud and inviting, the sound resonating through the room and earning a strong glare from his brother. "I really like that guy. Anyway, you can't break up just because--"

“Wow, break up?” the younger raises an eyebrow, mouth opened up in surprise. Is Namjoon that insane to think they were ever an official couple? “As if I would ever date Kim Taehyung,” he huffs with disgust.

“Right, sorry.” Namjoon rolls his eyes before continuing, “You can’t stop making love---“

“Making love? What the fuck?” Jungkook stares at him with repulsion clear on his face, his eyes wide open at the words that come out of his brother’s lips.

“God, you really *do* have commitment issues,” Namjoon shakes his head letting out an exhausted sigh.

“I do not have commitment issues. I just hate his guts. And also, who even says ‘make love’ anymore?” Jungkook asks with real curiosity, disbelieving his hyung’s choice of words.

“I do! People with emotions!” Joon yells gesturing wildly with his hands, trying to make a point that his younger brother is unable to understand.

“Well, it’s disgusting. I’m leaving,” he stands up then, deeming the conversation over.

“Where to?”

“Buy a new jacket, duh. I told him I’d fuck him if he were to give mine back...although since it’s burnt, he should buy me a new one,” he says thoughtfully before dismissing the thought, “He won’t anyway because he’s a little shit,” Jungkook groans as he puts his jean jacket on. He grimaces when his hand touches the fabric, missing the soft feeling of leather under his fingertips. *That idiot is going to pay.*

“He might though...if he likes you,” his brother shrugs with a small smile on his lips, half teasing and half hopeful, although it only riles Jungkook up even more.

“Seriously, how are you not getting this? We hate each other, and I mean real hate. It’s a *mutual* feeling. No one is thinking about relationships or making love or any of that shit. We don’t like each other at all. Okay? Okay. Bye.” He slams the door then, incapable of getting rid of the old habit; he has a tendency for slamming his way out of a room whenever the conversation isn’t going in the direction he wants.

“You kids these days...God,” Namjoon shakes his head disapprovingly. He’s known Taehyung for quite some time now and regardless of having a strictly professional relationship, he knows the young man could be a really good thing for his little brother. They may say they hate each other, but no one can completely, truly and utterly hate someone and yet sleep with them almost every damn day of the week. Even if Jungkook would never admit it.

Taehyung wakes up the following day with a mild headache and a huge crave for staying in bed instead of going to work as he most probably should. Being a grown-up sucks. He gets up anyway, whining after having postponed two of his daily alarms just to have five more minutes of lazing around in his bed.

After taking a nice warm shower and changing into his usual black and white suit, he styles his hair slightly to the side in the way Jimin taught him to after saying his hair looked like a bird nest. He then walks downstairs to find him and Yoongi eating breakfast on the kitchen counter. Both of them say the long oak table next to the kitchen which could fit about eight or ten people is for lunch and dinner only, and after picking up a really long fight over how stupid that was and that if they had a table they should use it to eat whatever, he decided to just give up since it didn’t really change anything. So he simply salutes them with a soft good morning and opens the fridge to pour some orange juice into a glass before sitting in front of Jimin.

“Jimin-ah, do you have that number of that guy I told you was cute?” He asks after taking a sip of his juice.

“Which guy?” His best friend asks back while spreading some jam on a slightly burnt toast.

“The other day...at the bar,”

“We haven’t gone to the bar in a month,” Jimin chuckles, thinking Tae is probably mistaken. Yoongi huffs from behind his newspaper loud enough to be heard. He always does this; pretend he isn’t listening to their conversation and pipe in nonetheless.

“I know...” Taehyung says, embarrassed as he stares down at the eggs already on his plate, still warm from the pan.

“Wait, why do you even *need* a guy’s number? You have Jungkook,”

Jimin frowns, the butter knife long forgotten between his fingers.

“I don’t *have* Jungkook. We just fuck every once in a while and I am entitled to have other fuck-buddies, okay?”

Jimin sighs then, refraining from rolling his eyes, “Did you two have another fight?”

“Well after burning his jacket I didn’t think he was---“ Yoongi murmurs loud enough to be heard in the entire room.

“You did what!?” Jimin yells, almost throwing the toast up in the air.

“Thanks, Yoongi,” Taehyung glares at him who simply shrugs carelessly in return before resuming his reading.

“I know you two supposedly hate each other but burning---“ Jimin is shaking his head, eyes wide at the idea of his best friend doing such an awful thing to another person.

“*Supposedly*? Look, I know you probably have this fairy tale idea that Jungkook and I are going to end up falling for each other but this isn’t a romantic movie. We truly hate one another. I don’t regret burning his damn stupid jacket,” Taehyung explains trying not to lose it, but failing enormously as he voices his thoughts out in an almost high-pitched voice he rarely uses. Jimin doesn’t buy any of his words, crossing his arms over his chest with a raised eyebrow, knowing and challenging.

“Sure. Repeat that to yourself a week from now when you’re horny and alone in your bed, missing him,” Jimin has the nerve to smirk, as if he knows for sure that is what’s going to happen. Taehyung almost laughs at the idea, because he would never actually miss that piece of shit.

“As if I’d ever be alone,” he says instead before adding, “That’s what the number is for, anyway,”

“I threw that number away ages ago. Get your own,” his best friend smiles with his plump lips and white teeth. The calmness in his eyes only makes Tae’s blood burn hotter.

“Fine, I will!”

Jimin sends him an ironic thumbs up and Yoongi makes yet another annoying sound in response to the whole ordeal. Taehyung rolls his

eyes before finishing his orange juice and getting up from the table without even touching his eggs. He can't be bothered to care.

He avoids Jungkook like the plague. Not that they used to bump into each other that often considering the different work positions they each have in the company (if you can even call doing nothing a work position). And yet, he manages to get glimpses of him here and there because for some goddamn reason his cubicle is near Jungkook's office. He thinks the younger is doing it on purpose, wearing that shirt Taehyung loves so much on him (the dark blue one that clings onto his body like a second skin); not that he ever said it out loud, but Jungkook picks up on those details, he knows he does...on the way Tae's moans would be louder whenever he'd rip his shirt off not minding bursting all the buttons at once, ripping the fabric with his desperate attempts to be naked, or even how possessive Taehyung could get, regardless of they being *far* from exclusive. He knows about Yugyeom and the others, about his easy-fucks out of the office and his playboy persona. He knew about it way before they even began talking. But Tae never was one for sharing and when Jungkook is fucking him, breaking him open against the cold wall of his apartment, he likes to think the other craves his body just as much as he does. Maybe even more so.

"Are you okay?" Hoseok's amused voice asks him, bringing him out of his reverie.

"Um, yeah. I just spaced out for a bit," Tae murmurs as he eyes the coffee in his hand. For a minute there he'd forgotten he was in the break room in the first place.

Hoseok laughs and smirks, reminding him slightly of Jimin this morning, "Thinking about Jeon?"

"Huh?"

"Nothing, forget I said anything," Hoseok winks before leaving him there, more confused than ever before.

"Weird," Tae murmurs under his breath.

"Talking to yourself now? Are you losing it so quickly?" Jungkook's voice says and Taehyung's eyes shut out of their own accord, internally cursing himself for spending so much time out of the protection of his cubicle.

“What do you want?” He asks without turning around because he *knows* just how breathtakingly beautiful Jungkook is and he’d like to keep breathing normally for a minute longer, thank you very much.

“Coffee, obviously,” the other replies and Tae is able to hear the hint of a smug smile on his voice.

“Thought you had an assistant for that,” he answers eyeing the slight tremble of his hands as he tightly grabs the coffee mug between his fingers.

“I do but she’s incompetent,”

“Of course she is,” Tae rolls his eyes, because it’s so typical of Jungkook to degrade his employees into nothingness without a care in the world.

“What’s your issue?” The confusion in the younger is what makes him finally turn around, almost throwing the mug into the floor and slowly losing the last of his self-control, as usual when he’s around him because he always brings out the worst of him. Did he think they could do small talk? If they couldn’t before, why would they be able to know when they aren’t even fucking?

“My issue? I don’t have any issues, Jungkook. Fuck off.” He exclaims, the vein in his neck sticking out as he tries to lower his voice but fails.

“Watch how you speak to me. I’m your superior,” Jungkook says with finality, leaning forward instinctively. His expensive shoes almost brush Taehyung’s cheap ones.

“Same shit in the bed and in the office,” Taehyung whispers as he brings his warm cup to his lips, the burning coffee swallowing the rest of his thoughts.

“*Excuse me?*” Jungkook asks, as if he can’t quite believe the older would even dare say that to his face.

“No, I don’t excuse you. Refrain from ever talking to me again.” Taehyung demands as he begins walking away but the other stops him on his tracks, grabbing him by the elbow and turning him around in a quick motion with a deep frown wrinkling his forehead.

“I’ll do whatever the fuck I want,” he grumbles, and his minty breath fans Tae’s cheek.

“Jungkook, that’s no way to speak to your employees,” Namjoon’s voice startles them both, making them turn towards their boss with surprised expressions. Taehyung breaks free from Jungkook’s tight hold on his jacket and leans against the counter behind him.

“I’ll be the judge of that, Namjoon. Stay out of it.” Jungkook tells him with dark eyes.

“I won’t when you bring your personal matters inside the office,” the older brother replies, narrowing his eyes in the younger’s direction. Taehyung winces, thinking he shouldn’t be witnessing a fight between siblings, let alone one between fucking Jeon Jungkook and his boss.

“I should go,” Taehyung speaks up then interrupting the stare contest and catching them off guard.

“I better not hear you two quarreling again in the office or *else*,” Namjoon threatens with narrowed eyes, ignoring his comment and staring at each of them intensely. Taehyung gulps as he nods in reply. Their boss sighs as if disappointed in them before walking away, reminding Tae of Jungkook’s threat the day before. He realizes it must run in the family, to be intimidating and tower over people with a simple glance.

Regardless of being able to breathe a bit more normally once he’s gone, Taehyung is quick to exit the break room leaving the younger alone with his thoughts.

Seokjin is on Taehyung’s bed wearing a smirk that makes him look borderline ridiculous. His blonde dyed hair falls delicately around his face, the color strikingly beautiful against the oversized pink hoodie he’s got on. Tae stares at him with a raised eyebrow, curious as to why he’s here. He hasn’t seen him in two months, ever since the older decided to move to Japan following his anime passion. He tends to move out from one place to the other constantly, never being quite able to settle somewhere to live in for more than a few months. Taehyung thinks it’s probably due to the way he was raised; on a huge mansion where mom and dad never really stayed at, too busy traveling around the world to buy or manufacture new buildings, as tall and beautiful as skyscrapers.

Tae met Jin back when he was in college and the other was simply trying on the university experience; after a year, he decided studying wasn’t really his thing. He preferred cooking and travelling and being

rich. Taehyung couldn't say he blamed him.

But the thing was, regardless of how nice and funny Jin was, he sucked at keeping in touch. He liked to appear out of nowhere, knock on your door and cook you dinner praying for gossip. Not that Taehyung minded it that much.

"Are you just going to smirk at me?" Tae asks, rolling his eyes after spending around five minutes waiting for the other to talk.

"I just know, okay? I *know* you are getting really fucking laid and I want to know the details. So, spill," Seokjin smiled as if he had just discovered the cure for cancer, leaning against his pillows comfortably.

"How...?" Tae innocently begins asking before he stops himself, not that Jin's way of knowing everything surprises him that much. "Um, there's nothing to tell."

"Oh, come on! Japan was seriously a bore. People speak Japanese and eat onigiris. I need something to keep me going," Seokjin explains, his eyes blinking rapidly before they turn back to their normal pace. Taehyung notices the familiar tick on the older's sweet eyes and wonders if he even realizes he's doing it.

"What were you expecting?" Tae laughs amused at the incredulity in his words.

"To live in a real life shoujo but it seems life there isn't like the animes...oh well, who's got your panties in a twist?"

"Ugh, no one has my *briefs* in a twist." Taehyung corrects him, though he doesn't really care that much about his wounded masculinity, but is still a good enough reason not to dwell on things he'd rather not think about.

"Name." Jin demands either way, and as usual, he gets what he wants.

"Jungkook..." Tae replies in a mumble, looking down in shame.

"Jungkook as in the guy from the office you've hated ever since you two met?" The blonde asks, astonished for once in his life.

"Yes,"

"As in the reason you promised countless of times to quit your job?"

Tae nods silently, embarrassed. He still remembers the look Jimin sent him when he told him about his deal with Jungkook. Of course, that was before he met him and got mad at Taehyung saying Jungkook was obviously a very cute, nice guy. *As if.*

“As in the...?”

“Gosh! Yes, Jin. I’m getting real fucked by Jeon Jungkook. Or at least I was, before I screwed everything up.” Taehyung admits, though he’s caught of guard by his own choice of words. He personally doesn’t really blame it all on him.

“What happened?”

“I burnt his leather jacket.” He shrugs like it isn’t a big deal, because really it’s just a jacket.

Seokjin’s particularly contagious laugh is suddenly heard throughout the room, resonating against the walls. The odd sound was annoying and a bit scandalous back in college, but Tae is used to it by now and finds it as hilarious as the face his friend makes while doing it, his hands patting his legs and the pillows animatedly. “You did what?! Why?” He asks once he regains his composure.

“Because he was mean! He *is* mean and I hate him with a passion, nothing has changed.”

“Except that you let him put his dick inside you,” Seokjin shrugs nonchalantly with a half-smile.

“It’s not as if I have a choice!”

“Wait, does he rape you!?” Jin questions, his eyes scared and his lips pursed in what seems like a wince.

“What, no! God, no. I simply meant I can’t really resist him,” Taehyung blurts out before he covers his mouth with his both of his palms, eyes wide with fright. “I can’t believe I just said that.”

“Wow, wow...*a lot* has changed since I was gone! You have the hots for Jungkook and the guy left you and now you miss him dearly!” He grins, knowing how mad his words make Taehyung as soon as he says them.

“I don’t miss him. I just kinda want to have his dick on me again. But I refuse to apologize or buy him a new jacket,” Taehyung replies,

because it really is out of the question for him to ever degrade himself to such a low point to ask for the younger's forgiveness. Let alone spend his own money to buy him anything but condoms. And even those are paid by Jungkook because he's the rich one here.

"Well, if you don't put your pride aside, you may lose him." Jin replies with a sad smile though Tae is far from sad, and also a bit irritated by the word *lose* because he is not losing anything but sex.

"Whatever. I don't really give a shit. He has other fuck-buddies, and so do I." He lies, chin up in fake pride.

"Oh, who?"

"A---a guy."

"What's his name?" Seokjin asks, pretending to be actually curious when in reality Tae is aware that he knows he's making it all up.

"Huh, his name is...Yopuk."

"Yopuk? That's a weird name."

"Well his dick is also weird so..." Tae says without even realizing it, the lies twisted on his tongue.

"What?" Jin says, looking petrified.

"I meant weirdly amazing like---yeah. Um, weren't you going to cook me dinner?"

"Yes! My pleasure, Tae," the older grins widely, the idea making him jump from the bed and walk downstairs while singing an 80s pop song. Taehyung sighs in relief, throwing himself against his bed. He refuses to buy that jacket. Completely and totally refuses.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Hope you liked this new chapter, please tell me on the comments what you think about it. Thank you SO mcuh for the kudos, suscriptions and the 10 comments on the first chapter (:

What did you think of Jungkook's attitude? What about Taehyung's? Whose side are you on?

Joon and Jimin are huge Vkook shippers, lol

And now Seokjin is part of the story, too, yay! Did you like the glimpse we got of him? You'll be seeing more of Jin on the next

chapters (;

Have a great week!

xoxo, C.

Wish You Were Here

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I have a system. Well, at least I *had* a system,” Jungkook explains at his cousin as they both get inside the black and sleek company car, the driver already knowing where to head to.

“Right. I guess you want me to ask you which system we’re talking about,” Hoseok rolls his eyes as he sets his briefcase in the middle of them. Let’s just say that after spending most of his life dealing with Jungkook, he knows him well too much. He’s like his little brother, much to Namjoon’s despite.

“I used to sleep with Taehyung and then Yugyeom and the following day, I’d sleep with Wonho and---“

“I already know you’re a manwhore, why am I hearing your sex schedule?” The older asks scrunching his nose in disgust. He feels sick even imagining Jungkook sleeping with that many people in one week. How doesn’t he get tired? That’s a hell of stamina.

“My point is that I had a system. And then I started fucking Taehyung almost every day and that’s *not* in the system. I can’t fuck a guy more than once or twice a week,” Jungkook shakes his head, and Hoseok can see the slight desperation and impatience on his eyes. He was always one for worrying too much about the smallest of things and placing too much responsibility on his own actions. Hoseok’s uncle, the head of the company, was always too harsh on his youngest son while he was growing up and had an obvious preference for Namjoon. Regardless of how they never actually talk about it, Hoseok still remembers the nights he’d spend playing video games with his cousin when he needed a distraction or simply hugging him when things got too tough; when his dad would call him a menace, would yell at him to change, to be better, to be like Namjoon.

Jungkook was quite literally forced to give up his dreams for the family’s company. It doesn’t surprise Hoseok at all that he hates it so much.

“Why not?” He asks, his voice softer than usual due to the memories that flash through his mind.

“Because then I get sick of them and they last less and I have go through the hardships of finding someone else to take their place,” Jungkook replies, and his cousin knows he doesn’t realize how cold he sounds, how mean, how he’s basically treating people as if they were a piece of meat.

“Oh, the struggle,” Hoseok replies, sarcasm clear on his voice.

“You don’t understand. I didn’t get tired, isn’t that weird? That’s weird, I hate the guy,” the younger sighs deeply, and in that breath alone he tries to sway all worries away.

“Who cares if you like fucking him?”

“I care. It was supposed to last about a month and now---“

“Now you miss him,” Hoseok finishes his sentence, hoping for the other to notice he too can have nice emotions, sweet and pink feelings for other human beings. And that above all, it’s okay not to be okay.

“I don’t miss him. I just---I don’t know,” Jungkook says, his voice muffled by the hands covering his face and it’s then that he can see how the other is truly struggling, battling against himself and the dark words that have been running through his head for way too long.

With a pang on his chest, his cousin realizes the man next to him is still the kid he’s known for so many years.

“You did it on purpose,” Hoseok realizes then with the calmness and patience of a professional therapist.

“What? I did what on purpose?” The younger questions, confusion written all over his face as he sets his hands on his lap.

“You made him get mad at you... well, more than normal,” he cracks a smile before continuing, “so you wouldn’t have to fuck him anymore because it scares you how much you want him.” He finishes as the car turns on a sharp left that has both of their bodies almost jumping on their spots.

“What? No---I, no,” Jungkook says, looking at him with a mix of hurt and anger on his eyes. Hoseok knows that he must hate him for voicing the words he hides behind his strong denial, behind the tight shell he’s built around his heart. Jungkook still has a long way to go, but if he can help him even slightly, he sure as fuck will. Regardless of the consequences.

"You are a dumbass," he smiles softly at him, almost endearingly.

"That much I know...but it's alright, I can get someone else and it'll pass, right?" He asks for confirmation, approval, ignoring the words Hoseok just threw at his face a moment ago.

"What will pass?" His cousin wonders, a bit scared of the answer. He can't be *that* blind.

"My craving for him. It's temporal. I actually have a theory of my own. I think I just got used to having him at my beck and call and now that I don't, it kind of throws me off my game a little bit. But a few more days and I'll be back to normal," Jungkook smiles though it doesn't reach his eyes.

Hoseok bites the inside of his cheek in disbelief, "God, you really *are* a dumbass!"

"Fuck you."

His cousin sighs, recalling the previous days at the office and Taehyung's freaked out expression towards him. He winces before saying, "I tried to get some information out of him like you asked but I think I only seemed like a weirdo. I hate lying," he confesses embarrassed.

"I didn't ask you to do anything." Jungkook denies, because it seems to be his favorite thing to do. "Besides, it wasn't lying," he adds, his eyes casted down.

"Still. Pretending sucks. The creepy Hobi is...well, creepy. And now I have a bad reputation because of you," he accuses with a childish frown adorning his face.

"You didn't have a reputation to begin with," replies Jungkook.

"Whatever. What's with the issues in Japan?" Hoseok changes the subject because they're closer to their destination now and it's better for Jungkook not to meet his dad with that confusion and sadness in his irises.

"What issues?"

"Bangtan and the discussion they had with the new company that basically copied our new app," his cousin explains, eyes shiny with impotence.

“I didn’t know about any new company,” frowns the younger and Hoseok has to refrain from sighing in disbelief. Does his uncle really ignore Jungkook that much to not put him up to date with issues like these? Yes, the kid does act like he doesn’t give a damn about the company or anyone but himself, but the old man should know better. They all should.

“There’s the restaurant,” he says just before the car comes to a sudden halt.

“Right. Let’s go,”

Taehyung is staring at the leather jackets exposed on the window shop of the clothes store near his apartment. He sighs, shaking his head, biting his lip. He can’t give in. His pride won’t allow him and yet he hears Jin’s annoying voice saying : *Well, if you don’t put your pride aside, you may lose him.* The thing is, he isn’t scared of losing Jungkook per se, but rather of losing the moaning mess he becomes every time the younger touches him. It isn’t his fault the jerk has that intoxicating effect on him.

“I can’t give in, I can’t give in...” Tae recites out loud because repeating the mantra inside his head hasn’t done him any favors throughout the day considering he is standing here like an idiot.

“May I help you with anything? You’ve been kind of staring at the window for about ten minutes now,” a guy with clear blue eyes and blonde hair who looks like an English model (and has the accent for it) says to him, smiling with politeness and an amused glint on his gaze.

“Um, yeah I---I’d like to see some leather jackets,” he says, almost in a hushed, embarrassed whisper. The guy chuckles before opening the door wider for him to get in. He walks inside before he regrets his decision. The employee immediately begins showing him the different leather jackets they have on stock and Taehyung has no idea what the guy is talking about, really. For him they’re all basically the same except for some colors or zips variations here and there. “Which one is the best?” He asks after a few minutes because the man seems to not want to shut up any time soon. He keeps telling Tae to touch the fabric because it’s so soft and came from Africa and how he really should buy more than one since they have a small discount if you do.

“Oh, well this one is---“ he begins replying, grabbing the one exposed

on the mannequin at his left.

“No, which one is the *best*, regardless of the price tag,” Tae explains because he knows full well how the employees are probably forced to say the most expensive one is the best.

The guy smiles before looking behind his shoulder, as if to check the boss isn’t on hearing-range. “This one, for sure,” he says then, fingers pushing a black jacket with a long silver zip and some metallic beads around the neck. Tae nod in understanding, since it does look pretty badass and classic at the same time. It’s even a bit similar to the one Jungkook had.

“Okay, I’ll take it.”

Taehyung walks inside the apartment and is instantly met with the strong smell of pork soup that clouds the air. He finds Jin cooking in the kitchen, back turned away from him at the sink. He eyes his shoulders and refrains from whistling because damn, those are some really broad shoulders. It’s already been a few days since he got here and no one really knows how long he’s planning to stay for this time. Not that any of them mind since Jin cleans, cooks and even takes care of the three of them.

“What’s for lunch?” Tae asks, hungry as he hears his stomach growl.

“Many things. I---what is that bag?” Jin asks, eyes wide.

“The jerk’s new leather jacket,” he replies with gritted teeth. He doesn’t even know how he’s going to manage to show up at Jungkook’s apartment and offer him the jacket. His dignity will for sure be lost forever. Why did he even burn it in the first place?

“You bought him a new one!?” Jimin’s voice says all of the sudden. Taehyung hadn’t even seen him there silently watching TV.

“Yes, why?”

“As much as I like Jungkook, you can’t actually go and buy him a jacket,” his best friend is shaking his head as he walks closer to them, wearing some grey sweatpants and an oversized white shirt that probably belongs to his boyfriend.

“You got mad when Yoongi told you I burnt his!” Taehyung says,

bewildered by his change of thought.

“Yes, because what you did was childish and stupid. But you did it so now you can’t backtrack,” he huffs annoyed as if it were obvious.

“But he won’t fuck me if I don’t and---I need to fuck, like now.” He tries to explain, because as much as he hates himself for wanting Jungkook’s body, he’s been every day closer and closer to giving the fuck up.

“Wow there, young man! Do not dare touch me with your filthy hands,” Seokjin says leaning against the sink, spatula raised on the air. Taehyung simply glares at him in reply.

“Oh Tae, you really think there’s no way to get him back on your pants except for actually doing what he said?” Jimin asks, amused as he smirks with mischief in his eyes. His hair is a bit messy, his eyes puffy in a sensual way that would have anyone melting on the floor. It’s really a wonder how he gets to look that good wearing damn sweatpants.

“Yes?”

“Of course not! You need to get him to want you so bad he puts *his* pride aside,” he illustrates, gesticulating with his hands as if Taehyung was a toddler unable to understand normal sentences. He thinks of Jungkook, of his stern frowns whenever he’s even glancing his way, of his pursed lips that hardly ever break into anything but a smirk (Tae wonders if he’s even capable of smiling out of pure happiness), and of his cold demeanor when he told Tae they were basically over.

“I doubt---“ he begins, but is suddenly cut off by an excited yell coming from the kitchen to his right.

“Ohhh, you need to make him jealous!” Seokjin grins proudly, his whole face lightning up as if he just got the solution to a really difficult math problem.

“Exactly, see? He gets it,” Jimin shrugs leaning his weight onto one leg. He then starts playing with his hair in an odd way that makes Taehyung look away with a frown.

“Jealous? With whom?” Tae huffs because really, couldn’t he be any lonelier?

“We’ll get you a guy. The point is that Jungkook made it pretty clear

you can't get anyone but him. As *if*. My bestie has the best dick game in the world. Or ass game," he adds sending an insinuating glance at his backside. Taehyung covers himself instinctively though he's still wearing jeans.

"Were you spying on us?" He asks in disbelief. He knows his friend here loves meddling into other people's business, but this is a tad bit too much.

"Not exactly. I just turned off the shower when I heard more screaming. You two are like a romantic comedy, what could I do?" He shrugs yet again, more innocently this time as he bats his eyelashes adorably, hand still on his hair.

"Romantic my ass." Taehyung grunts irritated, a tight frown on his face as he remembers every and each fight they've had since the moment they crossed paths. He knew he would dislike Jungkook way before they first met; he'd heard the rumors, what people said about the son of the boss who didn't give a shit about the company and fucked everything that came his way. Taehyung instead had actually studied for years in university and he'd earned a spot on the best company in Seoul. He and the rest of the employees deserved to be there. Jeon Jungkook didn't deserve anything he had. Not the wealth, the status nor the looks.

As if their fucked-up agreement which came out of pure hatred for each other would ever develop into anything romantic. As if he could *ever* feel anything remotely nice for the guy.

Tae then sighs before walking (or rather striding) into his bedroom upstairs.

"Can you believe he didn't notice my hair!?" Jimin all but yells as soon as he's gone.

"He's an idiot. Your pink hair is beautiful," Jin assures him with a wink.

"You're just saying that because you were the one who dyed it," replies the younger pouting like a little kid.

"Well yeah but it's still cute." He shrugs before resuming, "Anyway, Tae still pretends he hates Jungkook." Seokjin shakes his head with a smile. "I haven't even been here for two days and I can see that deep down, he likes him,"

“Let him pretend. He’ll realize it soon enough. Though it’d be easier if Jungkook did first, don’t you think?” Jimin says thoughtfully, a smirk growing on his full lips.

“Oh, evil. I like what I’m hearing.” Jin returns the smirk before stirring the soup and adding some salt. “So, what’s the plan?”

Jungkook is pacing through his penthouse, thinking so hard he can feel his brain burning, his head pulsing in pain. His steps are loud on the floor, the shoes having taken on a strong rhythm that may wake the people downstairs. He already knows the old rich woman who owns the lower floor; she’s a pain in the ass. He winces as he tastes blood on his tongue, due to the teeth biting on his lower lip which are merciless against his skin. What is wrong with him? At least it’s a far cry from a mental breakdown (Jungkook’s had his fair share of those to know).

He notices his phone is ringing on the table, the screen shiny with Yugyeom’s name on it, probably wondering where Jungkook is; funny thing is, he’s asking himself the same question, has been for the past hour.

The problem is that the craving doesn’t pass. It’s been almost two weeks since he last touched Taehyung, and he really wonders, why does he want him so badly? He’s tried fucking other people, beautiful strangers with wicked eyes and gorgeous tanned skin. And yet. Still, he refuses to call the older, knowing full well that’s what he’s expecting. For him to give in, to give up.

“Hey, are you coming?” His hyung’s voice startles him, and when he turns around he finds him putting his dark grey blazer on, his hair styled with a bit of gel and his thick pair of reading glasses resting on his nose.

“Where to?”

“The party at the office...I’ve been telling you for a month now. You forgot?” Namjoon asks, as if he was already expecting this from him. As usual, everyone expects something from him he’s unable to give.

“Right, just—let me get changed,” Jungkook says though he should probably skip it, considering the circumstances. But he knows the face Namjoon will give him if he even suggests that.

“Fine. Five minutes. Hurry up,” He orders, fighting back an eye roll, and he simply nods back in silence, praying for his thoughts to go away.

The “party” is just like any other at the company, boring and monotone. People he wishes he didn’t know and some others he truly *doesn’t* know, parade around the room wearing way too ugly suits or too tight long skirts. His brother offered him a drink a few minutes ago and keeps insisting upon him talking to other employees. At least he has the good luck of not having to stand his father’s stern expression hidden behind a fake smile; he rarely bothers to attend any of these lame parties. Jungkook can’t really blame him for that.

He sips on the cider and winces, the taste bitter and cheap. A woman keeps trying to engage him on a conversation about technology’s consequences on relationships as if he’d give a damn. He’s nodding, not really paying her any attention. His eyes roam around the room trying to find a certain someone...and after a while, he sees him. There, at the corner, with another guy on his arm whispering something really funny against his earlobe, if Taehyung’s loud laugh is anything to go by. He looks as beautiful as usual, wearing a navy suit like a damn super model; he’s all shy smiles, crinkly eyes and pouty lips. And Jungkook is such a fucking *dumbass*. Of course he knew Tae could get anyone he wanted to, and he thought he’d be okay with it if that was the case. He also fucks other guys since they are far from exclusive, far from anything remotely romantic. They aren’t even fuck-buddies anymore, and for what? What’s the point? Hoseok was right, he’d done it all on purpose so he’d stop wanting the guy so fucking much. But of course he now wants Taehyung even more than before. So the joke is on him; always has been.

He tells himself he can’t help it when he’s walking through the room towards him, his blood boiling hotter than ever. The idiot next to Taehyung isn’t even that cute, he doesn’t deserve to touch him or hear his laugh. Jungkook never hears that laugh when he’s with him. And why would he?

Taehyung’s attention is on him now, finally. His eyes are wide and Jungkook is shaking his head as if to say *you’re in so much trouble*. And Tae knows. He’s smart enough to murmur something to his companion which makes the guy nod with a small half-smile before walking away, a stupid promise in his eyes.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Jungkook grunts once he reaches him. He tries to hide the anger behind his voice but fails.

“What does it look like I’m doing? What, surprised I could get someone to put up with my kinky shit?” He asks, arms crossed over his shirt, eyebrows challenging him as they rise to his hairline. And Jungkook should’ve known he’d have that thrown back on his dumb face.

“No. Surprised you’d want to. Give up that easily?”

“It was just a stupid jacket. *You* did this,” Taehyung replies petulantly, eyes glued to his. Jungkook looks around them, at the different people chatting amongst themselves, making small conversation and pretending they all like each other. He eyes Namjoon talking to a tall, blonde beautiful guy who looks taken out of the cover of a magazine. His hyung is smiling in a way he hasn’t seen in a while, which surprises his younger brother. Then he finds Hoseok talking to Yoongi and Jimin and...what? Why on earth would Taehyung bring his friends here? Odd.

“Come with me,” he says anyway, not waiting for an answer as he walks off towards his own dark office. It’s not that far from the common room everyone is in, but it’s far enough to give them some privacy. Jungkook walks in first after using his key and stares at the closed curtains that only add to the gloominess of the room. Taehyung walks inside right after and closes the door softly. Jungkook is barely able to distinguish his figure a few meters away from him.

“Did you bring me here to kill me silently?” The brunette asks, slightly amused.

“I wish I had. It’d make more sense,” Jungkook replies with a sigh.

“What do you mean?” Taehyung asks, confusion laced on his voice. But the younger can’t reply with words he doesn’t even fully understand himself, so he does the next best thing and steps forward. One, two, three, four steps and he’s there. He has *him* there, at arm reach. And it’s dark but he can see him either way. He wishes he didn’t yearn to touch him with such desperation, he wishes his heart wasn’t beating so hard. Tae says nothing, does nothing, and so Jungkook kisses him straight on the mouth. The kiss is frantic, filled with want and need. Jungkook bites and licks and *craves*. Taehyung moans and opens and lets; he lets him do whatever he wants because he’s been wanting this for the past week. He can barely believe Jimin

was right after all. But then the younger is playing with the edge of his shirt and they're *not* doing this here. "No. Not at the office, remember?"

"Fuck, right. Can you ditch your friend?" Jungkook asks though he doesn't know what he'll do if Tae says no. His hand is still holding onto his waist, afraid of letting go.

"I'll let him know." He answers, eagerness on his brown eyes.

"I'll be waiting by the parking lot," he replies and it almost sounds like a promise.

"Be there in five," Taehyung nearly smiles before opening the door and walking away into the lights of the party. Jungkook stares after him, a hand flying to his lips. They're still warm under his touch and when he licks them, he tastes Taehyung. Like an addict who just got his dose of that drug he'd been craving for days now, he feels his heart skip a beat with excitement; he knows he'll be getting more of that delicious drug in a few minutes.

He shouldn't want him so badly.

Jungkook buries his face into the palms of his hands and murmurs, "What the fuck am I doing?"

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Anyone alive after those concept pictures? DAMN.

Anyway, what did you think of the chapter? A bit of jealous Jungkook for you all! (We'll get much more later on, dw). And do expect a ton of smut next chapter ;)

I want to thank every single lovely person who commented on the previous chapter, as well as the ones who sent kudos! You're all amazing (:

Please do tell me what you think of this one and have a great week!

P.S: I HAD TO put pink-haired Jimin here. I JUST HAD TO.

I Only Missed the Sex. I Swear.

Chapter Notes

I was going to update on St. Valentine's day, but I couldn't quite help myself. Sue me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They stumble inside the penthouse as if they were drunk. In a way, they are; drunk for each other. Taehyung chooses to put all thought aside as his body is pressed against the door. He will may regret this later. Jungkook ignores the voice of reason, which knows this is a bad idea; *Tae* is a bad idea, his eyes, his lips and his skin are a bad idea. And yet, his mouth runs its way down Taehyung's slender neck, teeth barely brushing the sweet spot of his prominent clavicles and earning a soft, almost relived moan from the older. He presses him even tighter against the door, caging him with his body, pushing his hips forward without separating his tongue from his delicious tanned skin. Taehyung bites back a gasp, almost an impatient yell because regardless of how it's only been two weeks without Jungkook's touch, he knows it's been two weeks *too long*, and he can barely refrain himself from throwing him against the couch and getting that tight shirt out of his body. He recalls the first time he was in his apartment, about a month and a half ago, when he intended to go towards Jungkook's bedroom but was instantly stopped at the door.

Apparently, his room was sacred ground and he never let anyone but him inside; it made Taehyung crave for opening the door and find if he had dead bodies or something to hide inside, but he hadn't had the chance. He eyes the dark door opposite the bathroom from afar with curiosity, though Jungkook's mouth is now on his and he can't help but shut his eyes and melt against the younger.

Jungkook kisses Taehyung's mouth with abandon, his tongue caressing every spot as his hands roam around his body. And as much as he adores kisses, he really wants to get to it.

"Take your clothes off," he mumbles into his swollen lips.

"I haven't fucked you in two weeks. I'm going to take my time," Jungkook replies before kissing his mouth yet again, and Taehyung complies because he's never heard him so needy, so desperate and

thirsty for consuming his body in the slowest of ways. So when Jungkook grabs him by the waist as if he weighs nothing, biceps barely straining, and places him on the couch, he simply looks up at him, waiting and trying to hide the slight disappointment of not being able to see his room. Though really, why does he care so much about this idiot's fucking room? Said idiot puts his thoughts to rest once again as he begins unbuttoning his shirt just like Taehyung requested, despite his dismissive reply. The older thinks it might be the first time he's ever seen him take his shirt off like a normal person, without ripping the fabric or bursting the buttons. Actually, Jungkook takes more time than usual as if proving a point, his fingers slowly making their way to each button, leaving his muscled torso revealed. Taehyung stares with lust written all across his face, wanting to reach out and touch him. He tries, but Jungkook shakes his head, the hint of a wicked smile grazing his lips. He slides the shirt off his shoulders, exposing his strong abs and biceps and Tae is undeniably lost, eyes half-lidded and lips parted in desire.

"Please let me touch you," Taehyung whispers, because he doesn't think he can go any second longer without his tongue licking those abs, without his fingers playing with the younger's nipples, without simply *touching* him.

Jungkook stares at him then, eyes amused and devilish. "Since you asked so nicely..." he smirks, taking hold of Tae's hand and pressing it against his chest. Taehyung almost moans, the warmth of his soft skin and the hungry look on Jungkook's eyes are enough to make him get fully hard.

Tae begins moving his hand all over the younger's chest, also taking his own time as his fingers travel through the skin, drawing circles and constellations on the map of his body. Jungkook doesn't look away from him, as if enthralled by the movement of the other's hands, by their delicate touch and the concentration with which he studies his muscles, as if conceiving them to memory. His palms go back and forth, caressing every patch of skin he's allowed to touch, every part he's missed so much.

"Enough," Jungkook finally says with the same finality he uses when things must go his way or *else*. And for once, Taehyung really doesn't feel like fighting, at least not now when his jeans are so damn tight. So again he complies, drawing his hand away. As soon as he does though, Jungkook is all over him, kissing his neck, biting his collarbones, swallowing every moan that comes out of Tae's lips with his own mouth. He takes off his tight jeans with the same slow motion

that has poor Tae shaking. His hands play with the zip unraveling in the other's wide eyes. And then his fingers remove the older's shirt before beginning unfastening his belt too, and Taehyung is so hard and he can't even muster coherent words as Jungkook brushes his thumb against his briefs. "What do you want?" He asks him, licking his lips sensually.

"A---anything. You," he is able to mumble, eyes closed, head thrown backwards in pure bliss as his underwear is suddenly also gone and his dick stands proud and erect against his stomach. He feels the other's breath fan the red tip before his mouth swallows him whole, at once, without further ado, and Taehyung moans so loud he is sure everyone in the building can hear him. But he knows Jungkook doesn't mind, in fact he lives for those moans. He wonders where the taking his time went as Jungkook seems almost desperate to blow him. The younger's skillful tongue brushes against the underside of his cock, teeth barely grazing the tip teasingly and fingers playing with the base, burning against the tender skin there. Taehyung is left a mess of moans, pre-cum and sweat. He doesn't dare open his eyes because he knows the sight of the other will be enough to make him come right then and there and he really wants this to last. So he refrains from fucking his mouth as hard as he'd like, refrains from pulling his hair just like the younger fucking adores, and in exchange, Jungkook *makes it* last, bobbing his head smoothly, wrapping his lips around Taehyung's cock with the perfect amount of pressure, swirling his tongue around the tip with skill. And yet, when said magic tongue pushes against his slit, he can't help the yell that leaves his mouth, desperate and throat-burning. He inevitably opens his eyes and sees him; on his knees for him, mouth red and sinful, eyes dark with lust as he stares right back at him, eyes more naked than his body, and----and he can't hold it any longer. He comes inside the other's mouth without warning, who instead of complaining simply swallows the entire load with pleasure, before leaving his cock with a pop.

"*Fuck*. You---fuck," Taehyung says, looking at him with surprise and admiration and just---wow. Perhaps it's simply product of the awful days he had to go through, aching to be satisfied just like Jungkook knows how, but for whatever the reason Tae honestly believes he's never been given head quite like that.

"I know," Jungkook replies with the usual arrogant tone dripping from the words but Taehyung can't bring himself to care when his own dick is still dripping come, barely recovering from the recent orgasm. Jungkook stands up then, heading to the bathroom to wash up as if he hadn't just given him one of the best blowjobs of his life. Tae stares

after him, eyes impossibly glued to his body. "Think you can come again?" The younger asks from the bathroom, the sound of the faucet barely covering his voice. The question is mostly rhetorical considering they'd always manage to have more than one orgasm per night.

"Yes. Just---give me a sec," Taehyung replies quickly anyway, perhaps way too quickly but he doesn't really care for the eagerness laced on his words. He sighs tiredly, resting his head against one of the pillows on the sofa and staring at the cum stain on the floor with a bit of disgust.

"You better not fall asleep," Jungkook says then, coming out of the bathroom. Tae looks at him, at the droplets of water falling from his face and chest, the strands of wet black hair barely falling over his eyes, and how his tongue swipes over his lips out of habit. "Like what you see?"

Yes. A lot.

"You're so full of yourself," Tae huffs, looking away with embarrassment and earning a loud, mocking laugh from Jungkook who begins walking back towards the sofa.

"Do you want to be full of myself, too?" The younger asks with his signature smirk and the pun is so bad he can't help but snort.

"Come here," Jungkook orders and as usual, Taehyung complies, positioning himself on his lap, wrapping his legs around him and placing his hands on his neck.

"Why are you still wearing your underwear?" Tae asks, confused as he looks down on him.

"Good question," he replies before standing up with the older still wrapped around him like a koala. He puts his boxers off just like that, as if he didn't have another man against his chest, before sitting back down and pressing his mouth against Taehyung.

"What is it with you and hickeys?" Tae says though it sounds more like a moan as he moves his neck to give him more access. Jungkook doesn't reply, doesn't tell him he adores the way his body looks after spending yet another night together; full of reds and purples, eyes glazed over, hair a mess.

Taehyung then feels a hand moving to grab something from under the

table opposite the sofa. When his eyes find Jungkook holding a bottle of lube and a condom, he suppresses an eye roll. Of course he'd have those in handy after having to go through the hardships of looking through the bathroom's drawers the first time he was here. It makes him wonder if he's even used to having fuck-buddies in his apartment at all. He's about to voice his thought, but something cold teases his entrance, reducing him to a pathetic moan. He shivers against the intruding finger that threatens to break through while Jungkook's lips are still sealed on his neck; he feels him breathe in his skin, as if absorbing his essence. It strikes Taehyung as odd since Jungkook has never once nuzzled him, but he doesn't comment on it because in a way, it feels kinda nice; the way his eyelashes bat against his skin like small, weak fluttering wings and his heated breath relaxes his muscles.

The younger, on the other hand, is consuming every gram he gets of the drug he's so obsessed with. He breathes him in, his vanilla perfume with a hint of his coconut shampoo. The tip of his tongue plays with his earlobe as he presses his finger slowly inside him. Tae's soft moans are all he hears, and all he wants to hear for the rest of his days. The thought scares him, just as much as his beating heart and his pressing left hand against the older's hips. But pushing the concern aside, he inserts a second finger which he then begins pumping continuously in and out of Taehyung's hole, scissoring him open fast and deep.

"Mmm...*right there*," he pleads in a delicate, needy whisper, and Jungkook obeys, adding a third finger and pressing against that sweet spot that makes Tae's legs shake on top of his. Jungkook admires the softness of his skin, the lyrical curves of his body, the lips opened in ecstasy. He grabs him by the head and clashes his mouth on top of his, kissing him furiously, licking his mouth with urgency. "I'm r---ready," Taehyung moans against his lips and he nods, removing his fingers and ripping the condom open with his teeth. It only takes him five seconds to put it on, and other five to apply the lube on his cock, fingers used to the cold feel of the liquid. Tae stares all the time, biting his lip with rosy cheeks and containing himself from jumping on top of the thick, long cock. "I'll ride you," he says and doesn't even let Jungkook reply as he begins downing himself on him, head thrown backwards in bliss, mouth open in a silent moan.

One, two, three, four seconds of adjustment and Tae is jumping up and down, moving his hips from one side to the other, palms pressed tightly against Jungkook's chest.

"You take it so well," Jungkook mumbles, sweat on his eyebrow and

his breath ragged. Tae moans louder at the praise. "You like my cock, don't you? Such a thirsty bitch for my cock," the younger says with a wicked smirk and Tae is a goner for the words. He can feel heat pooling on his stomach, growing through his body and warming up his skin. He pulls his hips up and slams back down full force, making Jungkook pant below him as he takes even more control.

"Yes, yes, *Jeon*," Tae whimpers, exhausted and aroused all at once. Jungkook notices his hips slowing down their steady rhythm and turns them around in a swift movement, having the older at his mercy just as he likes. Without any warning whatsoever, he pushes back inside Taehyung, earning a loud, piercing scream that is pure sex to his ears. He licks a stripe on Tae's neck, relishing on the taste of his skin, on how his body shakes and trembles under his touch. His hands grab his hips, caress his stomach, and his fingers play with his nipples the moment he begins slowly pulling out of him just to press down again, straight against his prostate. The thrust is *hard* and Tae can already feel how much it's going to hurt in the morning. "I'm---I'm so close,"

"Not yet. I'm not finished with you yet," Jungkook says, repressing his own need to come and slowing down, torturing the man below his grip. Tae opens his eyes then, stares at the younger on top of him, at his sweaty body and his own open legs which are starting to ache from the prolonged uncomfortable position. But the sight of Jungkook's thick cock inside his hole is enough to make him endure the pain for a few more minutes. And then they're kissing again, desperate and wet kisses that leave both of them wanting more. Tae wraps his hands around the other's neck and pushes his tongue inside the cavern of his mouth, getting lost on his touches. He hadn't realized how much he needed this, how much his body missed Jungkook's.

"Please...I need to c—come," Taehyung mumbles, his cock hurting from the restraint, the heat pooling on his insides, twisting into an unbearable knot about to crumble his whole weight into a pile of nothing.

Jungkook kisses the corner of his mouth and the gesture is almost *gentle*. His hand then wraps around his pulsing cock, the tip already wet with pre-cum. "Come for me," he whispers and a second later, he's coming. His whole body sighs in relief as he climaxes, eyes shut tightly as he feels completely elated. Another moan and the younger is coming inside him as well, filling the condom and Tae for one last time. Their foreheads clash as they catch their breath. Jungkook slowly pulls out of the older and stands up to head to the bathroom, probably going to take a shower and leave Taehyung there to change

and go back to his apartment. As usual. He tries to stand up too but his lower back already aches like a motherfucker and he can barely hold his legs in place. He winces, biting his lip in exhaustion.

“Here,” Jungkook is suddenly there, offering him a wet towel and Taehyung can’t remember for the life of him a time he ever stayed for even a second after having sex.

“T—thanks,” he manages to utter as he grabs the towel and begins cleaning himself up. His thighs, stomach, every part of him which is covered in cum and sweat. “I should go,” he says immediately after, because Jungkook is still there in all his naked post-orgasm glory, and there’s also a sick feeling on his stomach that has nothing to do with sex and everything to do with sex with *Jungkook*.

“Yeah. The door is unlocked,” he replies and Tae nods as he grabs his clothes in the most awkward way possible. Normally Jungkook would already be in the shower and he could take his time getting changed and leaving before the other even got out. But for some reason the younger decided to stay there, looking at him with those dark eyes as if waiting for him to hurry up or some shit. And it takes two minutes of Tae fumbling around with his jeans before he finally snaps.

“Are you just going to stand there?” He growls in anger, trying hard not to be persuaded by the other’s delicious body.

“What?” Jungkook asks, truly perplexed.

“Don’t you have anything better to do than stare while I put my clothes on?” Taehyung asks next, a hand resting on his hip as he bites the inside of his cheek. He may be overreacting but the truth is that he’s embarrassed considering he doesn’t want to seem like a damsel in distress who needs help putting his damn clothes on. And the worst part is that he does, because sometimes the sex gets a bit too rough and it hurts. But he loves every second of it, regardless of how fucked-up that is.

Jungkook seems taken aback by the question as he quickly shakes his head, looks down at the floor and almost humorlessly laughs before replying, “*Excuse me?* This is my house, I do whatever the fuck I want,”

“Yeah, no shit,” he mumbles back, as he puts his zip up.

“How do you have the energy to bitch about everything after I just fucked your brains out?” The younger asks with real curiosity and is

now Tae who must suppress a laugh.

“Wow, do not flatter yourself,”

“Please, I wasn’t the one moaning so loud the whole floor heard,”

“This is a penthouse. You *live* in the whole floor, idiot,” Taehyung rolls his eyes, putting his shirt on. He doesn’t even need to really look at Jungkook to know the comment riled him up till the point where he may get dangerously mad.

“Whatever. Hurry up so I can shower,” he spits without trying to hide the slight venom curling around the words.

“Go! Are you afraid I’ll steal your TV or something?” The older asks with furrowed eyebrows and a tightness around his lips. It’s in the way he says it, as if the thought is completely illogical and absurd (even though it is) that makes Jungkook’s chin raise in a challenge.

“Now that you say it, I am,” he shrugs, wrapping his arms even tighter around himself. Taehyung tries not to get offended since he knows the younger isn’t serious, but for some reason the fact Jungkook is insinuating he’s a thief feels dirtier than the names he likes to be called during sex.

“God. Why do I even put up with you? I should’ve left with Minjae,” Taehyung says only to spite him, knowing full well what the words will do to Jungkook after seeing the way he stared at him back at the party. He’s always had a thing for marking Tae, for painting the canvas of his skin with dark, painfully beautiful colors, but tonight he was even more merciless about it; lips and teeth fighting against his skin, grazing his pores, relishing in the possessiveness of the act. And it only confirmed Taehyung’s suspicions of him being jealous. Although the word sound stupid in his head, like trying to romanticize Jungkook’s fucked-up habit of making everything his.

“What did you just say?” Jungkook asks in a low, perilous whisper, slowly approaching him, his face cold and inexpressive. And yet Tae is aware of all the rage he must be hiding, concealing it deep inside, saving it for later when he can glue him into the wall and fuck him senseless, all emotion bubbling through the surface. Because that’s what they’re used to doing; burying their feelings to express them during a wild night of filthy sex.

“I said I should’ve left with Minjae. The guy I was with? He could’ve probably fucked me so hard I wouldn’t have been able to walk for

days,” he smirks, words tasting of victory against the roof of his mouth when Jungkook grabs him by the wrists and pins him against the door, staring down at him with narrowed eyes and a calculating stare. Perhaps that later is going to be sooner than he anticipated.

“You better watch your damn words, Kim Taehyung,” he warns him, voice barely above a whisper.

“Or what? You’re never going to touch me again? You said that last time and yet...you came crawling right back,” he smiles though he knows he shouldn’t. He’s playing with fire, but he can’t quite help himself, the burning feeling too pleasurable against his fingertips. Too familiar. Jungkook swallows because he’s right and he is such a loser. He did come crawling right back and even if he wanted to threaten him again, he knows those would be as empty as the first time. He’s weak for Taehyung and it kills him.

“There are worse things that never touching you again,” he states either way because as much as he knows Tae has already won, he’ll be damned before he admits it.

“Oh yeah? Please enlighten me,” amusement dances on his irises as he stares back at him, gaze never wavering.

“Remember your old friends, the handcuffs?” he asks and the amusement is quickly wiped away from the older’s eyes. “You really want to spend nights tied to a bed with a cockring?”

“You sick bastard,” he replies though there’s lust mixed in the anger and irritation of his expression.

“Next time I swear you won’t be able to even stand up. You just *wait*,” he murmurs on his ear and Tae is already excited and aroused and what is wrong with him? The words sound more like a promise than a threat.

“We’ll see,” he answers before putting his shoes as fast as he can manage and leaving the apartment without looking back.

“Well, would you look at that? Someone is shining with the ‘I just got laid’ glint,” Jimin grins when Taehyung walks through the doors of their apartment. It’s around midnight and he can barely feel his legs,

knees aching and limbs almost numb due to the previous restraint. If Jungkook is serious about fucking him harder than *this*, he will literally end up in a damn wheelchair. He's starting to regret putting up such a stupid "I'm tough and can handle anything" act.

"Thought you guys would still be at the party," he replies muffling a yawn as he throw his keys on the counter and approaches his two friends who are cuddling in the couch.

"Define party," Yoongi grunts, eyes glued to his phone as he tightens his arm around Jimin's waist.

"Told you it was boring, you guys insisted on going," Tae shrugs, grabbing the bottle of soju on the table and bringing it to his lips. The alcohol is lukewarm but it still lulls his senses. He feels a glare coming from Yoongi, probably upset that he drank from his bottle, but he ignores it.

"Yeah well, we had to monitor our plan." Jimin smiles with childish pride. Then he raises his eyebrows in that expression he uses when he knows something he doesn't, "At least Seokjin met a guy,"

"Who?" Taehyung asks because he can't really think of anyone Jin would like enough to leave a party with. He has pretty high standards and loves playing hard to get.

"Your boss," replies his best friend with a giggle, seizing his reaction. Tae spits the soju he was drinking into the green old rug they probably should've thrown away a long time ago.

"Kim Namjoon!?" he yells, not being able to quite believe what he's hearing. It's not like he knows Namjoon well enough to judge his type of guy, but him and Seokjin? Together? What in the world...?!

"Dude, you're cleaning that shit later," Yoongi says with a disapproving shake of his head. Jimin rolls his eyes at his boyfriend, nudging him with his elbow before resuming their conversation.

"Yes, that one. And I saw *you* leaving with Jungkook." He smirks before adding as an afterthought, "Minjae was heartbroken,"

"I told him I had an emergency...I'll make it up to him, he was nice enough," says Tae trying to stop picturing his boss and Jin laying on a bed together. Oh God, what if they have sex in the same sofa he and Jungkook had sex in!?

“Or you just want to keep torturing Jungkook,” chuckles Jimin with knowing puffy eyes. At that, Taehyung’s attention is back on their conversation and he can’t hide the truth behind his best friend’s suggestive words.

“Maybe...” Tae singsongs, a sly smile plastered on his face. Jimin looks at his boyfriend whose eyes are still on his phone before leaning over the couch to talk to Tae in an intimate whisper that Yoongi is more than probably able to listen to anyways.

“Was it good?” He asks with a smirk.

“What was?” Taehyung asks back though he already knows what the other is referring to.

“The sex, dummy,” the blonde bites his lip like a teenager, leaning even closer to his face.

“I didn’t just lose my virginity, you know?” Tae laughs, relaxing against the couch.

“I know! But you’ve been horny for the past two weeks. Was it worth the wait?” Jimin insists, always hungry for gossip. Tae can still feel Jungkook’s touch on the marks that cover his body, his teeth and tongue against his thighs, and his head is flying in cloud nine due to post-orgasm bliss. Or perhaps it’s just the soju.

“Yeah,” he answers with a sincere smile because as much as he hates Jungkook, the truth is that the sex is always the best. “Wait, did you dye your hair?” He asks all of the sudden, eyes focused on Jimin’s pink head, startled.

“Yes!” His friend grins as if that’s exactly what he’s been waiting to hear all day long.

“I don’t like it,” Tae says with a scrunch of his nose before refocusing his attention on the bottler on his hand.

Jimin dyes his hair back to blonde the next day.

Chapter End Notes

A ton of smut for y'all. It's my first time writing smut so I apologize if it sucks. I'll try to improve throughout the story so bear with me!

Jimin dyed his hair back to blonde and yeah he looks damn beautiful but I really was in love with that pink color D: That teaser THAT TEASER THOUGH. I know, we're all freaking out. Can't wait for the 13th, huh? The theories, the aesthetics...that spring day is art.

Anyway, I just wanted to say you are all amazing for reading, commenting and suscribing. I can't believe this story already has over 400 kudos! What even!? Thanks for the bookmarks, too, really n.n

Have a great week, see ya in hell (;

I'm Trying

Chapter Notes

Warning: Mild mention of self-harm. Is really mild that's why it isn't in the tags. The subject will be talked again later on the story but again, it'll be mild and I'll let you know beforehand. If you think I should tag it anyways, let me know.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jungkook thinks that if he really puts his mind to it, he is better off now than he was before fucking Taehyung for two weeks. And yet he's staring at the ceiling of his room, eyes wide open without any signs of slumber; he's been gazing through the dark ever since he came out of the shower, the smell of soap pleasant but nothing compared to Taehyung's intoxicating perfume. He can't keep thinking about the words that left the older's lips before leaving his apartment. God, what's wrong with him? That's the guy he hates (is it though?), why does he give two fucks about who Kim Taehyung offers his ass to when he isn't around? The thought boils his blood and makes him push his tongue against his inner left cheek without noticing. Okay, he gives a fuck about who Taehyung fucks when he isn't around. But at least he knows he shouldn't, he has no right caring when he also fucks other guys apart from him. That question is back at eating his mind: **What's wrong with him?**

He grabs his phone from his bedside table, checks the time which reads four a.m. He shouldn't call Hoseok and yet...

"Yes?" His cousin's voice asks, raspy with sleepiness.

"It's me."

"Jungkook? What happened?" he hears the rustling of bedsheets, as if the older is sitting up in his bed, probably thinking it's an emergency since Jungkook hardly ever calls him, let alone at this ungodly hour.

"Not much. I just — can't sleep," he confesses, ashamed. He feels like he did back when he was twelve and scared of his dad's words, of the way his face could change so quickly, like the sky after a storm. He would run to Hoseok's room and hide his face on the other's neck, crying in silence since it was the only way to pretend there weren't any tears at all. The following morning they would both pretend

nothing had happened and his dad would smile at him over the breakfast table, ask him to pass the toast and talk normally to Namjoon; always to Namjoon.

A pause, a sigh and then, “It’s four in the morning, fucker.”

“I know, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have called...” his finger is tempted to slide across the touchscreen to end this embarrassing call because he’s no longer a kid, he shouldn’t be doing this, but the other stops him with his soothing voice.

“Nah, it’s fine,” Hoseok replies because that’s just who he is. Jungkook suppresses a smile. “Is this about Taehyung?”

The smile is wiped from his face as he grunts in response, eyes shutting closed, a sigh getting trapped in his throat.

“God, Kook...did you sleep with him?”

Another grunt, this one louder.

“Not going to get over him this way,” Hoseok replies and Jungkook bites his lip, which *fuck*, hurts because Taehyung bit it during sex too and he himself has been biting his lips ever since he was ten and found it hard to cope with life. His therapist at that time said it was a bad habit he had to get rid of. That is, until he got a glimpse of the first cuts on his wrists, the red marks that said too many unspoken words and left others, darker, unsaid. Let’s just say that he let him sink his teeth against his mouth as long as there wasn’t any blood involved. Jungkook barely had any idea why the pain was seen like such a sin in adult’s eyes. For him, it was simply a distraction; that was it.

“I know, okay? But he just—I couldn’t — “ he’s shaking his head even though his cousin can’t see him, nails digging on the sheets of his bed.

“I remember when I was in love, too, I would — “

“What? I’m not in love,” he states with determination, voice lower and yet, more threatening.

“Can we just move on from the denial stage already? You aren’t ten anymore,” Hoseok huffs with indifference, though it only works to rile Jungkook up.

“I am not in denial!” He says, loud and fierce as if it changed

anything. He realizes how stupid he sounds, how so very in denial and childish but he can't bring himself to see past the negative word. It blinds his eyes, cloud his senses and fuck with his mind.

"Right. At least admit that you like him."

"I don't!"

"You don't hate him," Hoseok sighs, and yeah okay, Jungkook may give him that.

"Well...okay, fine. I don't *hate* him," he replies, making a big deal of emphasizing on the hate because it's of crucial importance and relevance that the older understands what he means by that; yes, he doesn't hate him but that's *far* from liking. Too far. Millions of miles apart.

Hoseok makes a sound that sounds like a growl and a grunt mixed together. "This is going to take a while."

"I shouldn't have fucked him, Jimin! Where's my dignity?" Taehyung is burying his face against his pillow, eyes shut and hair messed up from his lack of sleep during the previous night. His best friend is sitting at the edge of the bed, a tray with orange juice and toast to his left. He went upstairs after waiting for him to head down for breakfast for over an hour. He's lucky it's Saturday because otherwise, he'd be forced out of the bed to go to work.

"You at least didn't give him that stupid jacket. God, embarrassing," he scrunches up his nose cutely.

"Still! You shouldn't have let me go with him...ugh!" he groans, legs kicking the bed like a toddler throwing a tantrum. Not that Jimin isn't used to this.

"You said it was worth it!" He says anyways because he will not take the blame for Taehyung's life decisions.

"It was but that's not the point!" He straightens up then, sitting up in the bed with his legs crossed under him in a position that doesn't look comfortable to Jimin. "Promise me that no matter what I say or do you won't let me sleep with him ever again." He demands with serious, almost desperate eyes and pursed lips.

"Tae — "

“Promise me!” he half pleads, half whines and Jimin sighs because fuck it, Tae always gets his way.

“Fine. I’m such a good friend, you seriously don’t deserve me,” he narrows his eyes at the older who simply shrugs in return as he grabs a toast and eats it, leaving crumbs on the sheets. Jin is going to kill him. “Now, can we talk about me?”

“What about you?” Tae asks, voice muffled due to the toast inside his mouth.

“Yoongi and I....have been going through some issues lately,” Jimin begins, eyes focused on the glass of juice instead of Taehyung’s eyes, embarrassed.

“Really? Does it surprise you? I doubt the guy is even human,” he chuckles after swallowing. He’d never picture Yoongi as boyfriend material at all, it’s a miracle those two have been together for so long.

“Tae!” His friend yells with a frown, offended by his words.

“Okay, sorry, what issues?”

Jimin gulps.

“He...he hasn’t been the same lately,” the blonde continues with a somber look flashing through his eyes, which are now staring at the white wall behind Tae in a dramatic way that reminds the younger of the korean dramas he watches.

“Does he not smile? ‘Cause that’s been a thing ever since I met him,” Tae says before holding the glass to his lips, the sweet taste of artificial orange juice making him wince. He was getting used to Seokjin’s natural one. And also, this one is lukewarm, though he guesses that’s his fault for refusing to eat at normal hours.

“Okay, if you aren’t going to take this seriously I’ll just talk to Jin hyung,” Jimin answers, already walking towards the door.

“No, sorry! I’ll listen. Jin isn’t even back from Namjoon’s,” he shudders at the memory, he can still picture them fucking on Jungkook’s sofa and the thought is as disturbing (if not more) as it was yesterday. He would notice if Jin was back though, since he loves making an entrance screaming he’s home before even opening the door.

“What I was saying was that Yoongi hasn’t touched me in four days and I’m freaking out!” Jimin explains not needing much convincing as he sits back down, the words leaving his mouth as if helpless.

“Wow, didn’t know he touched you that often. I’m not sure I needed that piece of information in my life but um, okay. Have you talked to him about it?” Tae decides to ask after drinking the rest of his juice in one long swig.

“No, I’m scared. You know he doesn’t talk much about private stuff and well, this seems private,” the blonde murmurs, a faint blush dusting his full cheeks.

“He’s your boyfriend, don’t you guys do anything but fuck?” Taehyung laughs, more amused than he probably should be considering the circumstances. The idea of those two fucking like bunnies is hilarious though..and a bit repulsive.

“Of course we do! I just —I ’m scared, Tae. What if he doesn’t like me anymore? I’ve noticed my face is puffier lately and — ” he begins saying, eyes bright and innocent looking. His fingers fidget playing with some broken strings from the brunette’s fluffy, light blue blanket. Normally Tae would tell him to cut it off before he unstitch it, but he can’t bring himself to do so when the older is looking like that.

“What? Jimin, you’re the most beautiful piece of sunshine I’ve ever seen so please don’t say anything else like that ever again,” Tae replies, almost mad at his best friend because seriously, how could he say those things about himself? Jimin is all soft edges, crescent eyes, plump lips and velvety skin. There’s literally nothing wrong with him.

“You said my pink hair was ugly!” Jimin replies crossing his arms over his chest with a cute pout that only helps to strengthen Tae’s words.

“It was, but you could pull anything off. Wait! Maybe that’s why he hasn’t touched you, he hated the pink color just like I did!” Tae points out with his signature boxy grin, almost jumping on top of the bed like a toddler who just won a prize. But Jimin’s stern expression wipes the grin right out of his face.

“I dyed it blonde this morning and when I tried to kiss him afterwards he literally pretended to be asleep.”

“Perhaps he *was* asleep,” the older provides with a shrug, trying to make the best with what his friend gives him.

"I saw him close his eyes and turn around!" Jimin replies and Tae whistles because wow, that's really...yeah. He can't make the best of that.

"Well dude, that's not pretending to be asleep, that's quite literally ignoring you," he says standing up to walk towards the bathroom, leaving the door to hear Jimin. He grabs his toothbrush and applies an average amount of his favorite minty toothpaste before checking his messy hair in the mirror. His reflection would scare him if he hadn't just woken up. His eyes scan the mole on his nose he hates so much. He's thought about having it removed before but the surgery is kinda expensive for such a small thing. Small and yet for him is big enough to hunt him. His lips are shaped into a pout, his eyes puffier than usual due to the lack of sleep. The oversized white shirt he's wearing has a few holes in it but it's pure out of fashion.

He suddenly finds his brown hair too boring. His options are limited; during his holidays he dyes it green, red, even blue. But he doesn't think it'd be correct to do so in the company. As far as he knows, there aren't any rules against it but the only guy with a striking hair color is Hoseok and he doesn't really want to follow those steps.

"Ugh, he's so gonna leave me, Tae! If it's not my puffy face then it's my personality. I'm too annoying, right? You say it all the time!" The blonde is saying, shaking his head desperately and almost falling off the bed due to his nervous habit of shaking his legs. Taehyung looks away from the mirror and proceeds to brush his teeth as quickly as he can manage to reply to his friend's absurd and paranoid words.

"Jimin, stop it. I say that because I love you and you're like my little brother," he smiles after rinsing his mouth with cold water that makes him shiver. "Remind me not to brush my teeth after drinking orange juice. Disgusting." He adds when the weird taste refuses to leave his tongue.

"I'm older than you," Jimin replies thoughtfully with a frown, ignoring his last comment.

"Shut up, you're annoying," Tae rolls his eyes in return.

"See!?"

"Sorry, sorry!" he winces realizing what he just said. With a sigh he kneels next to Jimin and grabs his hands in his. His fingers are so small, like a little kid's. Taehyung thinks it's the cutest thing ever. Looking at him straight in the eye, he says, "Listen, Yoongi is *not*

going to leave you. He still talks to you as usual, right?"

"Kinda, yeah."

"Well then, just try giving him a blowjob and if he refuses, ask him what's up. He won't be able to deny it then, I mean who says no to a blowjob?" Tae simply shrugs as if they weren't talking about putting Yoongi's dick in his best friend's mouth, and at least that makes Jimin's smile reach his eyes.

"Yes, that's actually a good idea! He loves my mouth wrapped — "

"Ew, shut up. My ears!" Taehyung replies covering his ears and shutting his eyes tightly at the pressing images that flash through his head. God, are all of his friends going to traumatize him with their sex lives?

"Sorry," Jimin says sheepishly, but he's still smiling and it's all good.

Seokjin returns for dinner wearing the same clothes he'd taken to the party and clearly trying not to make a sound as he closes the door behind him. Yoongi barely spares him a glance as he walks in, this time not announcing his entrance as usual. Jimin is busy taking a shower while Taehyung is eating an apple on the kitchen counter. He raises a judging eyebrow at his friend when their gazes meet.

"My boss? Really, dude?" he asks after swallowing a piece of the juicy fruit.

"It just kinda happened..." he shrugs in response and wow, is Kim Seokjin *blushing* ?

"You're not seeing him again, are you?" he inquires because the older never does anything but one-night stands. But he's also never blushed this hard before talking about one either.

"I may," it's all the answer he gets as Jin mysteriously walks away, not giving him any details at all (not that he really wanted any. The idea still disgusts him). Taehyung's eyes are so wide he's afraid they might pop out of his head.

Jungkook and Taehyung avoid each other when Monday comes

around. It's surprisingly easy when both parties involved make their best efforts not to bump into the other at all in the office. Jungkook barely leaves his, resigning himself to let his stupid assistant fetch his coffee, while Taehyung asks Jackson to bring him one every time he sees the other stand up from his cubicle. At one point he scowls at him before asking, "Why don't you go yourself?"

"Geez, you were going anyway!" Tae shrugs innocently, barely looking away from his computer. The numbers are starting to give him a headache and if he doesn't drink at least three cups of coffee per day, he completely loses it. Yeah, it may not be the healthiest solution he's ever had but it's either that or quit his job.

"Yeah but it's the third time today. You know you can just go, right?"

"Fine, whatever," he stands up and goes (not without sending a glare at Jackson) but gladly, he doesn't see Jungkook anywhere in sight. Well, that's not exactly true; he does see him inside his office through the glass wall. The younger has a frown on his forehead and he's writing something down on his computer, eyes focused and fingers moving with fast movements across the keyboard. Taehyung guesses he's probably writing down "Ways to ruin Kim Taehyung's Life: The Sequel".

Jungkook notices that the older is indeed trying to avoid him as much as he is, and wonders why, but decides not to dwell on it considering Hoseok's advice: *"Try not to think about him. Distract yourself with anything else."* Not that it really works when Friday's night is still fresh on his memory, like a feeling he can't shake off his shoulders, a thought pressing against his skull diligently. His cousin keeps bursting into his office with his bright smile and soft eyes, and at first Jungkook is thoroughly confused since they didn't use to talk to each other that often at the office, but then he realizes Hoseok is really just trying to help; and he does, he always does. They have lunch together and he makes him laugh with his ridiculous expressions as he tells him about this newbie called Chanyeol who has a hard time doing everything, even a simple task like turning on his computer.

And Taehyung watches from afar, tilting his neck to get a better view of what is going on inside Jungkook's office because is that really creepy Hoseok laughing his ass off with his Jungkook? And wow, did he just use a possessive pronoun in that sentence? There are so many wrong things with that train of thought...but then his phone is lighting up with a text message from an unknown number and he decides to simply huff because whatever, why does he give a shit

about who Jungkook has lunch with anyway?

Unknown Number:

Hey! It's Minjae...I'm kinda sorry about how things ended up the other day so I was wondering if you'd like to grab dinner today or tomorrow. I'd love to get to know you more (:

Taehyung sighs. They didn't talk much during the party but that and this text are enough proof to show that Minjae is nice. *Too* nice. And Taehyung is fucked-up and he isn't into nice guys. That's why he is constantly struggling to put his lust to rest and not let Jungkook fuck him against the mattress. He could give the guy a chance though, considering the circumstances...and also Jungkook seems to get possessive when jealous and he — no, he isn't supposed to have sex with the younger ever again.

A voice in Taehyung's head laughs so loud he can scarcely act like it's not there. He puts his phone back on his desk and resumes his work. It can wait.

Tuesday rolls around and Jungkook can at least not think about Taehyung when Hoseok is in the room, basically requiring his attention for his jokes to survive. His cousin stabs his noodles with his chopsticks and puts an enormous amount inside his mouth, chewing obnoxiously. Jungkook scrunches his nose in mild disgust as he drinks his grape juice.

"So, how is the T department going?" Hoseok half-smiles with mischief in his brown eyes.

"The what?" Jungkook asks, confusion written all across his face.

"Ya know... *Taehyung* . Excuse me for not wanting to say his name," his cousin rolls his eyes in offense and Jungkook laughs because it's so childish of him to even think he's sparing him anything at all by simply omitting the older's name when it's already a mantra imprinted inside his mind.

"It's literally been two days," he replies with a shrug, ignores the itch to add '*it feels like longer*'. It's not like they ever exchanged more than a few words during the day, but he remembers the lustful stares, the absurd quarreling, the silent promise of a wild night...

“Two days without you talking to him *or* about him. Dude, that’s progress!” Hoseok is laughing too because it sounds ridiculous but he’s still right.

“It’s not like I spend every waking moment talking about him. He’s a jerk. He burnt —”

“Your leather jacket, I know. Get over it,” Hoseok groans, arms spreading in frustration. He’s heard the story countless of times and it’s only been a little over two weeks since it happened. “Look, I’m just helping you because you want it so badly, but if it were up to me — ”

“Yeah, I know. If it were up to you I’d be throwing myself into his arms and professing my undying love for him,” Jungkook finishes his sentence, sarcasm laced on his voice. As if he’d ever step that low.

“So you’re admitting that you’re in love with him?” The older asks with his signature bright smile decorating his gleeful face, already knowing the answer to his question because God knows Jungkook is stubborn as fuck.

“No way. I’m just saying what you want to hear,” he replies proving the other’s point. Hoseok grunts in reply and chews through another huge mouthful of noodles.

Meanwhile, Taehyung is eating a salad in silence, stabbing his fork against the lettuce to ignore the fact weird Hoseok is yet again eating lunch with *not his* Jungkook. Today he is not simply able to see them laughing but also hear them and it’s doing something to Taehyung, something ugly is growing inside him and he hates this feeling, what even is this feeling? If only he could shut everything out, conceal, don’t feel, kind of like Elsa. But he’s only human and he gets it; he may be *slightly* jealous but it’s simply because he’s not used to seeing Jungkook laughing that way; all shaky shoulders, head thrown backwards, teary eyes... so yeah, it makes sense he’s jealous because despite hating the guy they’ve been fucking for over two months and he’s never once see him laughing like that. *Anyone would feel this way* , he tells himself. Which doesn’t mean he’s dying to hear that laughter when they’re together, not at all actually...but it just sounds and looks beautiful and ugh.

He’s probably just horny.

His eyes immediately go to his phone, his mind thinking about Minjae’s unanswered text message. The guy doesn’t strike him like the one-night stand stereotype but if he’s *that* into Taehyung then perhaps

he'd make an exception. And Tae would let him mark him, because Jungkook's hickeys are fading into nothingness and the idea of the younger seeing another man's marks on his neck makes something inside him moan.

Taehhh

Hey! I'd love to grab dinner with you. How about tomorrow?

The answer is so quick Taehyung has to suppress a groan.

Minjae

Pick you up at 8? Send me your address xoxo

Tae blinks at the xoxo and swallows a sigh. But then Jungkook's laughter is so loud and so *nice* against his ears, polluting his senses and threatening to break something or perhaps fix it and no, God *no*. He sends his address to Minjae with pleasure.

Jungkook and Taehyung's avoiding mission lasts until Wednesday morning when Namjoon calls them to his office and Taehyung can't for the life of him figure out why he was called with Jeon Jungkook out of all people, considering their utterly different positions in the company. He sits on his chair anyway, waiting for him to arrive and occupy the chair next to him since it's vacant and Namjoon said they couldn't start without him, eyes glued to a folder under his hands. So Taehyung distracts himself by looking around. His boss has one of the most incredible and luxurious offices in the company. He's only ever been here once before, when he first got hired. It's in the highest floor and it hasn't changed much since; the same framed picture of a woman in a kitchen (she's beautiful, long silky hair and a white bright smile as she looks up at the camera, hand busy as she's using it to knead something in a bowl that looks a lot like raw dough), the same boring colors in the walls and thick old books resting on the oak library behind him. Same outstanding view of the city and same comfortable black chairs. Jungkook's office is great, but this is one is bigger and even the furniture sparkles. It emanates greatness, though it could literally be anyone else's. It doesn't scream Namjoon's name or show any aspect of his personality whatsoever.

Taehyung ignores the look Jungkook sends him as he sits next to him around two minutes later, and they both stare at Namjoon with curiosity.

“Glad you could make it. I was starting to worry you had gotten lost,” he says and Tae tries to read his face to deduce if he’s really mad or he’s just joking; he fails to read anything but serenity in his eyes. He’s always thought that despite being intimidated by the older, his eyes gave out a peace unknown to him.

“The elevator is slow as fuck,” Jungkook replies with a disrespectful groan. Taehyung silently thanks his brain for having taken the stairs instead.

“Language,” Namjoon sends him a warning glance that would scare the headlights out of Taehyung but Jungkook simply rolls his eyes. Brothers. “Anyway, I’ve called you two here because we need two employees to travel to Japan to — ”

“No way,” the younger is already shaking his head repeatedly. Taehyung huffs.

“I’d really appreciate if I could finish talking,” Namjoon says with a glare.

“No one tells me shit about anything that happens around here, and now you want me to go to Japan with *him* ?” Jungkook asks with a hint of disgust as he points at Taehyung who is struggling to shut up simply because he doesn’t want to fight in front of his boss. But seriously, what the fuck? They haven’t talked since Friday after he fucked his brains out and promised very directly to do it again and now he’s insulting him in front of his boss? What was Taehyung expecting, though? This is how they’ve always worked. And yet...

“Does it really surprise you that no one tells you anything?” Namjoon almost laughs. It makes Taehyung hide a victorious smile under the palm of his hand. “And believe me, we wouldn’t send you two if we had another choice.” He shrugs. Tae winces, because ouch.

“There are literally over five hundred employees in the company.”

“We need Taehyung for his skills. He’s one of the few workers who knows about fifty percent of the data that could — ” Namjoon begins and Tae instantly feels his ego stroked. That’s right, he’s an amazing employee and they’re lucky to have him. It’s about time he gets appreciated.

“Is fifty percent supposed to be impressive?” Jungkook asks and Taehyung can’t fucking stand it any longer. Can’t he just not make the meeting about dizzying him for five minutes?

“Oh yeah? Easy for you to say when you barely move a finger around here. Try learning more than half of the data accumulated through ten years of codes that — ”

“As I was *saying* ,” Namjoon interrupts him though Tae can’t even be mad because he was just about ready to hit Jungkook there. “We need Taehyung. And we need you because dad — Mr. Jeon won’t allow anyone he doesn’t trust to go with.”

“And I’m guessing there’s a pressing matter that requires you to stay,” Jungkook rolls his eyes because now it all makes sense.

“Exactly.”

“He may trust me to go instead of a nobody but come on, what could I do there?”

“That’s true, he’s really useless,” Taehyung admits with a sardonic smile on his face. Jungkook turns towards him, throwing daggers through his eyes. Tae stares right back at him with a glare as deadly as his, if not more. Both pair of eyes clash in a silent battle they are quite used to, a challenge clear in the intensity of their gazes. But then their boss is clearing his throat and they are forced to break the stare contest.

“You only need to go to a meeting with the rival company to seize the competition,” Namjoon continues. “We’re going as a friendly and potential partnership. Taehyung will listen and he’ll be able to tell us how much does he think they have on us. You simply...”

“Sit there and pretend I know what I’m doing. Since I’m the boss’s child, it’ll be a given, right?” Jungkook says and even though he’s right, anyone could see the irritation in the tight set of his jaw, the hidden insults behind his eyelids and the hatred digging under his nails. He can barely stand hearing the words that come out of his hyung’s mouth, stand the idea of doing anything for this company, for his *dad* .

“Right.”

“And what do I get doing this?” He asks because they can’t possibly expect him to actually do them a favor?

Namjoon seems like he expected this, stare calculated and hands steady over his desk. “If you don’t, the company could end up in bankrupt,” he licks his lips, eyes go to his shoes and then his hands.

Tae wonders what he's thinking about but then the serious expression on his face scares him a little bit and he chooses to glance at the floor instead. "Look, I shouldn't be telling you this but we have reason to believe there are employees working as spies in Bangtan. We can't risk it by sending someone else in." He says and Taehyung wonders if he remembers he's in the room, just sitting there right next to the younger and listening to everything they're saying. The conversation sounds too important and confidential for him to hear.

"Taehyung could be a rat for all we know," Jungkook says then, index finger tapping his chin thoughtfully. The brunette's mouth opens in a gasp out of its own accord.

"Hey! I would never — " he begins, eyes staring pleadingly at Namjoon because damn it, they can't seriously believe he'd ever do that to the company.

"He's been devoted to Bangtan for years and he's the best we got. Also, you trust him so that's — " The older explains but is cut off by an angry Jungkook, no longer disguising his emotions behind a mask.

"What? You're letting him go because we're fucking?" He asks in disbelief, and Taehyung has the urge to ask, 'Are we still even doing that?' But he simply shuts his mouth and has the decency to blush in embarrassment because yeah, Namjoon might have saw them about to fuck in his sofa once and *that* was awkward but this is still a topic the doesn't want to discuss with his boss.

"That's not what I said —" Namjoon is shaking his head, embarrassed himself by his brother's words. Tae is also annoyed by his boss's assumption, for he has no idea about the type of relationship they have if he thinks there's anything even resembling trust going on between them.

"Whatever, I'm not doing it," the younger dismisses the idea with a quick shake of his hand. Taehyung wonders if he's aware of the amount of people that would be losing their jobs if the company were to actually collapse.

"Jungkook, I know you don't care about anyone but yourself but please do reconsider this. Everything we've been working on for years now could disappear in the blink of an eye if you don't do this...I really can't go myself, please. Do it for me," he says, face open and readable for a moment, Namjoon laying his guard down. He's not asking this like their boss, he's asking it like Jungkook's older brother.

Taehyung takes the situation in front of him in, feels pity for the older's obvious need no longer hidden behind his eyes but actually plastered on his face, splashed across his forehead, eyebrows, the set of his mouth. He never thought he cared that much about the company; that it was anything for the big guys besides a bank account. But it's so obvious when staring at his boss how the simple idea of Bangtan's ruin shakes his whole world, and not because of the money they'd be losing. Tae is just about to yell at Jungkook for being so cruel and immature, for risking everyone's jobs including his own, but then...

"Fine. When are we leaving?" Jungkook sighs, giving up. To say the other two are surprised in an understatement. Namjoon was hoping he'd say yes at the long run, that he'd have pity upon them all or, in worst case scenario he'd have to go himself despite the pile of papers he has to go through and the three meetings he has scheduled for tomorrow. But he never thought it'd be as easy as this.

"Tomorrow. I'll send you all the information you need to know via email. You just go to the meeting and come right back. It'll take one day," he clarifies, and Tae contains a sigh because thank God. He doesn't think he could handle spending more than twenty-four hours with the other jerk without self-combusting.

Jungkook nods, processing his brother's words. "Okay," he says before standing up from his chair and abruptly leaving the room without sparing them another glance.

"I'll gladly go as well...if it wasn't already obvious," Taehyung says after a few seconds of uncomfortable silence go by.

"I know, thank you," Namjoon smiles and he sounds so honest it makes Tae feel sorry for him. It must be hard to have such an awful brother like Jungkook.

"It's my job," he shrugs because he really doesn't have much of a choice; even if he refused to go and they didn't fire him, he'd still be risking his position at the company. The older nods though it seems like he barely hears him. He stands up as well and Taehyung thinks it may be his cue to leave but then he's talking, his guard still down and his eyes casted downwards.

"I really don't know what I'll do with him...he didn't use to be like this, you know?" He asks him and okay, wow, they're doing this. For a moment he wonders if this is the Namjoon Jin is so enthralled with.

“He didn’t?”

“He used to have these dreams...he wanted to be a writer, change the world, to be remembered. He wrote the most beautiful poems,” he sighs, eyes lost in the amazing view behind his desk; the skyscrapers, the tall buildings that touch the blue and gleam against the sun, the cars that honk and the people that hurry through the busy streets below them.

Taehyun, on the other hand, is too busy frowning in confusion. Jungkook? Writing poetry? What is this? He can’t picture him doing anything but sitting on his office frowning and then returning to his apartment to fuck some guy.

“What happened?” Tae asks softly, afraid that if he talks too loud this casual-talking Namjoon will slip away and be replaced with his intimidating boss.

“Life. Well, that’s not entirely true,” he sighs. “My dad...he isn’t really fond of dreams.” He replies with a sad smile, barely directed towards him. Taehyung doesn’t need to hear any more, he can already connect the dots himself. The story is so typical and yet he’d never think someone like Jeon Jungkook would be the main character of it. A rich boy with artsy dreams whose father wanted him to take over the company one day. But Namjoon is the boss and he’s older and...

“But he’s the youngest. Why couldn’t he — ?”

“We’re half-brothers. Same dad, different mom. My mom wasn’t rich and....well, I wasn’t supposed to be the one to take over Bangtan one day. Jungkook was,” he says with the saddest eyes, his lip wavering when he says the word *mom*. Tae thinks that if he wasn’t in the room, the older may break into tears. His eyes go to the framed picture of the woman and his heart skips a beat.

“He isn’t a writer...” he replies without looking away from the lady’s youthful eyes, because it’s the only thing he can manage to say.

“No, he’s here, doing what he was asked to do except that... not really. He hates it here, he barely does anything at all. But for our father is enough. People believe he’s a very important part of the company anyway,” he explains and Tae is reminded of how different the rich world is from his. Materialistic, superficial...most care more about other people’s opinions than making their own family happy. How can Mr. Jeon let Jungkook suffer just to preserve the public’s good opinion? Taehyung has only seen Mr. Jeon once from afar. He has

never had direct contact with the man but he already despises him and wishes to never meet him.

“And yet he’s just an employee with a nice office...God, that’s awful,” Tae bites the inside of his cheek, upset. He’d feel sorry for anyone in Jungkook’s position, to be honest. To be unable to live freely, to find your own happiness, to try and grasp at your dreams with your fingertips. “What would happen if he decided to be a writer?” he asks, though he can already imagine the answer to that question.

“Our father would disown him and probably never talk to him again. It’d be an embarrassment for the Jeon legacy for only me to take over Bangtan,” Namjoon says as if reciting a passage from an old book he’s been forced to memorize, his shoulders heavy with the weight of responsibility. He sounds as if he’s already analyzed every possibility for Jungkook to follow his dreams *and* stay on his dad’s good side. The equation seems to be impossible.

“Although *you* are taking over Bangtan, right?” Taehyung asks, slightly confused for a moment.

“Yes, though people believe we both are.”

They stay in silence for a few seconds, Namjoon sitting back down on his desk and Taehyung processing the new information in awe. A part of him feels like shit for having judged Jungkook all this time, thinking he was a spoilt child that refused to do any work at all. If it were him, he wouldn’t be in the company at all. Fuck his father and everything he represents, how dare he ruin his kid’s dream? But the other part of him feels something twist in his stomach because, should he even be listening to all of this? Who is he to know? He’s sure Jungkook wouldn’t want him to unless he told him himself (not that they would ever have these deep conversations).

“Why are you telling me this?” he asks then, curious and nervous at the same time.

“Because you care,” his boss smiles in a tender way that makes Tae gulp. He opens his mouth ready to deny his words, say that he actually hates the guy (a little less now, but still), but Namjoon shakes his head amused and says, “Look, I know you two are only strictly physical but...he’s a great guy and I think that if you got to know him, you’d actually learn to like him.”

Taehyung huffs as he crosses his arms over his chest stubbornly. “I don’t think so. Why would you want me to like him anyways?”

“Because you’re a great guy, too.”

The certainty in his words frightens him.

Tae leaves his office soon after to return to his cubicle with a sigh. When he plops down in his seat he can’t help but risk a glance towards Jungkook’s office. He sees the man sitting on his desk with his head between his hands, a phone against his ear as he talks to who knows who, lips moving rapidly with the words.

Shit, that trip to Japan is going to suck.

Chapter End Notes

Kinda quick update? Idk. Hope you enjoyed the chapter, as always.

That trip to Japan though...probs won't last 1 day. HA. Sorry, Kookie! (: (the struggle for that guy is real)

That part in which Tae is praising Jimin, that's low-key me every time that beautiful ball of sunshine says anything bad about himself. Like, no. Just don't.

The WINGS tour started...sigh. I can't believe they skipped my country yet again. You see, I'm from Argentina and they keep coming to Chile and Brazil. WE'RE LITERALLY IN THE MIDDLE. But yeah, life sucks. Any of you lucky enough to go? Let me know in the comments!

P.S: If you want, you can come talk to me on twitter;
@JinAteMyName I'll let you know when I'm working on a chapter, probable updates, etc.

I Can't Help It. He's My Kryptonite.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Jungkook, please stop pacing around and just help me out here. I barely know which shirts you want to take with you,” Hoseok says, hands fumbling with the younger’s clothes while his eyes search through his extremely wide wardrobe. How is it he has ten plain white shirts? And ten black ones? One would think that having the amount of money the kid has, he’d at least get many different colors.

“I can’t. I’m not going,” is all the reply he gets, barely audible over the sound of the large TV turned on in the background. Hoseok hears how the cute reporter keeps alerting about possible winter storms throughout tomorrow but says nothing.

“Seriously, we’ve been through this. You’re doing it for all those employees that need their jobs to live,” he pauses before adding, “And for Joon, of course.” He talks as if he was talking to a toddler because if he didn’t know any better, he may be.

“As if he’s ever done anything for me,” Jungkook huffs. Hoseok can’t help the eye roll as he sends him a judging glance from over his shoulder.

“Hey, he has and you know it. Now, black or white?” he asks holding two shirts, one in each hand, though it really doesn’t make much of a difference considering the guy is wearing a black one right at this moment.

“I’m just staying for a day,” Jungkook is the one to roll his eyes now, ignoring the fact that he just said he wasn’t going anyway since it’s not like he has much of a choice. His eyes go to the clock on his bedside table and he winces as the numbers tick by in abnormal speed. He keeps moving from one side of his room to the other, the sunrise mocking him from the window.

“If things go well, you two are going to spend Christmas in Japan watching anime without leaving the hotel room,” Hoseok’s smug grin is heard through his words.

“Funny. I actually called the hotel to check our rooms were in different floors,” Jungkook says with a smirk, as if proud of himself; it’s the only thing that relaxes him ever so slightly, the idea of eight floors separating them. Hoseok doesn’t know if to laugh or take pity on the poor guy.

“Not much faith in yourself, huh?” He asks with an eyebrow raised before looking back at the suitcase with a grimace. Can it be any emptier?

“I think recent events are enough proof of that...” the younger replies ashamed as he bites on his lower lip, ignoring the sting.

“Right,” his cousin flinches as he puts three shirts inside the suitcase on the bed. “If anything happens you can always call me though. You know that, right?” he asks turning around to face the younger after zipping the suitcase closed.

“Thank you, really. For everything. I know I don’t say it often...but it’s good to have you around, always has been,” Jungkook says with a small, almost embarrassed smile gracing his lips. It makes the older’s heart swell. He knows how hard it is for his cousin to open up, let alone talk about his emotions, so it really warms up his heart when he does.

“I know Kook, don’t worry. I have your back. Always will,” Hoseok says, a hand on his shoulder and an incredible softness flooding his expression. He gives him an affectionate squeeze before shaking his head, not wanting to make Jungkook any more uncomfortable. “Enough of that, you got your plane tickets? Passport?”

“Yes, sir,” answers the younger forcing the nerves back down.

“Okay, just one day. You can do this, remember what we talked about,” Hoseok replies and Jungkook groans because ugh, this isn’t helping at all.

“Yes, I know. It’d be easier if I didn’t have to go at all, though...” he says under his breath, placing the suitcase off the bed.

“Nice try, kiddo. Go, the car is waiting,” the older replies and with one last pat on the back, Jungkook goes.

Taehyung reaches the airport with a frown etched on his forehead.

Jungkook is really late since Tae was late himself and had to rush through the crowds of people to not be really late but Jungkook hasn't arrived yet so he's late. Really late. And it was bad enough to have to cancel Minjae's date and hear Jimin's talk about how rude and how bad it makes him look after introducing them (Tae doesn't understand how *him* cancelling the date due to his job makes Jimin look bad but okay), and now he has to even wait for the damn idiot to arrive? He's not going to cut him some slack simply because he had a rough childhood, (though it may've changed some of the way he looks at him). Regardless, the plane will be boarding any minute now and it's the first time he'll be travelling in a first class seat so if Jungkook decides not to show up at all, he's going to get on that plane either way.

“Good morning passengers. This is the pre-boarding announcement for flight 89B to Tokyo. We are now inviting those passengers with small children, and any passengers requiring special assistance, to begin boarding at this time. Please have your boarding pass and identification ready. Regular boarding will begin in approximately ten minutes time. Thank you,” the flight attendant with a pretty white smile and long blonde dyed hair says through the microphone.

“Fuck, why do people decide to just stop in the middle of the hallway and---?” Jungkook's voice says from his right and makes Taehyung turn around abruptly, startled from his thoughts. He immediately scowls at him, upset by his unpunctuality.

“Yeah, blame people. Can't you be responsible for once in your life?” He wonders as the younger looks around them with calculative eyes. What is he even looking for?

“Excuse me?” Jungkook asks, seemingly taken aback as his eyes return to his.

“God, you love saying that.”

Jungkook sighs, exhausted. He looks away once again, trying not to think too much about the way the white sweater Taehyung is wearing hugs his waist, about the cute frown in his forehead and the set of his pouty lips. He's so fucked.

“I don't want to fight, Taehyung,” he barely mumbles, muffling a yawn because why did Namjoon have to make them take the earliest flight ever? Seven thirty a.m take off is just inhumane, borderline fucked-up.

“Oh, you don’t want to fight? Yesterday at the meeting you seemed pretty fond of fighting in front of Mr. Kim,” Taehyung whisper-yells, not wanting to attract much undesired attention from the people waiting to board.

“Whatever,” is all Jungkook replies, taking out his phone as it buzzes on his front pocket.

“Why do I have to go to Japan with you!? You’ll ruin it for me,” Tae continues to complain, voice whiny and childish. It makes Jungkook want to scream in irritation.

“Don’t think you’re so important, Taehyung. We don’t even have to talk for as far as I’m concerned,” he says as coldly as he can muster, hoping for it to be enough to make the older shut up so he can focus on *not* focusing on him.

Taehyung gulps at the younger’s cold gaze, the indifference in his words, and feels so stupid for being offended in the slightest. “Fine, let’s not talk.”

Jungkook doesn’t even reply as if immediately agreeing, eyes glued to his phone while he types and Tae pretends he doesn’t lean over to smoothly read what he’s writing. He barely sees the name Yugyeom before Jungkook sends him a glare and puts his phone back on his pocket.

“Mind your own business.”

The flight is amazing for Taehyung. It’s not his first time taking a plane though, he once went to China and Japan with his parents, but he was eleven and barely remembers the journey. And either way, Economy Class is nothing compared to the luxury of First Class. He doesn’t even care if Jungkook is sitting right next to him, blatantly acting as if he wasn’t there at all. Tae himself is too busy looking out the window in awe, getting comfy against the leather seat and asking the flight attendant for another soda. He’s in heaven. They keep offering him snacks, drinks, another pillow, etc. And the few people around them are so posh and rich that they don’t even blink twice at the glass of champagne in their hands. Tae is the only newbie trying to conceal his excitement.

But of course, the two hours and fifteen minutes pass by way too quickly for his liking and soon enough he’s on a company car heading

to the hotel with a sulky Jungkook. It's whatever really, if he doesn't have to listen to his voice it'll be easier, less of a burden for him. Though Tae tries to ignore the fact that he looks so good and he can even smell his perfume from two meters away; it's still a constant struggle. His fingers ache to touch him, to ravish in the softness of his skin and the taste of his lips but no. That's not going to happen. Ever. Again.

His phone buzzes and he swears that his best friend has the ability to read his mind through the damn country.

Jiminnie!

cave in yet?

Taehhh

fuck you. I'm as hard as a rock when it comes to these things

"comes.

fuck now I realize how bad that whole sentence sounded

Jiminnie!

LMFAO u r so gonna bone him 2nite

Taehhh

well even if I do at least I'm getting some

not like others I know!!

Jiminnie!

LOW BLOW DUDE

TOO FUCKING SOON!!

Taehhh

just give him a blowjob!

Jiminnie!

2nite.

Taehyung laughs, catching Jungkook's attention who was looking out

the tinted windows, eyes lost in the beauty of Japan. He huffs with indifference before turning back around.

“Anything to say?” Tae asks, a challenging eyebrow raising to his hairline.

“Not talking, right?” Jungkook replies without sparing him another glance.

“You’re such a child sometimes, I swear,” the brunette says with a shake of his head though really, it shouldn’t come as a surprise.

“I am younger so,” he shrugs.

“Right.”

After a few more silent minutes they finally arrive at the hotel and Taehyung has to hold the urge to scream because holy fuck, isn’t this the most beautiful place on earth. Low-key, heaven. He tries not to stare at the tall ceilings and the chandelier and the lights and the people but damn, this must be *really* expensive. His eyes shine when he sees a marvellous, huge marble staircase leading to the upper floors, looking so refined and polished it catches the eye. But nothing compares to the incredibly beautiful white angel statue in the middle of the lobby. He suppresses a sigh at the sight; the man is leaning on one knee, left hand touching the floor as if supporting himself, with his shoulders squared. The expanse of his torso is smooth, the skin seemingly unbreakable. And yet it’s the black wings spread upon his back that take Taehyung’s breath away; they are monumental, overpowering. At first he thinks they’re black but he soon realizes they’re also grey in some parts, navy blue in others. He can see the feathers that compose them, as if taking from beautiful birds themselves, and wonders for an instant if the man may take off at any second and fly out of the hotel.

Jungkook walks to the desk as if he’s seen all of this a million times before (he probably has), and begins talking in a fluent Japanese to the receptionist. He sends him a charming smile as the man types something on the computer and gives him two golden magnetic cards. Well, at least they’re getting two different rooms, which relaxes Taehyung once his eyes leave the statue. He ignores the slight disappointment as he holds onto his suitcase, which suddenly is being taken from his grasp and he instinctively yells, tugging it away from the stranger, refusing to be robbed as soon as he gets to the hotel.

“*Taehyung*, he works here,” Jungkook says coming over them with an

embarrassed shake of his head.

“Oh, right. Sorry,” he smiles at the employee who simply nods with a frown before grabbing the suitcase carefully, as if afraid to startle Tae again, who keeps on blushing because fuck, does he really need to be such an embarrassment in this kind of place?

“This is your key. You’re in floor ten,” Jungkook gives him one card as he watches the employee walk away, gratefully not making fun of Taehyung like he thought he would.

“We’re in separate floors?” He inquires though he already knew the answer to that question.

“Yeah.”

“Which floor are you in?” Taehyung asks but Jungkook simply begins walking towards the elevator in silence. Tae huffs as he walks towards him, rushing at his side. “You’re not going to tell me?”

“It’s...floor eighteen,” the younger finally caves in because what is he supposed to do?

“Ohh, I get it.”

“What?” Jungkook eyes widen while he turns around to meet the older’s knowing eyes. They step into the elevator and the employee with their suitcases presses the buttons to their floors.

“Your room is much bigger than mine, probably a royal suite or something. And mine is the cheapest. I get it, you’re the boss’s son,” Tae shrugs because he really understands, regardless of how annoying it may be, he’s lucky enough to even be here at all. He couldn’t believe it when he was told his plane ticket was first class and paid for. Let alone that he’s staying in this sophisticated hotel. Having a cheaper room is really not an issue.

“That’s not---” Jungkook tries to explain because he’s so wrong, the company wouldn’t actually do that but Tae is waving him away, no longer wanting to continue with the conversation.

“It’s fine, really. I’m just an employee,” Taehyung nods and it sounds petty even for him but whatever, it’s true.

Jungkook sighs but doesn’t say anything else because really, what *can* he say? ‘Oh no, it’s just that if I have you in the same floor I will most

probably end up going to your room to fuck you and I kinda don't want that because I may or may not be developing---shit, no.' No, no, he didn't think it so it's okay.

The elevator's doors slide open to reveal the hallway and Tae walks out. "See ya at four," he says before turning around and leaving with the worker holding his suitcase behind him.

Jungkook presses his forehead against the cold, bright golden wall and takes a deep breath. "You can do this, come on. Toughen up."

Taehyung is jumping on the bed like he's five but he doesn't give a fuck because if he was impressed by the lobby, this is an outer world experience. The windows are huge, bigger than the crystal once in Namjoon's expensive office. The bed is amazing, a mattress so fluffy and comfortable as if made by only velvety feathers. The pillows are like literal clouds and there so many of them he wonders how much time the maids must waste on arranging them. And then there's the TV which is as big as the ones he's only seen at stores and it has Netflix included. Oh, and the bathroom...that bathtub like the ones in the movies (it even has a TV in front of it!), the walls are all white and the faucets are golden and cold under his touch but smell like money. The mirror is huge because everything that can be huge in this suite, is. He sees his reflection perfectly because everything is clean and shiny and beautiful. The towels are soft, the curtains are smooth and warm...even the sheets are pure silk. And the fruity smell in the air only adds to the hundreds of reasons for the grin plastered on his face.

So yeah, he's jumping on the bed.

There's a sudden knock at his door and he runs towards it, smiling at the japanese worker from room service...oh, did he forget to mention that? Free room service, courtesy of Bangtan. Best. Job. Ever.

"Arigatou," he says after the kind man sets the tray on his table and takes his leave. His mouth waters at the sushi, the kaiseki, the soba and the tempura.

Heaven.

After taking a quick shower, Jungkook puts his white shirt on and adjusts his navy blue tie around his neck, watching the reflection the

mirror gives him like a present. His hair is still wet, dark and silky looking, he has bags under his eyes and hasn't smiled ever since he found out about this trip. It'll be fine, though. The meeting is in less than an hour and will probably last around thirty minutes, sixty tops. Then they'll return to the hotel, have dinner separately, go to sleep and take the first plane back to Seoul. It'll be fine.

And yet he can't shake the uneasiness off his chest.

He meets Taehyung at four in the lobby like they'd arranged. As soon as he gets off the elevator his eyes find the older talking animatedly to a woman with a small puppy, his hand caressing the pet as he looks up at the lady, his back to him. Jungkook is rendered speechless by the sweet scene; the way Tae presses his thumbs against the pup's ears, making its tail sway from side to side in bliss, the old woman smiling down at him in an almost endearing way.

Fuck.

He walks towards them taking a deep breath to recompose himself. He can hear their voices once he's a few meters away.

"I can't believe I've finally found someone who speaks Korean, really. I feel like my Japanese is kinda rusty so it makes everything easier to simply talk in Korean, you know?" Taehyung is saying and Jungkook raises his eyebrows since he's talking as if they've been here for weeks when it's literally only been a few hours, and they haven't even left the hotel yet. "I hate not being able to talk to anyone here because of that...the guy I came with is a bit of a jerk so I'm left to my own devices." He finishes his explanation, eyes lost in the puppy as the old woman nods in understanding.

Jungkook narrows his eyes at the older, standing behind him with his arms crossed over his chest. The lady stares at him with spiked interest, the hint of a knowing smile on her lips.

"He's standing right behind me, isn't he?" Tae asks, hand falling from the dog's furry hair, which makes it whine at the loss of contact. The old woman giggles in the way only old women do. Taehyung stands up and turns around with a fake smile adorning his mouth. "So, the meeting?"

"Let's go," the younger replies already walking towards the sliding doors.

The car ride to the company is silent.

“If I had known it would be so easy I would’ve told Namjoon to give me a dog to come with instead of you,” Taehyung says once they are back on the car after the meeting, Jungkook ignoring the comment while biting the inside of his cheek to refrain from snapping at him.

The meeting went as well as they could’ve wished. The rival company knew nothing of their secret antics, so Jungkook guessed the spy wasn’t Tae after all (not that he ever really suspected him but hey, you never know). The elder processed enough information to begin writing a full report as soon as they sat back on the car, taking out a journal from his briefcase and pressing the pen against his fingers with excitement. Jungkook couldn’t understand why he was so enthusiastic about such a boring job, but he didn’t really care. The thing he hated the most throughout the forty-five minute meeting was to have to compliment their app when it was literally a plagiarized version of theirs. They hadn’t even bothered to change that much of the name. Their project was called “Weepy” and it was basically an app to try and replace Whatsapp, Instagram and Facebook; it did everything those three did but faster, and it was all wrapped in one app that didn’t take that much space in your memory card. Theirs was named “Wypi” and did the exact same thing, except that their design was a bright red instead of their purple. It angered even Jungkook with his lack of interest on anything Bangtan related, considering that they were in this whole mess simply because the other company was faster than them on singing for the rights to own the project.

“But this is good, really good. They only have the codes because that rat gave them out, and I’m sure Mr. Kim will investigate every employee until he finds out who that guy is. Or girl, of course. And then that company will be ruined. They won’t be able to come up with any app as good as ours in years,” Taehyung continues with a devil smile adorning his face.

Jungkook stares at him with an eyebrow raised in surprise. “You really give that much of a fuck about Bangtan?”

“Yes, it’s my job to care. And I also hate the fact that a company is going to be rich thanks to our own app,” Tae grunts in reply, his hand still scribbling on his white journal with determination. His knuckles

go white due to the strength with which he's holding the pen with. It makes the younger wonder under how much stress must the other be. Not that he cares.

"It's not going to ruin Bangtan, don't worry," Jungkook rolls his eyes as the car nears their hotel. He knows their company had already tested the beta version with a group of people before all of this happened, and the results had been amazing. So yeah, it's probably going to be a huge loss...but Bangtan is still the most successful enterprise in Korea. It will take more than one blow to make it collapse.

"You don't know that...Mr. Kim said---"

"He likes to be dramatic. And also, I thought we weren't talking?" Jungkook asks with pursed lips, back to looking out the window because he really hates the way they're almost having a civil conversation. It just feels wrong considering the blooming, awful thing inside his chest whenever he's close to the older. He has to remember Hoseok's advice. *"The more you think, the worse it gets. Have as little contact as possible with the guy."*

"Ugh, fine. Whatever," Taehyung replies shaking his head, because of course they could never actually talk like two normal colleagues instead of two sworn enemies. He puts his journal back on his briefcase before the driver opens the door for him and he gets out, heading for the hotel and wishing to be back in Seoul as soon as possible.

It happens after Taehyung has a great dinner that satisfies his appetite and draws a lazy smile upon his face. It happens when he's in the shower, getting ready to go to bed; when the warm water is falling on his face and he's breathing in the scent of the coconut shampoo he brought with him because he refused to use the ones provided by the hotel (though all things considered, he should probably steal those small golden bottles...this hotel is paradise after all). He is biting the inside of his cheek, leg shaking slightly like Jimin does when he's nervous. He's thinking, brain cells moving at great speed inside his brain. Should he or should he not go over to Jungkook's room? Okay, it obviously is a wrong idea that would surely end with the last bit of dignity he has left, and he did tell Jimin to never let him do it again...but he's horny as fuck and also super curious about how much better Jungkook's bed is than his. It's probably big enough to keep a

big family sleeping comfortably. He bets the pillows smell like rose petals, the sheets like sunshine....he should go. It's not like it's a big deal, right? They fucked last Friday and they're fuck-buddies so it's understandable that he would want to do it again, right? *Right* ? His hatred was never a barrier when it came to having sex so why is he hesitating so much?

Because he's a jerk. And you two have done nothing but treat each other like shit ever since the day you met.

Details.

With a sigh he turns off the shower head and dries himself off with the softest towel ever made in the history of towels. He watches his reflection in the body-length mirror as he slowly drops the towel to the wet floor and puts his kimono on.

He comes to a decision right then and there.

Jungkook is woken up by the sudden insistent knock on his door. He struggles to stand up from his bed, muffling a yawn as he makes his way towards the entrance and opens the door, confused as to whom could be behind it. He blinks a few times, adjusting to the sudden light entering his room from the hallway, and is instantly met by a sexy looking Taehyung biting on his lower lip seductively, blushing profusely and wearing nothing but a red kimono that leaves little to the imagination. Jungkook vaguely wonders if he got inside the elevator like this and if that's the case, if anyone saw him. He's sinful, all hazy eyes and smooth skin, those teeth digging on his lip without mercy.

He is about to say something, anything at all, but then Tae is pushing him inside the suite, slamming the door closed with his body, holding his hair and pressing his mouth against his. It all happens in a second. Jungkook melts, hands frozen in place, eyes shut closed and mouth opening against his better judgement. He thinks he can taste a fruity gloss over his lips and then Taehyung's tongue becomes one with his own and he hears a whiny, needy moan that makes him break the kiss.

"Taehyung, this isn't a good idea..." he begins, panting and feeling his heart beating way too fast to be healthy inside his ribcage. He tries to break free from the older's hold but is too sleepy and weak to succeed.

“Why not? Don’t you want me?” He questions in this voice, this voice he should never be allowed to use because it makes things move inside him. It’s soft, tender, and he’s pouting, batting his eyelashes cutely and God, Jungkook is only human.

Fuck it. He can regret this later.

He kisses his mouth, the mouth he’s been needing ever since Friday night. The red mouth that keeps coming out in his dreams and screwing with his mind, the one that is now opening for him again. This time his hands aren’t frozen but move all over Taehyung; his waist, hips, neck, even his cheeks. His thumb caresses the skin and the older makes a sound between a moan and a shudder before saying, “Fuck me, please.”

“But---”

“You said you were going to fuck me so hard I wouldn’t be able to stand for days. Put me in a wheelchair, *daddy*,” he whispers against his earlobe, teeth playing with his ear, using that nickname that goes straight to the younger’s dick. Again, with that damn sinful voice and okay, fine, he can fuck him as hard as he wants.

“Bed. Now,” he orders with a dark gaze and Taehyung immediately complies, practically rushing towards the bed, putting his kimono away with trembling fingers, laying naked in the faint darkness of the room, tanned skin exposed for him. The older notices that the bed is quite literally the same as his, which makes him wonder why they had rooms in different floors in the first place. But the thought, as usual, is quickly dismissed by the younger’s own silky, husky voice.

“You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” Jungkook breathes as he approaches him, crawling towards him on the bed.

“Really?” Tae asks softly, not quite believing the other’s words. They’ve never said anything remotely as sweet before to each other.

“Really,” he confirms before kissing his mouth, a hand on his neck. His thumb presses against his pulse point and Taehyung makes a choked noise through the delicious pressure. His lips part when Jungkook’s tongue brushes against his lower lip, the touch like a tentative feather. The younger’s sigh dies on his lips and Taehyung wraps his legs around his waist, wanting to get closer, to feel his warm skin, to touch, to---“ *But* , you have to beg.”

“What?” Taehyung asks breaking apart from Jungkook’s touch

because what the fuck did he just say?

"You think after everything you made me go through I'll just simply have sex with you?" Jungkook asks, almost laughing at the idea. They're both frowning at each other, their mouths brushing as they speak. Tae unlocks his legs from around the younger and sits up on the bed, no longer dizzy from the soft kisses.

"Everything *I* made you go through? Are fucking kidding me?" He spits, one second away from hitting Jungkook square in the jaw. The raven-haired boy stares back at him, baffled.

"You burnt---"

"Oh for fuck's sake! We fucked after that, remember? Friday night, after the party? Thought we were past that."

"Yeah well, you tried to make me jealous with that other dude and then said he'd---"

"I wasn't trying to make you jealous, Jungkook. Don't give yourself too much credit. Minjae is actually nice and I like him," the older lies, crossing his arms over his naked chest. And for some reason, the words are like a punch to Jungkook's gut. He opens his mouth to respond though he has no idea what he could possibly say that would make any aspect of the situation better. Part of him wishes Taehyung hadn't gotten on the elevator at all. But the other part, the stupid part, refuses to wish that when he has him lying naked on his bed looking so incredibly beautiful. Thank's God he doesn't have to find out what he was going to say because suddenly his phone is ringing on his bedside table. Do people not have clocks anymore?

He stands up from the bed ignoring Taehyung's unreadable expression as he reaches for the phone and frowns at the ID. After a few seconds of hesitation, he picks up the call.

"Yugyeom?"

"I know---I know you told me you didn't want it but I have to explain. I wanted to do this in person but you're in Japan and...I just need you to hear me out," he's rambling, his breath coming out in pants and his mouth moving faster than Jungkook's brain as he struggles to process the words.

Taehyung stares at Jungkook's frown with barely hidden curiosity. Why is that guy calling him now? He idly remembers how that very

same morning Jungkook was texting that Yugyeom guy, hiding his texts away from him.

“Gyeom...I’m sorry but nothing that you can tell me will possibly change the fact---” Jungkook begins to reply, closing his eyes in frustration. Yugyeom already sent him a bunch of texts after Jungkook had rejected him last time they met up. He doesn’t have any feelings whatsoever for the guy, he was just a good fuck and even though it isn’t the first time his partner began developing feelings for him, he never met anyone that was so insistent after hearing no for an answer.

“It might, though. Please, just...” Yugyeom is saying but then suddenly his phone isn’t on his hand anymore but in Taehyung’s. He opens his eyes wide in surprise as he sees the older with his own mobile pressed against his ear.

“ *Who* are you?” He hisses with venom making Jungkook press a hand against his face, disbelieving Taehyung’s words. He reaches for the phone but fails as Taehyung stands up on the bed.

“I was just...oh God, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to interrupt---” Yugyeom says on Taehyung’s ear and the older laughs at the kid’s innocent tone.

“You did interrupt though, so please do not bother us again,” and with that he hangs up, throwing the phone on the mattress and jumping right back to a sitting position. “Geez, how annoying.”

“Why are you always such a jerk? You had no right to do that, he’s hurting,” Jungkook says with narrowed eyes, feeling sorry for Yugyeom who is most probably heartbroken. Not that there’s much he can do to fix it.

“He’s hurting because of you. Don’t put this on me,” Taehyung heaves.

“You didn’t have to do that and you know it,” the younger is shaking his head, placing the phone back on the bedside table. He should probably call him, explain that there’s nothing between him and Taehyung, but what would be the point? Give him false hope?

“I don’t like people paying attention to others when I’m in the room,” replies Taehyung catching his attention, his eyes moving to the ceiling to hide his real emotions. But Jungkook isn’t an idiot and a winning smirk makes its way across his face before he comes to the most amusing conclusion ever.

“You are jealous,” he smirks, bemused.

“No, of course I’m not jealous. God, we’re nothing, right? So why on earth would I be jealous of that *kid* ?” He grunts, his voice going higher in volume as the words come out of his mouth, arms still crossed tightly over his chest.

Jungkook can’t help the laughter that bubbles out of his chest at hearing the older’s absurd attempt to hide his true colors. “You’re so jealous. You needn’t worry though, if you ask nicely, I may fuck you,” he says nearing Taehyung slowly over the bed.

“Fuck off,” he flips him off, looking away from the breathtaking sight that is Jeon Jungkook.

“Come on, I know you want it,” he smirks caging him in, both arms resting on each side of his hips. Tae looks up with bright eyes, trying hard to conceal his desire for the sake of his dignity. *What dignity?* asks a voice on his head that he chooses to ignore.

“I’m not going to beg, Jungkook,” he says with a disbelieving huff at the other’s nerve.

“Oh yes, you are,” the younger answers lowly before pressing his lips against his neck and well...Taehyung is fucked.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! How is life? So this is the first part of their journey...what did you think? Some jealous Tae for y'all. Next part will come soon...and yes, it will have smut. Poor Kookie tried to resist but we're talking about Kim Taehyung here. Irresistible is an understatement!

P.S: You may check out my story "Him" if you wish...mmm, that sounded too formal. Anyway, that story is also taekook cuz it seems my life is based on them. (Shameless promoting huh)

Thank you for the kudos and comments, you're all so very kind for reading! Love you xoxo

It Can't Be Love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Oh yes, you are,” Jungkook says before hungrily attacking Taehyung’s neck, earning a surprised gasp coming out of the older’s lips.

“I’m not,” he replies though his half-lidded eyes and open mouth aren’t exactly helping his case. His fingers intertwine with Jungkook’s raven locks and he tugs at the soft hairs that stick to his nape, trying hard to conceal the need to be touched just *there*. Jungkook’s hand caresses his naked waist leaving a warm trail on its wake before traveling down his body, a single finger playing with the tip of his cock. The touch is delicious and yet it’s the opposite of enough, leaving Taehyung only wanting, needing, *aching* for more. He bites his lip to refrain from doing just what the other wants, from falling under his spell.

“Let’s see how long you can resist,” the younger murmurs against his earlobe, voice husky and intimate. Taehyung is about to reply, something witty and repetitive about how he’s never going to beg for anything, but then Jungkook’s thumb presses against his slit the moment his lips clash with his mouth in a passionate kiss that has him moaning.

And okay, Jungkook may act like he’s completely under control, not losing his cool in the slightest, but inside the turmoil of thoughts and feelings results in a struggle hard enough to make him desperate. He’s ashamed of how much he adores Taehyung’s body, how much he worships it and can’t get enough of. But the worst part is how much of a goner he is for the delectable sounds he makes every time Jungkook does anything at all. And the kisses...the kisses are ferocious but with a hint of something soft that only worsens Jungkook’s agony.

“Ugh, just...just fuck me already,” Taehyung gasps promising himself that’s all the begging he’s going to make...ever. But as desperate as Jungkook is, he won’t let the older get what he wants, not that easily.

“Try harder,” Jungkook replies, lips kissing down his jaw.

“You are such a jerk.”

Jungkook, instead of answering, lets his lips travel downward. He kisses his way through the older's chest, reaching his hips slowly in a torturous way, and when he finally gets to his navel, he noses at the tender skin there. It makes Taehyung almost giggle at the tickling feeling it provokes. But then his wet mouth ghosts over his throbbing dick, tongue barely licking the already teased tip and Taehyung muffles a scream with the back of his hand.

“I hate you so much, Jeon Jungkook,” he whines, his entire body shivering with desire. He feels the pressing warmth all around him, it begins in the pit of his stomach and spreads through his legs, arms, neck. He's on fire and only Jungkook can put the flames out.

“Do you want me, Taehyung?” the raven-haired inquiries against the skin of his stomach as he goes up once more, his lips brushing his heated body in a delicious, sinful way. Taehyung nails dig into the soft sheets underneath him as he shuts his eyes tightly, head thrown backwards in pure bliss.

“Yes, yes. *So much*, ” he voices, and the yearning in his voice takes Jungkook by surprise. He holds himself up by his elbows as his fingers wrap loosely around the older's erect cock, moving up and down at a slow but steady pace that drives Taehyung slowly to the edge. He feels as if his feet were moving towards a cliff he simply wants to jump from but is unable to due to a rope tying his toes to the ground. He wants so hard to get loose...

“How much?” Jungkook asks, more because his heart is beating like it needs to hear it than to tease him.

“More than---anyone,” Taehyung cries, no longer filtering his words thorough his brain, simply voicing the thoughts he tries so hard to hide that he sometimes forgets he even has them in the first place.

“More than Minjae?” Jungkook can't help but ask though he knows it's stupid and childish of him. The jealousy still eats at him regardless, Taehyung's previous words about the “nice” guy only riling him up further. And yet he also knows it won't change the hidden truth he refuses to admit.

“Yes, yes...please just---fuck, please.”

“Please what, baby?” His words are pure and absolute sex, his voice gruff and demanding.

“Please, daddy. I’m begging you just...” Taehyung gives up, opening his legs almost instinctively, giving himself to the younger, completely at his mercy.

Jungkook smiles victoriously as he speeds up the the movements of his hand, his fingers spreading the pre-cum that drips from the tip of his cock all over the base. Taehyung’s loud moans increase in volume and Jungkook gets lost in the beautiful mess that is the older; his eyes closed, that delicate frown of concentration decorating his sweaty forehead, the tan skin of his neck exposed for him to mark, his light brown hair tousled all over the white pillows, and his teeth sinking into his red lower lip in the most alluring way possible. He is a sight to behold and Jungkook, even if just for a moment, lets himself think Taehyung is completely his. He doesn’t question why it hurts to know that’s not true; it’s not like he doesn’t already know the answer.

It only takes about thirty seconds more before Taehyung moans Jungkook’s name and comes all over his hand.

“Fuck. I swear....you are unbelievable,” he says afterwards, struggling to regain his breathing. Taehyung barely spares it a second thought the moment Jungkook reaches his face and kisses the corner of his mouth with an almost tender smile.

“Get on your knees, baby,” the younger commands and Taehyung complies in a second though he has yet to recover from his last orgasm. He wonders, faintly, how is it that he always finds his way back to Jungkook’s bed. More importantly, why? He guesses he never really regretted any of their encounters, not really. He can’t bring himself to when the other’s rough palm is kneading his ass expertly, when he leans over his back, chest pressed against his skin, and he whispers brushing his lips over his earlobe, “I want you, too. So badly, Taehyung...” and there’s a pain, a barely hidden agony in his words as if he’s been struggling not to and Tae tries to look away from his eyes after turning around but he can’t. He can’t. There’s a raw emotion in Jungkook’s dark eyes that enchant him to never unglue his gaze from his.

What are we doing?

The question dies in Taehyung’s lips when Jungkook suddenly teases his entrance. He moans against the lubed finger, surprised he didn’t realize he had already grabbed the bottle in the first place. He smells the vanilla scented liquid and spreads his legs for Jungkook making him add yet another finger, moving them inside him fast and

sensually, quickly opening him up. Taehyung feels his lower lip quiver at the skillful way the younger fucks him with his fingers, deftly moving inside him until they touch the bundle of nerves that make him gasp so loud he knows his throat will ache in the morning. He repeats the same motion with three fingers then, twisting them and caressing his walls in the most exquisite way.

“I’m ready, come on,” he whines when he feels he’s feet are too close to the edge of the cliff. Jungkook unexpectedly hears him out, quickly putting a condom on and lubing himself up with the fingers that were seconds ago inside him; the thought sends a shiver down his spine while the artificial flavor of vanilla clouds his senses.

Jungkook spans him before pressing the tip of his erect cock inside Taehyung’s hole. The older shudders against the pressure as Jungkook lets out a guttural groan, sinking deeper inside him until he bottoms out. The size makes Tae clench instinctively, his head hanging low, cheek almost pressed against the sheets as his heartbeat speeds up. “Move,” he urges after a few seconds of adjustment, and Jungkook does. In, out, in, out, the pace is fast and slightly desperate leaving Tae moaning hard and loud, the younger’s fingers leaving red marks on his hips as he holds him.

“You feel so good,” Jungkook murmurs, closing his eyes and throwing his head backwards in absolute pleasure as he thrusts back inside. He hoists one of Taehyung’s legs up, placing it against his chest and rejoicing in the older’s flexibility as he twists the angle of his thrusts in a way that allows him to reach even deeper with every push of his hips. This time his thrust makes his tip connect with Taehyung’s prostate, earning a delicious sound that escapes his red lips.

“Oh fuck...there, right there,” Tae moans, meeting the younger’s hips with his own, pressing harder to go further, to touch more of his warm skin, to have more of the other. “I’m close,” he mumbles in between gasps as Jungkook keeps on pushing against his prostate over and over again. He can feel himself slowly falling into an abyss of pleasure, his feet no longer touching the ground. Jungkook stares at him as he comes undone under his touch, as his soft fingers wrap around his own cock as he jerks himself off with messy movements.

“Come, baby,” he manages to reply as he senses his own climax expand through his body.

Taehyung does as he says; he comes hard, painting the sheets below them with his cum. And Jungkook follows a few seconds later, chest

hurting as he regains his breathing. Every time it feels better than the last, every taste more delicious, every touch more addictive. He reluctantly puts out of the older, discarding the condom on a trash bin near the bed before collapsing on the mattress with Tae next to him, both sweaty and filthy.

They stay in silence, the only sound that corrupts the calmness being their hard breathing and heaving chests. After around two minutes, Jungkook turns towards him and asks with the hint of a smirk, "Second round?"

"More like third," snorts Taehyung but then Jungkook is hoisting him up by his thighs, wrapping him around him as he takes him to the bathroom with him. Tae whines though he still locks his hands around the younger's neck. When Jungkook almost falls after kicking the leg of the table with his feet, Taehyung half snorts and half chuckles at the other's cursing. He expects Jungkook to throw him back on the bed or at least flip him off, anything but the beautiful sight of the other laughing the way he's wanted to see him laugh ever since he saw it happening with someone else. His chest shakes as the delicious sound leaves his throat and Tae presses his palm against it, feeling it shake underneath his fingers and smiling shyly up at the other. His dark eyes are bright, his hair messy and his mouth still open.

"What are you grinning about?" Jungkook asks after he composes himself, one eyebrow raised in curiosity.

"You should laugh more often," he confesses honestly, not seeing any harm in stating the truth regardless of how it's probably the first time he's ever complimented him.

The younger blushes and Tae can't understand what the fuck is going on. First the laughter and now blushing? He wonders if this is the Jungkook Namjoon told him about back at the office, the one with ambitions and dreams, the one who wrote beautiful poetry.

"Shut up," he replies to Tae rolling his eyes in embarrassment.

The good thing about luxurious hotels is that the suites are not only big, but also packed with high quality furniture. And both Jungkook and Taehyung pay tribute to every square of the suite by kissing and touching and moaning in every possible way; inside the bathtub, against the bathroom's mirror, against the door, on top of the table...they don't stop until the sun touches the skyline and dyes it a

bright orange, welcoming the morning.

Taehyung is muffling his agony against his pillow, ashamed and scared by the pain on his lower back that keeps on burning his muscles. They have to leave the hotel in less than an hour and he can't even move. He eyes his thighs full of red hickeys, remembering with a pleased sigh the amazing feeling of Jungkook's lips against the sensitive skin there. He never thought he could come so many times in the same night...six has to be some kind of record or something for a guy, right?

"Are you okay?" comes Jungkook's soft, slightly worried voice from his right. He turns on the bed, the sheets tangling on his tanned legs, to find the younger with a frown on his forehead as he looks down at him. He's already wearing pants and his white shirt is open to reveal his delicious abs, fresh from the shower.

"Yes," Taehyung easily lies ignoring the intoxicating smell of soap emanating from him, but Jungkook isn't an idiot and sees right through his lying response.

"I can get you some ibuprofen---" he begins, eyes gentle in a way that almost makes Taehyung laugh.

"Wow, is this really Jeon Jungkook? Worried about my post-orgasm pains? Caring about me?" Tae wonders with fake surprise; eyes wide in an exaggerated manner and a hand pressing against his chest dramatically, but there's a smile playing on his lips nonetheless.

"Fuck you. I'm not that big of a jerk to simply let you suffer in agony because of me," comes Jungkook's offended reply as he crosses his arms over his chest, attracting Taehyung's attention even more.

"Sure. Not that it's happened before or anything..." the older shrugs while sitting up on the bed. Even that takes some effort, his whole body is so exhausted he thinks he'll have sleep the whole way to the airport.

"It has?" Jungkook asks, worry once again clouding his features as he stops his finger's movements which were now buttoning his shirt.

"Of course it has," Taehyung huffs, amused by the younger's naive astonishment. Did he really think he never hurt even a little bit after their wild encounters? They were never ones to have slow, soft sex. It's partly why it's always so good, the roughness and desperation make it even more addicting and hard for them to say no.

“Why didn’t you ever say anything?” He asks biting on his lip, eyes looking at him so intensely that it makes Tae want to crawl under the sheets.

“We were never really fans of pillow-talk, Jungkook,” he rolls his eyes looking away, deeming the conversation over as he grabs a pillow to press against his chest in a comfortable way that makes him feel safe despite the younger’s lingering gaze.

And Jungkook knows, because they’ve never stuck around long enough to talk about things like these, things that would probably come as second nature in a relationship but that feel weird and kinda wrong between them. For some reason, he hates that this is how they’re, how they’ve always been...how Taehyung never expects him to care. Is that how he sees him?

“For what it’s worth, I’m sorry,” he mumbles, embarrassed because he’s never been one to apologize easily, let alone to him. Part of him hopes Taehyung didn’t hear him at all, that he may be able to leave with part of his dignity. But of course, he did.

“What?” He asks, turning back to meet his eyes with real surprise now.

Jungkook clears his throat praying for the heat on his cheeks to be purely mental and not actually physical, dusting his face with an odd red. “I’m sorry for...doing that to you.”

Taehyung licks his lips staring at the younger, ready for him to say he’s just kidding, that he has the handcuffs in his suitcase and will tie him to the bed for the rest of the day making him lose his flight, all with that devil smirk on his face. At least *that* he would expect, he would even understand it because this is Jungkook we’re talking about and that’s the kind of thing he would do. But with this, with this young boy who laughed a few hours ago in the most pure and endearing way, this boy who worries about him and *apologizes* ...with this Jungkook he doesn’t know what to do.

“Dude, I asked for it. I literally told you to put me on a wheelchair. Don’t sweat it,” he says, trying to keep it casual and normal because otherwise it’d get too real and that’s just wrong considering their situation.

“Right,” Jungkook nods, eyes saying things Taehyung doesn’t understand. But then the younger is shaking his wet hair and buttoning the last button of his shirt while saying, “Anyway, you

should probably get changed to head to the airport.” He reaches for the control remote on the bedside table and turns on the TV to muffle the sound of his inner voices that keep on nagging at him.

And that’s when he sees it; the news channel talking about a climate warning in bright red Japanese characters. **Blizzard** .

“ Over three inches of snow cover the streets of Tokyo leading to a massive traffic jam in the roads that could cause...” the reporter is saying, eyes wide as she reads through her lines and images of the snow-covered houses, cars and streets fill half of the screen.

“Something tells me our flight will be slightly delayed,” Taehyung says once his eyes find the TV.

“Oh no, no, fuck....fuck. We...we may be able to do something. I’ll call the airport, you send Namjoon a text and---” Jungkook begins, pacing around the room like he does whenever he’s anxious, biting on his lip though it stings. He’s grabbing his mobile from his back pocket, trying to search through the internet for the correct number to dial.

“Wow relax, buddy. I doubt there’s anything we can do by now. Don’t get me wrong, I want to be back in Seoul as much as you do but...we also didn’t get to look around Japan. We may---”

“There’s a blizzard, Taehyung. We won’t be able to look at anything but snow,” Jungkook replies in a monotone, serious voice as he runs a hand through his face when google takes forever to load. He’s struggling to keep his composure as it is. Why does the world hate him so badly? He groans as he gives up after a few seconds and chooses to shoot a text to his cousin instead. He was procrastinating doing that since he knows he won’t be proud when he tells him he had sex with Taehyung, *again*. But either way, he’s the only thing he has and he’ll probably know what to do.

Jungkook

Call me.

“Oh fuck no,” says Taehyung after finally processing the younger’s words. “Are we supposed to just stay here for as long as it takes for the damn snow to melt?”

“I’m pretty sure the municipalities will take care of it sooner than the sun but yes, it’ll be long. See why I’m freaking out?” Jungkook asks, hands rising in the air, eyes wide and lip bleeding due to his constant

biting. Tae winces when his eyes find the scarlet, vibrant color adorning his pink lip.

“Okay. Call the airport. Wait! Get a private jet here! You’re rich, right?” Taehyung says excitedly, eyes bright with his new idea.

“I don’t have a private jet, you idiot!” The raven-haired boy shakes his head in exasperation, clutching his phone in between his fingers.

“No? So much money to waste...” Tae sighs with a shake of his own, staring back at the TV as the reporter continues showing videos from another journalist who is currently in the middle of the snow, probably freezing his ass off.

“God, shut up.”

“I’m the one literally unable to leave the bed because of you!” Taehyung replies, appalled by the other’s words. Or well, at least pretending to be.

“I said I was *sorry*,” Jungkook groans, feet still moving through the room as he sighs out in relief when google finally loads, the phone number to contact the airport being found in the first link.

“I know, I just like messing with you,” Taehyung smirks as he tries to get up from the bed. He immediately grunts in discomfort, feeling his backside complain at the sudden movement.

“Don’t do that, you need to rest,” the younger is suddenly right at his side, phone long forgotten as he sets it on top of the bed’s soft comforter before helping him sit back down on the bed.

“I’m not a disabled person, you know,” Tae says, a little embarrassed by Jungkook’s soft grip on his arm and the obvious concern that slips out of his eyes without his intention. He wonders if this is how he really is with everyone, how he would always be with him if it wasn’t for the fact they spend every minute they’re in the same room either fighting or fucking.

“Sure,” Jungkook chuckles mockingly. Taehyung looks up to find the blood still on his lip and doesn’t think twice when he reaches out to wipe it clean with his thumb. He barely registers the younger’s expression of bewilderment at the gesture, while Jungkook is silently scared Tae may hear the way his heart is beating against his ribcage. *This isn’t healthy.*

“You should be careful with your teeth. You hurt yourself,” the older adds with a cute frown that seems so natural and thoughtless and Jungkook is internally praying for him to shut up, to just stop because this isn’t helping his struggle at all. He has the sudden urge (is it really sudden when he’s been having it every since he woke up?) to kiss him. And in the most non-sexual way possible, that one that happens in the romantic movies his mom seemed to enjoy so much if her diaries are anything to go by, that one that should only and specifically and exceptionally occur between two people with flooring, loving emotions they’re too glad to feel to ever even consider hiding.

“Is this Kim Taehyung? Worrying about me?” He says instead, hiding his conflicted emotions behind a smirk that will surely bring the normalcy back to the situation. It feels forced but if Tae notices, he doesn’t show it.

“Oh, shut up,” the older slaps him on the chest, and it should be a careless, casual gesture but then again, lately the most casual of things seem to have a different meaning between them. And it also doesn’t help the fact Jungkook’s shirt was never really fully buttoned and his hand is touching his warm skin and he doesn’t seem like he wants to drop it.

Their eyes find each other before their mouths do. And there’s an exchange, a silent one, a private, intimate one...a dangerous one.

But the kiss is fierce which means normal, which means they’re still okay and neither know if the sigh that comes out of their mouths is out of pleasure or relief. Perhaps a little bit of both.

Jungkook *does* call the airport after making out with Taehyung for around thirty minutes, give or take. It feels too much like they’re a couple on vacation but then again the older keeps on throwing him insults and he answers each and every one of them with ones of his own. They’re okay. But then the airport worker tells him all flights have been cancelled until further notice, at this Jungkook asks her if she knows how long will it take. Her reply fucks him up. It could be up to three days, and three days...three days mean three nights and three nights mean he has to be stronger than he is and Hoseok hasn’t even called him back yet.

The only thing that brings him a bit of relief is that Taehyung is on his own suite now (it took a bit of helping to get him there though he

kept insisting he was okay), has been for the past five hours and that's good. That's really good. Jungkook locked the door as soon as he left, just in case he might come back, and he has also already decided he won't open the door if he does. He wishes he could believe that lie himself.

The younger is just about to open the mini bar to drink something (to feel less or feel the opposite of what he's feeling, he doesn't know), when his phone is ringing on his hand and he's picking up in a rush.

"Hoseok," he says his name in an alleviated sigh, his mouth used to the pronunciation of his cousin's name.

"Jungkook, is everything okay? Are you back already?" the older asks, the sound of keys barely fading in the background. He probably just got home from the office though the younger doubts he is interrupting anything at all considering his cousin spends most of his spare time either playing video games or dancing in front of the mirror (on his defense, he's really damn good at both things).

"No. There's a blizzard and the flight has been cancelled," he explains between gritted teeth, the thought still torturing his mind non-stop.

His cousin's laughter used to be a sound that brought happiness and good emotions to his heart, always so bright and cheerful...let's just say it isn't right now. "It's not funny!" He poorly shoots back, his dignity at the cliff of a bridge.

"Oh, come on. You have to admit it's at least a little bit funny. You didn't even want to go and now you're stuck with Taehyung for who knows how long! Hey, you may even spend Christmas there after all," he singsongs, a grin clear on his voice. Jungkook hears the sound of a faucet being turned on and vaguely wonders if his cousin has been talking to him from the bathroom; he doesn't really want to find out.

"Hoseok. We fucked last night," he chooses to say instead, his own eyes dropping in shame, eyelids fluttering closed, eyelashes shaking like the wings of weak butterflies. He waits for his cousin's response but gets nothing in return. Seconds pass by with only his heartbeat as the soundtrack of his life.

Silence, and then...

"*Dude .*"

"I know, okay? I know," Jungkook sighs, burying his face on his hands

though his cousin can't see him. He refrains from biting his lip because it reminds him of Taehyung's oddly sweet and captivating gesture from earlier that day. He swears he can still feel the softness of his thumb swirling against his mouth, like a memory he can't shake from his limbs.

"Dude you can't...God, are you really addicted to him or something? Is he really that good in bed?" Hoseok asks and those are all valid questions, questions Jungkook has asked himself thousands of times before. But it isn't the questions he's afraid of; it's the answers.

"I must be. He is but that's not the point. I doubt it's about that at all," he murmurs that last part, his voice losing its edge to transform into something that is almost not there at all.

"Dude! Are you saying what I think you're saying?" His cousin inquiries in shameless surprise, and even though Jungkook is all the way back in Japan, he can still picture him having stopped whatever he was doing to simply gape at the phone, waiting for his reply with wide eyes.

"Stop saying dude. And no, I'm not. I didn't say anything, shut up," he says in what is probably the most childish, stubborn voice ever, but he doesn't really care. He hears more laughter coming from his phone, breathy and lighthearted.

"Ohh, this is so good! Progress, I'm telling you," Hobi answers, almost clapping and jumping on the spot from excitement.

"It does *not* feel like a good thing," Jungkook exhales as he notices he's been pacing the room since the moment he answered the call. He really should stop having so many weird habits.

"It is! Believe me," the older states with enough certainty that would normally make Jungkook believe in whatever he's saying. He remembers how back when they were kids Hoseok could tell him anything at all, such as the aliens existing and having taken on the shape of his own parents, and he would believe him because it was Hobi and Hobi rarely lied and there was such a pure honesty on his eyes that was universally undeniable. He wishes they could go back time when things were that easy, when his cousin's eyes were reason enough to believe in happy endings. "Take him out to build snowmen!" he's saying now, always the enthusiastic.

"What the fuck? This isn't what I called you for! You are supposed to tell me what to do," he complains with a scowl.

"I *am* telling you what to do," Hoseok says back and he can almost see him rolling his eyes in irritation.

"No, I don't want to fucking date the guy. I want to move on, remember?"

"Dude. You're way past that. Let's not fool ourselves anymore, okay?"

"Fuck you," Jungkook curses, the pacing around not helping his nerves settle down as it usually does. His fingers run through his hair, messing it up as he tugs the strands to relieve some tension.

"Even if I tell you what to do, you end up fucking him. You're like the most disobedient kid ever," the older chuckles amused, while the younger throws his head backwards as a groan escapes his lips.

"Ugh, I know. I suck. I'm so weak."

"Hey, don't be so hard on yourself. It's okay to be in love! Love is the best thing that..." Jungkook hangs up then, sighing as he slides to the floor, his back against the wall opposite the door.

It can't be love. It can't be love. It can't be love.

Three knocks at the door startle him from his pathetic misery.

Oh no.

"Jungkook! Open the fuck up, I'm bored and Namjoon said they can't send a private jet. Like seriously, what do you rich people do with your money?" Taehyung's voice is saying through the thick door. He sounds mildly frustrated though it's nothing compared to the younger.

Jungkook doesn't reply, groaning even louder into his hands.

"I know you're in there!" Taehyung insists and of course he is in his hotel room, where else could he be? "Okay, if you don't open this damn door I'll just take my clothes off right here and---" Jungkook quite literally runs towards it, unlocking it quickly and taking the older by the arm, hauling him inside before closing the door once again.

"I hate you," Jungkook lets him know as soon as Taehyung smiles at him triumphantly, sitting down on his bed like he owns it. He's wearing blue jeans and a loose white shirt which has a few holes in it that expose some tanned skin the raven-haired boy wishes he wouldn't

be looking at right now. “What do you want?”

“Well I got hungry and I figured since we’re stuck here together for who knows how long, we might as well have dinner,” Taehyung shrugs, eyes a bit puffy and tired-looking. He looks so soft...

“Dinner?” Jungkook says after swallowing, hoping he misheard because this is quite literally the opposite of what he needs right now.

“Yes, is that such a foreign concept to you? Do you ever eat?” He asks, blinking his brown eyes slowly and looking seriously concerned.

“Stop acting like you care,” the younger huffs annoyed not dignifying him with an answer because *of course* he eats.

“Geez, sensitive much?” Tae replies, raising his hands mockingly as he crosses his legs comfortably on the bed.

“I just don’t want...” he begins, searching for the right words that won’t make him sound like an idiot confusing everything, but how can he say what he wants to say without being one?

“Don’t want what?” Taehyung asks, befuddlement in the wrinkle of his forehead as he raises his eyebrows, in the set of his mouth and in the penetrating look in his eyes. It makes it so much harder to look away.

I just don't want me us to confuse things. To make it real. We fuck constantly, if we add getting along to that it'll make it so much harder for me to get over how breathtakingly beautiful you are and how harder it's getting to contain myself from kissing you every time I see you.

It can't be love.

“Nothing, forget it,” he dismisses the thought away, though it’s only temporal because he knows it’ll come back to haunt him as soon as he’s alone, the distraction Taehyung can provide him way gone by then.

“Whatever. So, dinner?”

He should decline, say thanks but no thanks, say we don’t like each other, why would I even want to have dinner with you? Which means, he could lie. Because right now he wants to do just the opposite. He wants to say yes, fuck yes we can have dinner together and talk like two people getting to know each other because yes, a sick part of him

wants to know more about Taehyung and maybe fuck him after.

“Are we friends now?” He raises an eyebrow though he doesn’t know which answer he prefers. Or which he should.

“Ew, no. But we could try to have a civil dinner, we’re grown-ups, aren’t we? Unless you rather eat alone, which wouldn’t really surprise me...” Taehyung replies making a grimace with his lips that he doesn’t try to hide at all.

“What is that supposed to mean?” The younger asks, offended by the implication behind his words.

“You aren’t the social type, that’s all,” Tae shrugs nonchalantly, though he knows what he’s doing.

“I have friends!” He shoots back like a defenseless kid.

“Sure, Kookie,” Taehyung chuckles in an arrogant manner.

“Do not call me Kookie,” he grunts, only earning the contrary of what he just asked for to happen, as expected.

“Kooks. Jungkookie. Kookie monster,” Taehyung says with a sly smile, as if reciting a mental list he’s been making up for days.

“I think I’ll eat alone,” he concludes as he crosses his arms over his chest, face looking away proudly.

“Okay, I’m sorry!” Taehyung laughs loudly, eyes bright and his boxy, natural smile lighting up his entire face and it’s so nice and cute that Jungkook lets it slide, shaking his head as he reaches for the phone.

Hoseok is right. He ignores the words on his head as he’s used to doing, fingers starting to dial the lobby’s number.

“What do you want to order?” He asks pressing the receiver to his ear and wondering if he’s following his cousin’s advice after all.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Part II of Japan's trip is here...and yes, there's obviously a part three. Probably a four, too. Oh, boy this trip will be kinda long haha. Hope you all enjoyed the smut and the constant struggle our dear Kookie is facing. I know some of you think it's too slow paced and even boring, but this is slow burn and if that isn't your cup of tea, then I'm sorry D:

That being said, I want to thank every one of you who took their time to not only read but also comment on the last chapter. I swear you all make me so damn happy with your words! I'm amazed by the response Unwanted Butterflies is getting, and I hope you stick around to see where these two are heading (I've already planned so much fluff omg).

xoxo, C.

What Happens in Japan Stays in Japan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What do you want to order?” Jungkook asks Taehyung with a raised eyebrow. He shouldn’t look so handsome while making such a common gesture, really. It’s unfair and distracting.

“Anything korean,” he answers, his mouth watering at the idea of eating fried rice or even just beef. The other male nods in understanding, he too already missing the food from their country.

“Well, they aren’t picking up,” he says after a moment of silence. “I’ll head downstairs to order. You...make yourself comfortable,” he adds as he hangs up the phone and grabs his wallet from the bedside table.

Tae nods in return though the younger seems slightly unsure to leave him alone in his room; he stands in the middle of it, eyes moving from Taehyung to the wall behind him as the wheels turn on his head. With an offended huff the older says, “Again thinking I’m going to steal from you?”

“What?” he asks, taken aback. “No, it really isn’t that. I just---I’ll be back soon,” he sighs irritated (At him? At himself?) slamming the door before Taehyung even has a chance to reply.

“Rude much?” Tae rolls his eyes as he takes out his phone to shoot Jimin another text. He has yet to reply to the one he sent him a few hours ago telling him about the blizzard.

Taehhh

Dude, u alive?

How did the blowjob go? (ㄟㄚ)

He then puts his phone away once again, looking around the room for something to do. He could take a shower but he already did that back in his own room and also, he doesn’t want to be naked when Jungkook gets back (his back still aches if he moves too much, thank you very much). Maybe watch some TV? Though japanese programs are weird as fuck. Eat something? Right, Jungkook is taking care of that.

And okay, maybe he shouldn't look around another person's room but he can't quite help his eyes from wandering and having something catch their attention. It's only natural and if anything, he should be the one to put his things away when there's someone else in the room (not that he knew he was coming but still). Then again, why does it even look interesting? Doesn't everyone have a journal? He probably writes his schedule or something. Only that, why would Jeon Jungkook *have* a schedule? He doesn't even do shit. Perhaps he writes ways to ruin Taehyung's life, now that would make sense...

Or, other guy's numbers. Yeah, that's probably it.

He wrote the most beautiful poems. Namjoon's voice is suddenly loud and clear on his head, the words from back at the office coming back to haunt him. He can't shake them off, they're a big part of why he even suggested having dinner together at all. Not just the writing thing, it's the fact that Jungkook seems to be so many things he never thought possible, and he can't help but want to know more.

Fuck it . Taehyung tries hard not to stand up and grab the dark leather-bound journal resting on the table but he's only human and his hard trying only lasts about ten seconds. He rushes to the small journal and opens it with shaky fingers, adrenaline coursing through his body as he pictures the ways Jungkook would kill him if he were to find him snooping around his stuff. Okay, so maybe *that's* why he didn't want him to stay here alone.

Taehyung finds a ton of blank pages, meaning this is either a notebook he just got or he doesn't write that often at all. But then he finally finds some pages covered in beautiful, black cursive, the writing is incredibly exquisite and looks as if to have been written using a ballpoint pen.

His smile was like a memory about to collapse,

like a building falling from the sky,

like a heartbeat, lost and found.

It was a wonder it didn't break

his face in half,

for only by looking,

it shattered my own heart.

What? Jungkook wrote this? How? When? Why? Is it about Yugyeom?

He finds another one a few pages behind, same perfect calligraphy in each word,

*I wish you could see me now,
see these words that I write,
see the blood spilling from my veins
as I look down at the blank page
that is my life.*

*I fill it with words,
but this isn't enough.*

Is it, dad?

Taehyung should really not be reading this, should really stop, put the journal back down and just forget all this happened at all.

The thing is, he can't quite bring himself to do anything but keep going.

*I'm addicted to the way you moan,
addicted to the way you move,
as if enchanted by my touch
you fall apart,
you break down.
I want to put the pieces back together,
kiss the cracks behind your
broken smile.*

Tell you that you're only mine.

Oh fuck.

“What the hell do you think you are doing?” Jungkook’s voice booms

through the suite and Tae is more than startled, surprised he didn't even hear the door open. How could he have been so careless? And how long has it been since he left anyway? That's some fast food service right there.

"Um...this was here and..." Taehyung stutters, throwing the journal back on the counter like an idiot. Jungkook stares at him as if he were one, disbelief clouding his gaze as his eyes darken on him. He slowly sets the paper bag on the floor, not looking away from him once. Tae gulps, afraid for his own life.

Jungkook eyes the journal with disdain as he crosses his arms over his chest defensively and says with almost enough conviction to make the older believe him, "That isn't mine."

"It says property of Jeon Jungkook," Tae snorts as he remembers the first page of the journal confirming it belonged to the younger.

"It was already here when I came," he continues lying and really, how stupid does he think Tae is?

"*Really ?* Come on, dude. I know it's yours."

"Why the fuck were you going through my stuff, anyway?" Jungkook asks then, figuring there's no point in lying any longer. He reprimands himself for having put his name on the damn thing. What is he, in middle school?

"I wasn't going through it, I just happened to stumble upon it and---" it's a lost cause really, his words are tripping over themselves, hands gesturing in a futile attempt to create a credible lie when the truth is so obvious and blatant that he doesn't even know why he tries.

Jungkook seems to realize this as well, for he is shaking his head dismissively at him, no longer interested in his lame excuses.

"How much did you read?" He interrupts him rushing to get the question out, slightly blushing as his eyes fall to the floor in embarrassment. Why is he ashamed when those poems were so good?

"Enough to know you're talented," Taehyung shrugs honestly because really, he simply read some short poems but it was more than enough to make his heart flutter. He can't help but want to read more, want to take that journal back and bury the words deep within him, let the rhythm flow through his veins, the sensual words draw paintings on his skin.

“What would *you* know about poetry?” Jungkook puffs then, and it’s more the degrading way he says it than the question itself that makes Taehyung see red.

“Fuck you, I’ve read books,” he replies, flipping him off for good measure. And really, is that even a necessity? To have read books to know when a piece of writing makes you feel something no other thing ever did?

“Whatever,” Jungkook sighs before adding in a lower voice, “I think you should leave now.”

“Excuse me? There’s korean beef in the room, I’m not leaving,” the older says, offended for being kicked out when the smell of the meat he loves so much has already found its way to his nose.

“Here, take it. Go eat to your room,” Jungkook says as he hands him the bag of takeaway. Tae stares at him and then at the bag, groaning in frustration as he runs a hand through his soft hair.

“Don’t be like this,” he scowls.

“Like *this* ? How do you exactly want me to be, Taehyung? Please, do tell me,” the younger says, cheeks still red and eyes studying him contempt.

“Proud, for one? This is really good, I’m not fucking with you,” he tries to explain, finger pointing to the journal he so badly wants to take back to his dorm with him. Hell, he wants to take it all the way to Seoul, show it to Jimin and have him explain how Jeon Jungkook the international player, the rich jerk, is capable of writing sweet poems on his spare time.

“You weren’t supposed to read that,” he shakes his head in his own irritation, and the emotion is so clear on his expression, so obviously disrupting something inside him that it confuses Taehyung thoroughly. There’s a part of the story he’s missing right now and he can’t understand what it is.

And then he can.

“Why? Because it’s about that Yugyeom dude? It’s okay, Jungkook. I don’t care,” he rolls his eyes with another careless shrug, trying hard to show how little he cares about who those poems are for, about who inspires him enough to make him buy a journal and a damn ballpoint pen and write.

And yet...

He does care.

And it isn't about Yugyeom.

But Jungkook doesn't say anything and neither does Taehyung.

"Can we just pretend it never happened?" The raven-haired boy asks biting the inside of his cheek, tasting the faint taste of blood on the tip of his tongue.

"Sure."

But Taehyung doesn't think he could ever forget those words, even if he wanted to.

They eat while watching TV (it felt much better than being forced to make conversation), chuckling at the absurdity of the reality shows. One in particular is about facing your own fears to overcome them, and there's a woman scared of spiders who is made to be covered by a dozen, eyes shiny with panic as she yells against the devil touch of their thin legs. It's quite disturbing.

It's after the korean beef is gone and Jungkook opens a bottle of wine from the mini bar that the kissing begins. It's hard to know who approaches who first, who leans in before the other one, who turns off the TV and sets the glass down first; they both seem to have been waiting for the moment to touch one another.

"I shouldn't like you, God," Tae is saying now in between gasps for breath, barely registering the words that come out of his mouth now that he's slowly sinking in a pool of pleasure.

"You like me?" Jungkook can't hide the surprise in his voice. How can he like him after having hated him for so long? Furthermore, how can he like him after having read those awful poems?

"In a twisted way, yeah. Do *you* like me?" Taehyung asks, tongue licking his lower lip unconsciously. Jungkook eyes the movement and, instead of replying, crushes his lips against the older's in a bruising kiss that takes his own breath away. He takes it as a determined yes.

"The things that you do to me..." Jungkook pants in between kisses,

hands grasping at the other's loose shirt with desperation.

"Tell me," Tae murmurs into his mouth but before Jungkook is able to tell him anything at all, his own phone begins ringing against his front pocket.

"Don't pick up," the younger pleads as his lips run down the curve of his neck. But when Taehyung sees the call is from Jimin, he can't ignore it, (as much as the idea of having Jungkook's lips break their ministrations against his skin drives him absolutely insane).

"I have to take this. It'll be quick," he says though he isn't sure if it will be. Jungkook nods, eyes deflated like a young kid that just got his candy taken away. "I'll make it up to you," Taehyung adds with a wink that has Jungkook blushing and God, when did things become so endearing between them? "Hey, Jiminnie." He says into his phone as he walks towards the bathroom for some privacy.

"Tae, what the fuck is that about you being stuck in Japan!?" Jimin whines, the sound like a helpless cry against his ear.

"Well if you were to pick up the damn phone more often, you'd find out sooner. It's not a big deal, it'll take a few days at most," he explains as he sits down on the toilet seat, eyeing the expensive Gucci bottle of perfume against the mirror with mild interest.

"Still! I need you. I did what you told me and it went horribly!" Jimin whines some more, because he fucking loves whining.

"How come? Do I have to punch Yoongi?" Tae is asking but his fingers are grasping for the bottle (he did not learn the lesson of not touching someone else's things yet) and he's then opening the glass lid with careful hands.

"I got on my fucking knees for that jerk and you know what he did!? You know what he did, Taehyung!?"

"No, but something tells me you're going to tell me anyway," the younger replies as his eyes close out of their own accord when his nose is hit by the delicious smell of the manly perfume. It has a woody subtleness to it with a light touch of flowers and really, he's so familiar with this particular scent because it's the one Jungkook usually wears and it's pure and absolute sex.

"He said he wasn't into blowjobs anymore! Like what the fuck, who isn't into blowjobs!?" Jimin asks though it's probably rhetorical. Tae

doesn't need to be a genius to know his best friend is freaking out at the moment.

"A lot of people. But how can he not be into them anymore? Unless last time sucked? Haha, no pun intended," he adds with a chuckle at his own expense as he splashes some of the incredible fragrance on his neck and wrists.

"Taehyung. Have you *seen* my mouth? I'm the fucking best at blowjobs," he huffs, clearly offended by Taehyung's suggestion. "So yeah, he's going to break up with me."

"I have seen it but I really don't think about your mouth with a dick in it when I look at you. That would be weird. And an issue in our friendship," he says as he puts the lid back on the bottle and sets it on its former place. The perfume clings to his body like a second skin.

"Taehyung!" Jimin scolds him like the mother he sometimes can be.

"Okay, okay, sorry. He's not going to break up with you," he states with certainty though it only riles his friend up even more.

"How do you know!?"

"Well I mean, he hasn't yet," he laughs though seriously, he should stop with the lame jokes or Jimin may come to Japan himself to slap him. "You should talk to him about it. Didn't you ask him why he isn't into them anymore?"

"He said, and I quote, 'It's none of your business. I have stuff to do, see ya' and he left. He left!" He cries in consternation, and Taehyung can't blame him for freaking out now.

"Wow, what a fucking jerk. I do have to punch Yoongi," Tae replies, mad that anyone would dare treat his bestie like that. He knows his boyfriend can be a bit peculiar in some aspects but rejecting him like that? What's his damage?

"Ugh, whatever. Just come back. Jin is barely in the house anymore, spending most of his time with Mr. Boss," Jimin makes a choking noise that Taehyung quickly joins him in, the idea of Seokjin and Namjoon together still giving him the creeps.

"I will," he nods after about fifteen seconds of making weird noises through the phone, mildly wondering if Jungkook may be able to hear him. Now that would be awkward.

“Hey, you aren’t fucking Jungkook, right?” Jimin asks him then, catching Taehyung’s attention again

“Not right now, no…” he simply replies, refusing to lie to his best friend but also not ready to admit it out loud.

“You told me to stop you from doing that shit again. And I can’t from here!” The blonde laments, his face probably contorted in a pouty, child-like expression. Oh, Tae misses him already.

“What a pity,” the sarcasm is clear in his voice.

“Taehyung, I’m serious.”

“I thought you liked Jungkook,” he murmurs, *really* not wanting the younger to hear this part of the conversation.

“I do, and I’d love for you guys to start dating. But this thing you guys got going on…are you even happy?” Jimin asks and the question takes Taehyung aback because seriously, can they just go back to talking about Yoongi-the-jerk? Even Jin’s sex life is better than this topic that makes his heart race and his eyes fall back to the perfume bottle as if seeking for answers.

“Yes, when we’re together and not fighting, I am,” he surprises himself replying, the words coming out of his mouth before he even processes what they entitle.

“But you fight half of the time you’re together!” Jimin yells in his ear, the voice of reason, and Tae sighs because yeah it’s true but does he really look like he wants to hear that right now? Or ever?

“Well, yeah. I’ll figure it out, don’t worry,” he waves a hand in a light-hearted gesture to wave the conversation away, though Jimin can’t see him and he feels this topic will be back to haunt him soon.

A few moments of silence pass, and Tae has to check the phone to see if Jimin is still in the phone with him.

“You don’t hate him at all, do you?” Comes his best friend question, shattering something or perhaps fixing it, he doesn’t know. All he knows is that his reflection on the mirror is laughing at him.

“Gotta go, Jimin. Keep me posted on the Yoongi thing. Love you!” He quickly says his goodbye, more than done with the phone call. He thinks he hears Jimin heave a sigh but then his friend is saying more

cheerfully than ever, "Love you too, take care!" so he doesn't know if he imagined it or not.

Taehyung finishes the call and locks his phone again before placing it on the bathroom's counter. He doesn't want it to ring anymore, at least not for the time being, so he silences it and leaves it there before opening the door to head back inside the living room.

He finds Jungkook sitting on his bed with a somber look on his eyes, staring down at his hands as he tangles and untangles his fingers to no avail. He's biting on his lip again, though this time there isn't any blood decorating his mouth. Taehyung is pleasantly surprised to see the way his whole face transforms into a grin when he sees him coming out of the bathroom. It's hard to get used to that bright smile being thrown his way after spending months receiving nothing but glares.

"Damn, do I make you that happy?" He chuckles playfully, though the light laugh dies on his lips when he sees Jungkook's freak-out expression, all wide eyes and blushing face.

"Wh---what?" The word leaves his suddenly tense mouth in astonishment. He didn't even mean to grin at Taehyung, it scares him how naturally the corners of his lips moved at the mere sight of him.

"Nothing, forget it," Taehyung shakes his head, not wanting to ruin the mood with his big mouth. It's quite the miracle they haven't fought in over an hour and he really wants to keep it that way. He walks through the room towards Jungkook with a tentative smile and straddles his lap as soon as he's in touching distance, craving to continue where they left off. "So, I did say I was going to make it up to you, didn't I?"

"I did hear you say that, yes," Jungkook is smiling at him and it's so honest and raw and beautiful that Tae relishes on the privilege of seeing it so closely. His eyes focus on it and that's when he sees the small mark tinting the otherwise flawless skin of his mouth.

"You really should stop biting your lips," Tae says thoughtfully as he presses his own into the small cut on the younger's lower lip.

"I can't," he sighs against his touch, his limbs instinctively relaxing.

"Anxiety habit?" The brunette's soft voice inquires, internally wondering how it comes so naturally to talk about these things with each other.

Jungkook nods in silence, nuzzling at his neck, his eyes closed.

“Why don’t you try doing something else instead?”

Jungkook doesn’t voice out the fact that biting his lips is already his way of replacing another bad habit of his.

“Like what?” He asks, curiosity seeping out of his eyes.

“Like this,” Tae says before kissing him again, this time deeply and hard, tongues brushing against each other as he wraps his hands tighter around the younger’s neck. Their eyes slowly close, weak eyelashes fanning their skin as they melt against each other.

Jungkook breaks the kiss to chuckle at him, “You want me to kiss you everytime I’m anxious? You would never get to leave my side.”

And also, isn’t Tae most of the reason he’s currently anxious at all?

“That bad?” The older asks with a slightly concerned look flashing through his brown eyes.

“Yeah.”

“Well you could call your hyung, talk to him.”

“We don’t really have that kind of relationship...” Jungkook says with a frown, eyes not meeting his.

“Oh...well...um, you could call someone else. A friend or something. Wait, you don’t have those,” he chuckles mockingly as the other glares at him. “Well, you could always call me,” he doesn’t know what makes him suggest it. Probably the fact he feels *kinda* sorry for Jungkook (he knows, surprising as fuck) because he looks as if he’s been through hell and back. He wonders if he’s ever looked like this and why he never noticed...the truth is he was probably too busy judging him to even try and see the raw pain hidden behind that smirk of his.

“You? To talk?” Jungkook asks, bewildered by the idea. Why would Taehyung want them to talk through the phone like old friends? Doesn’t he repel the idea of talking to him at all? And yet, here he is, sitting on his lap and trying to help him. It goes beyond Jungkook himself as to why, since it isn’t like he deserves that concerned wrinkle in the older’s forehead, but he’ll accept it either way because yeah, he’s selfish like that.

“We’re talking right now, aren’t we?” Tae huffs. “But yeah you’re right, don’t know what I was thinking.”

And Jungkook can feel the small progress they’ve done so far slipping from his fingers and God, he really is an idiot.

“No, don’t---I just---it sounds weird but...we could try. You want to get along, right?” He asks for confirmation because who knows? He may be reading everything wrong and he’s sick of putting his hopes up. He’s done that several times before in his life to know you hardly ever end up with anything but a broken heart.

“If you want to as well...it’d be nice. Fighting wears me out,” he adds with a sly smile that makes Jungkook’s eyes shine.

“Losing every fight must be tiresome indeed,” the younger smirks, hands tightly clasped around Taehyung’s waist.

“Oh, how dare you, Jeon?”

And their lips meet again, a battle for dominance on their every touch, hands fumbling, breaths catching in their throats.

“You’re wearing my perfume,” Jungkook breathes against his neck and Taehyung nods as he leans his head to give him more space. “So, are you going to make it up to me or not?”

“So demanding...” Tae says but he still gets on his knees in front of Jungkook, the younger licking his lips expectantly. His hand crawls up his leg, warm fingers brushing his thigh in a slow movement that threatens to drive him to the edge before his pants are even off. Taehyung smiles as he stares up at the lust written all over Jungkook’s expression, hands reaching to unzip his jeans. He gets the other’s impatient help as he rushes to get both his pants and underwear down to his knees, his member springing free into the coldish air despite the heating being on.

And then the older’s lips wrap around his cock in a swipe, quick motion that has Jungkook gasping for air. He expertly bobs his head up and down, not even giving the younger time to adjust to the sudden pleasure as his hands get to work; his left one strokes the base of his cock as his right gropes his balls, the light touch of his fingertips tickling the tender skin blissfully. Jungkook looks down at the beautiful mess that is Taehyung, at the sinful eyes as he winks at him from his position before closing them completely, losing himself in the bitter taste of precum that teases his own tongue. It’s amazing how

much he seems to be enjoying it when it's Jungkook who is getting his dick sucked. And he sucks so hard that Jungkook doesn't even try to contain himself when he begins fucking his mouth with little mercy (if any at all). Tae moans around his cock, reveling in the hard pace and opening his mouth even wider yet, the erect, thick cock scraping his throat continuously. He feels like coughing but swallows instead, not wanting to stop until he has Jungkook coming down his mouth. The younger holds him there with his shaky hand, nails digging slightly into the skin of his nape, fingers tangling with the soft hair there.

"Your mouth....fuck," he moans, thrusting his hips deeper inside the older's warm cave, feeling the movement of his own body lose its precision as he nears his climax. He doesn't warn Taehyung because he knows he loves swallowing.

And so he comes seconds later, the moment Tae's left hand jerks his base fast as his teeth graze his cock, the combination heavenly. He sees him swallow instantly, some of the white cum dripping down his chin in a nasty way that looks incredibly hot on him. Jungkook puts out of his mouth with a pleased sigh, coming out of his orgasm slowly.

"Jeon, you're bleeding," Taehyung's voice says all of the sudden and he can barely understand what he means.

"What?"

"Your mouth," the older explains as his tongue licks his lips clean of cum, wrist moving to clean the rest of the white liquid from his face.

Jungkook's finger goes to his own lips and he finds that effectively, there's a crimson red tinting his white skin. "Oh, didn't notice," he admits.

"You're going to get a blood clot, idiot," Tae rolls his eyes at him, walking towards the bathroom to get his phone and wash his mouth.

"You worry too much, it's not a big deal," he calls after the older, eyeing him from the open door as he closes the faucet and cleans his face with a towel.

"Sure. I should probably get going," the older replies as he walks back out, throwing the towel to Jungkook who catches it mid-air and begins cleaning himself up.

"Right," Jungkook nods, trying not to sound as disappointed as he feels. Of course Taehyung wasn't going to spend the night there, what

was he thinking? “Though, you didn’t...” he says, hand gesturing vaguely towards Taehyung’s obvious erection.

“Oh, it’s okay. I’ll take care of it. And either way, I’m still hurting from last night so...” he shrugs, leaving the sentence unfinished. Not that he didn’t understand what he meant.

“Last---oh, fuck. I forgot. Are you okay?” Jungkook asks with an apologetic frown as he zips his pants back up.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just not ready to go at it yet,” he casually explains, hand already at the doorknob.

“Okay, yeah, that makes sense. So...I’ll see you around then,” he says trying hard not to sound as awkward as he feels. He’s still getting used to them being civil. Or even more than that.

“Only eight floors down,” Tae jokes with a wink before walking out the door. As soon as he does, Jungkook’s phone begins ringing from the table and he retrieves it, surprised to see it’s his brother calling him at ten p.m. He tends to go to sleep early on weekdays.

“Namjoon, hey,” he says into the receiver.

“Guess who got you a plane ticket back to Seoul tomorrow night?” His hyung asks, sounding more excited than he’s heard him in years. He also hears a faint laughter in the background that has him frowning in suspicion.

“How did you---?”

“Made a lot of calls. And spent a lot of money. Although, the blizzard has slowed its force a lot, otherwise...well, I can’t make miracles, can I?” Namjoon asks and Jungkook can hear the smile through his words. It’s not like he would’ve known considering he hasn’t turned on the news channel nor checked the internet since the early morning.

“Right. Well, that’s great I guess,” he replies, voice drained and exhausted.

“Of course it is! I figured you’d be thrilled to be back...” his brother says, sounding confused.

“I am, I am. I’ll let Taehyung know.”

“Already sent him an email, don’t worry. A car will be waiting at the

airport as we'd arranged. Enjoy your last day. Take care," Namjoon rushes to say as more laughter is heard, this time louder and clearer. Is he with someone at this hour?

"Thanks, you too," the younger answers before hanging up.

He sighs.

Jungkook *should be* thrilled. The thing is, he isn't.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! How are you all doing in this fine day|night?
A whole taekook chapter for y'all. Yes, we're getting TONS of taekook being fluffy (kinda?) in Japan. Sadly, the next one will be our last Japan chapter :c But hey, a lot of progress has been made!

Oh, quick question...would you guys be interested in reading a yoonmin special chapter? I'd been thinking about writing one since we don't get to see much of them and think it'd be cute to do so. If not, you'd still get to see a bit of them as usual but always in Tae's pov. Tell me on the comments below, (it'd be chapter 9).

BTW, sorry if the poems sucked...I'm not great at poetry and couldn't do justice to how I imagine Jungkook would write D:

Okay, that's it for now, thank you for such kind comments and lovely words! (:

BONUS Chapter: Yoonmin

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jimin is waiting for Yoongi. He's sitting down on the purple sofa his boyfriend hates so much...he may be doing it on purpose. What he intends to do the minute he walks through that door, scares him. He doesn't want him to ever come back from his job at the music store so he doesn't have to say the words he's been thinking about since he called Taehyung last night. He keeps telling himself there's really no other way...is there?

But five minutes later Yoongi does walk through the door and Jimin's eyes study him with longing. He's wearing a black turtle neck that makes his skin look even paler than usual, some extremely ripped dark jeans and those sophisticated glasses he hardly ever uses. He looks adorable and hot at the same time and Jimin wishes he could kiss him as he's used to doing; wishes he could jump in his arms and make him laugh as he peppers his face with light pecks.

But then again, that's why he finds himself in this place right now.

Yoongi doesn't even see him sitting there. He walks towards the living room, puts his messenger bag on the couch and is about to head to the fridge when he finally notices his boyfriend staring at him. Or rather, glaring his way.

"Hey," he says, confused as to why Jimin would be sitting there with his small arms crossed over his chest, his pink lips pursed.

"If this is how it's going to be, then I think you better leave," the blonde replies, cutting straight to the chase and making Yoongi turn around as he closes the fridge, water bottle frozen in his hand.

"What?"

"I mean, you should move out, right? Why stay here, having to share a bed with me when you're obviously so disgusted by my existence?" Jimin stands up then, walking to lean against the counter on his elbows, eyebrows raised. He looks calm, but the older knows better; he's one second from screaming. And okay, perhaps Jimin is being

slightly dramatic but he thinks he's earned that right by now.

"Where the fuck is all of this coming from?" Yoongi asks placing the water on the table and shaking his head as if the movement may clear his head.

"Are you kidding me, Yoongi? You haven't touched me in a week. Not even a kiss. You barely talk to me anymore! Where the fuck is all *that* coming from?" He yells, just like his boyfriend knew he would. His hands are shaking and his eyes are wet and Yoongi feels like the biggest piece of shit in the whole world. He wants to reach out and touch him, wants to caress his cheek, kiss his nose and promise to never let him go but there's a stone in his stomach, some kind of tight knot on his throat and he hasn't stopped feeling this way in days. He didn't even realize he was hurting Jimin as well as himself...that's the last thing he'd ever want to do. But of course he was, he's been avoiding him, dodging his questions and barely responding to his lips. And Jimin should never have to feel like that, should never have to blame himself for Yoongi's shitty way of handling things.

"It has nothing to do---I mean, it's not your fault," he tries to explain, no longer wanting to lie. He takes a deep breath, feels the stone move from the pit of his stomach to his feet as he says, "I---my....my parents want us to get married."

"*What ?*" The younger asks, eyes widening because he can't for the life of him understand how that statement has anything to do with Yoongi no longer being involved in their relationship.

"I know, crazy, right? We've been together for what, two months?" he questions and he knows it's not been two months but he's panicking and when he panics he gets stupid and says all kinds of bullshit. Jimin knows that too, but he's too confused and mad to care.

"More like two years, what the fuck, Yoongi?"

"Right. Still, they're crazy. I know they are, that's why I---I told them off, like they really should mind their own damn business, right?" He bites the inside of his cheek, eyes moving everywhere but his boyfriend's own bewildered gaze. He can no longer look at him because if he does he knows he's going to say more than he should, more than he's even allowed himself to think about.

Jimin wants to ask him if he's okay but doesn't. Instead he asks, "What does this have to do with anything?"

"I mean..., nothing...just that, I mean, it's not the first time they've brought it up," he shrugs and the gesture seems so forced and fake that Jimin feels sorry for him. He's a nervous mess but he can't understand why. Last time Yoongi got this worked up he was asking Jimin to be his boyfriend.

"Go on," he says as softly as he can muster, trying hard to meet the older's eyes but failing when the other is so intensely staring at the floor.

"But like I started thinking...is it, really, that... crazy?" The words slip from his lips carefully, his tongue almost afraid of curling around the syllables too fast.

"You haven't even given me a peck on the lips for a week and now you're literally asking me to marry you in the least romantic way possible?" Jimin asks, not being sure if he should laugh or keep on screaming at his boyfriend because what the actual fuck?

Yoongi's mouth opens like a fish. He puts his glasses off, setting them on the counter. "Wow, okay, yeah. I'm such a jerk...I just needed some time to think about this, you know?" he sighs, heavy and deep. He then looks up at Jimin and with conviction says, "But I think we're ready."

Jimin is too busy freaking out as realization sinks in, barely registering the last words his boyfriend says.

"Oh, wait up," Jimin raises a hand, palm facing Yoongi as he regards him with his eyes. "You needed time to think, as in like a *break* ? And you didn't tell me?"

"I didn't need a break, just time to think...alone," the older explains but even he knows how he must sound right now.

"It sure as fuck sounds like a break," Jimin replies through gritted teeth. "And who knows how long you would've gone without talking to me if I hadn't said anything!? What's wrong with you?"

"Well, that's a question not even my folks have the answer to, and they raised me so---okay, got it, no time for jokes," he clears his throat after Jimin sends him the sharpest daggers through his eyes. He swears he can feel them piercing his skin. "Look, I'm sorry, I didn't manage the situation well---"

"You didn't manage the situation well? You literally---god, Yoongi,

seriously!” he is the one shaking his head now, exasperated as Yoongi stares at the floor, ashamed like a little kid who just got caught. “People talk about these things. Marriage, needing time to think...these aren’t choices you make by yourself. We’re in this together, remember?”

“I know, you’re right, you’re completely right and I’m an idiot. But I love you, Jimin. Let’s get married,” he keeps insisting, eyes bright and hands refraining from reaching out. He puts them inside his pockets because he doesn’t trust himself enough.

“Yoongi, I can’t---we can’t. I love you too but....” Jimin looks down, bites on his full lower lip, tries to think of a way for Yoongi to understand how they’re so not ready.

“Isn’t that *enough* ?” the older asks, eyebrows furrowed in confusion and irritation. He can’t understand how Jimin doesn’t see how ready they are.

“No, it’s not. We’re so young, I’m twenty-one and, and you haven’t even turned twenty-three! Also, isn’t this proof enough that we’re not ready for such a commitment? You needed a break to think about this. A break from *me* ,” he explains or rather tries to because Yoongi is still staring at him like he’s seen a ghost. When did it become so hard to understand each other?

“So what, this is all my fault?” Yoongi asks then, eyes narrowed and mouth wincing.

“No, of course not. It says a lot about me as well that you don’t feel comfortable enough to talk about these things. We’re not there yet, I guess,” he shrugs with one shoulder, smiles a sad smile at his boyfriend but Yoongi is having none of it.

“Fuck being there. I love you, you love me, what else do we need?”

“Yes but we can’t get married...god, do you even know how I felt these last few days? You rejected me over and over again and I felt like shit. I’m so insecure and you---” Jimin cuts himself off and Yoongi puts his hands out of his pockets, tries to reach out to touch him but the blonde shakes his head, moving further away from him. “I---I need some time of my own too.”

“What?” Yoongi asks because he thinks there’s nothing they need less right now than more time apart.

“To think but...not a break, just---I’ll take a bath,” he decides then, making the older frown since the idea of a bath solving everything sounds too idealistic.

“You sure...?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, um. Talk to you later, then?” he wonders, biting his tongue to keep from spitting more unnecessary words that may only upset Jimin further.

“You will,” he answers before walking away and leaving him standing there.

Yoongi stares at the drops of condensation falling from the water bottle before burying his face in his hands.

Jimin stares at the pink, shiny water that fills the tub as he listens to the soft hiss of the bath bomb, his nose relishing in the smell of roses. Yoongi is always going on and on about how good these bath bombs are, and he can’t say he disagrees.

He’s been in here for the last thirty-five minutes, only having dropped the bomb a few ago. He keeps thinking and thinking but always comes up with the same answer flying through his head. He’s known Yoongi for a little more than two years now, but he still can’t completely understand the way his brain works. He doesn’t mind how complicated the older’s way of thinking is, doesn’t mind spending years to come trying to figure it out. He’s relieved that the reason behind Yoongi’s actions these past few days isn’t something that will potentially end their relationship. All this time, he was so worried that he didn’t love him anymore..., when in reality it’s quite the opposite.

But marriage? *Now* ? He won’t lie, the idea has run through his head several times before, it’s inevitable when you’re in love and young but that doesn’t mean he’s ready to take such a step in their relationship. And is Yoongi ready? How can he believe he is?

The hiss stops and Jimin closes his eyes, leans his head against the edge of the tub and takes a deep breath, the roses teasing his senses. He slowly lets his body and mind relax.

He spends the next ten minutes thinking about nothing at all, but

when his eyes see the small wrinkles in his fingers that remind him he may've been here too long, he steps out, carefully making sure not to slip on his wet feet. He takes a bath robe and dries his hair with the small towel he finds in the cabinet next to the sink. Jimin's eyes scan his face on the mirror; the soft, clean and bare skin, the wet eyelashes and messy eyebrows. With a sigh, he opens the door and steps into the room he shares with Yoongi. He finds his boyfriend sitting on their king size bed, eyes lost somewhere in the wall. Jimin wonders if he's staring at the framed picture Taehyung took of them last winter (Jimin leaning against Yoongi's shoulder with a lazy smile, eyes shiny and cheeks red due to the snow falling all around them. Yoongi is grinning down at him with a softness in his face he rarely lets himself have, barely even noticing the camera going off) or if it's purely coincidental.

Jimin clears his throat, fingers playing with the rope tied around his waist. Yoongi looks at him, so surprised to see him standing there that Jimin wonders if he'd forgotten he was in the bathroom at all.

"So, can we talk now?" he asks anyway while sitting straighter on the bed, and the blonde nods.

"Yes..." Jimin sits down next to his boyfriend, thinking it best for them to talk while their thighs are brushing against each other. The touch, even through the fabric of Yoongi's jeans and Jimin's robe, makes something bloom inside his stomach. He'd thought this feelings would fade away with time, this prickle on the tip of his ears, this burning in his face, these butterflies that threaten to disrupt his calm demeanor; but they never fade. He misses the warmth that emanates from his boyfriend's body, misses his perfume, misses his soft touches that are so characteristically Yoongi's. And yet, he blurts out, "I...I still don't think we should get married."

The older sighs, no surprise in his eyes as he looks at him. "I guessed so. It's okay, we both know I'm not good enough for you and---"

"What? That's not---you really think that?" Jimin asks, astonishment clear in his face. He shakes his head, wet strands splashing the other's cheeks but he doesn't mind as the smell of Jimin's jasmine shampoo flows through his nostrils. He misses running his hands through it, misses kissing the corners of his lips, the tender skin of his cheeks... "Yoongi, you're the only person I've ever loved. You're wonderful and you *do* deserve me."

"I hurt you, I made you feel like shit, you said it yourself," he states,

eyes looking away at the framed picture of them together, again.

“Yes but I mean...that doesn’t mean I love you any less. You made a mistake, it’s okay,” Jimin says, grabbing his hands in his small ones, thumb drawing circles over his knuckles.

“No, it’s *not* okay,” he replies and he intends to put his hands away from his because he doesn’t deserve his velvety touch and his warm, soothing fingers. But he doesn’t because he’s selfish and he missed this, god he missed this. So instead he relishes in the ministrations, swallowing a thousand sighs. “You deserve someone who talks and communicates and kisses you and isn’t fucked-up like me.”

“Shh, don’t say that.” Jimin’s fingers cease their movement, wrapping themselves all over Yoongi’s hands instead. He holds them there, giving them a small, meaningful squeeze before he continues, “You aren’t fucked-up. I love you just the way you are, okay?”

And Yoongi, with a sad, almost resigned expression, takes one of his hands away from Jimin’s protective ones and tucks a strand of wet hair behind his ear. “You could get someone so much better than me, sunshine,” he whispers, his satoori thick around the words.

Jimin feels like crying, but doesn’t.

“There’s not such a person, baby,” he mumbles before closing the small gap between them, half afraid he’ll be rejected again. He doesn’t know what he’d do if he were. But of course, he isn’t. Yoongi immediately responds to his touch, lips parting for the younger’s tongue to caress his in a sinful yet soft gesture. The kiss is slow, careful; two people scared of ruining something beautiful. But how could they ruin something so precious for them both, how could they crush two years full of love in between their fingers simply because their hearts love too hard, too fast, too much?

Jimin lets himself go pliant against Yoongi, a whimper escaping his mouth when the older sucks on his lower lip with abandon.

“I missed you,” he confesses in between needy kisses and barely refrained moans.

“I’m here now,” Yoongi breathes against his mouth and Jimin nods, because he is.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Kinda fast update? No? Kinda short? Okay. So yeah, this is the yoonmin chapter I promised, if you guys liked it we maaay get another one (but relax, you will all get your taekook first!) in the future. And maybe some namjin? Who knows. Aren't these two super cute though? But what do you think, should they get married? Is love enough? So many questions, sigh. If any if you have any questions about yoonmin's relationship though, feel free to ask. I know many are still unanswered...

I'm currently working on chapter 10...when I say currently I mean I literally have the google docs tab open and ready to keep on writing! So hopefully I'll be updating next week (;

Love you all! xoxo

We'll Always Have Japan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung's hair is purple. As in, he dyed his hair purple overnight and Jungkook really wishes he hadn't. Because really, is there anything else the world wants to throw his way?

"Your hair is purple," he says stupidly enough that it makes the older crack a boxy grin.

"Very observatory, Jeon," he teases. But then Jungkook keeps staring at him with wide eyes and it makes Taehyung's right hand immediately go to his hair. He holds a strand between his thumb and index finger, eyeing the color self-consciously. Jin had said it was beautiful on him when he'd sent him a snap earlier this morning, but who knew? "Oh, you hate it?"

"No, of course not. It just---surprised me, that's all," Jungkook rushes to reply because he was never exactly good with spoken words and he doesn't seem to be getting any better.

"Well, I *am* full of surprises," Tae answers with a self-assured half-smile that contradicts his previous doubt.

"That you are," the younger admits with a resigned sigh as he finally moves away from the door, letting Taehyung walk inside his room like he owns it. He's wearing light blue jeans with a huge green butterfly sewed to his right thigh and a white and blue sweater with damn pineapples on it. It'd probably look ridiculous in anyone else but he looks so incredibly endearing that it makes Jungkook want to scream.

"Look at us, getting along. Aren't we cute?" Taehyung grins as he turns away from the window he was looking through.

"I know you are," Jungkook blurts out before he can't catch the words and save them in his pocket like he's been doing since the beginning of the trip.

"Wow, two compliments in a row!" Tae claps his hands like an excited toddler.

"Hey, I compliment you often," Jungkook frowns, because inside his

head praising Taehyung is all he's been doing lately.

"Sure, sure. Doesn't hurt to hear it more often, though," Taehyung shrugs nonchalantly.

Jungkook smiles. "So, where are we going?" he asks because Tae had sent him a text at eight a.m, rudely waking him up with a large string of smiling emojis as he told him the news channel had announced that the central streets were now open to the public, which meant they could finally look around like he wanted to. And who was Jungkook to say no to that? Also, he figured it would be much worse for his mental state and health to stay in the hotel alone with Taehyung, anyway.

"Everywhere!" the older replies as he takes a map out of his pocket and opens it, moving to stand next to Jungkook as he begins pointing out the different places he's already marked with red stars he bought from the hotel's shop. "It sucks it isn't spring though, wish we could see the blossom trees but oh well...hopefully the snow won't have gotten inside the museum. That would be problematic."

Jungkook chuckles. "It would be."

"Well, let's go before we waste more time, the day is short," he declares, already moving towards the door.

"Can I...?" the younger begins, isn't even quite sure why but he might as well finish it since he started it.

"What is it?" he asks sending him a curious glance over his shoulder.

"Can I kiss you?"

Taehyung snorts. "Since when do you ask, you idiot?"

Jungkook shrugs, wishing his cheeks weren't burning. Tae laughs at him before leaning over and pressing his soft lips against his own. And god, it feels so good to be kissing him even though they literally kissed last night. He instantly gets a hold of his waist, fingers digging into the soft fabric of his sweater as he lets his tongue wander around the other's mouth.

His kisses get so intense and needy that Taehyung breaks apart with a surprised laugh. "Wow, you okay? We are not having sex, dude."

"I know, sorry I just---"

“It’s okay, let’s go.”

Their first stop is a diner, because even though they already had breakfast, Taehyung insisted upon trying the best waffles in Japan. Jungkook didn’t know Japan was famous for its waffles (it wasn’t) but he agreed either way since Taehyung kept shaking all over at the mere idea of those delicious, fluffy waffles full of chocolate and sprinkles...Jungkook thought it sounded way too sweet for his taste, so he ends up ordering the less sweet waffle; which means a vanilla one with no toppings. Taehyung stares at him with confusion and disrespect.

“What is wrong with you, dude? They literally have over fifty toppings and you added none!”

“You added twelve and only because the waitress said it was too much. I think you have enough for both of us,” Jungkook says, rolling his eyes at a baffled Taehyung.

“I only put bananas, strawberries, blueberries, blackberries, chocolate sauce, sprinkles, coconut, whipped cream, nuts, caramel, nutella and hazelnuts. How is that too much?” Taehyung asks and it’s in the way he says it, thoroughly and honestly confused with that sweet frown on his forehead, those furrowed eyebrows and pouty mouth....it’s in the brown irises with random specks of gold and hazel, it’s in the---either way, Jungkook laughs, head thrown backwards, mouth open, bunny teeth showing, eyes crinkling at the corners...you know the one, that kind of uncontrollable laughter that bubbles out of your chest, warms up your cheeks and turns your face into a piece of sunshine.

Or at least, that’s how Taehyung sees him. He’s seen him laugh more on this trip than since they started this thing between them, and he wishes he didn’t feel so addicted to the sound, so compelled to record it or take a picture and capture the way his big doe eyes look when they’re wrinkling and closing but still there, still barely looking at him. Him. Him. He’s looking at him while laughing and smiling. *Him. Him* . Oh god.

The waitress returns to their table before they acknowledge the fact Jungkook just laughed in a way that probably lightened up the whole city.

She puts Taehyung’s waffle down first, a knowing smile on her lips as she sees the older’s wide, excited eyes at the sight of the waffle full of

twelve delicious toppings, almost falling one over the other as they pile over the chocolate pastry. And then he looks at Jungkook's poor, plain waffle with not even honey on top. It's sad.

"At least put some sugar on it, something, please. It looks like it's dying."

Jungkook rolls his eyes again, cutting a tiny square of the waffle and putting it in his mouth without looking away from Taehyung, chewing with exaggerated satisfaction to prove him wrong. "So good," he says after swallowing even though the waffle is a bit dull.

"Oh, come on," Tae shakes his head, chuckling in disbelief as he takes a big bite of his own waffle, the cream and chocolate sauce melting into a blissful concoction. He stabs some fruit on it as well before leading the fork into his mouth. His eyes close out of their own accord, a moan leaving his lips as the perfect taste of sweetness combined with the slight bitterness of the blueberries, hits his tongue.

Jungkook drinks from his water at the sight.

Taehyung swallows and opens his eyes again. "This is the best fucking waffle I've ever had. No, scratch that. Best fucking breakfast."

The younger smiles, grabbing the syrup the kind waitress left for him and throwing it on top of his waffle.

"Now that's better," Tae winks, satisfied. "But really, you *have* got to taste this. Like literally, you can't die without trying this. I won't let you."

And so Jungkook tries the waffle and he has to admit, it tastes fucking good. His pride won't allow such a praise to leave his lips though. "It's okay," he simply says, shrugging as he swallows the chocolate sauce down his throat. Taehyung rolls his eyes half-heartedly, seeing right through his act but loving his breakfast way too much to discuss it any further.

So instead, they eat.

Second stop is the National Museum of Modern Art, where Taehyung shrieks in excitement as soon as they walk through the doors. It both takes Jungkook aback and makes him laugh, for the older keeps on tugging at the younger's arm, moving him around the rooms and

explaining how art is the most precious thing human beings possess. And so Jungkook asks him why wasn't he an artist then, to which Tae sends him an incredulous look before replying, 'Some are born to be artists, others to admire art.' But the way he stares at a painting of an artist under the name Harada Naojiro of a woman riding a dragon in a white robe, makes Jungkook think he does more than admire art; he feels it.

And so Jungkook spends the next hour admiring the way Taehyung admires art.

And he tries so hard to ignore the blooming feeling inside him every time Tae leans over to whisper something about a certain painting against his ear, every time he gets excited over a specific painter or even types the names of ones he didn't know until today on his mobile phone, telling Jungkook how he'll look them up as soon as they're back in the hotel and study their biographies because everything an artist does, every piece of work they produce is a rendition to who they are, to the things that have happened to them throughout their lives and have form them as people.

"But, you would know all about it, wouldn't you?" Taehyung blurts out before he can help himself, a sly smile forming at the tip of his lips but then quickly fading into a grimace when he realizes what he just said; what he implied. He turns from the painting he was admiring to glance at the younger. Jungkook is frowning at him.

"I wouldn't actually."

"I know you don't want to talk about it---"

"Then don't," and his voice is final and he's standing there, hands buried in his black pants, wearing a black shirt that is so dark it almost looks blue, eyes staring past Taehyung in a way that makes him want to be looked at more than anything in his life. But the best part is the huge painting behind him, the war zone of Yamada Masaaki's endless, colorful, messy stripes that turn Jungkook from a man to a piece of art. It's the perfect background to the beauty that is the younger, the hues of reds, whites, greens and blues making every speck of his expression become something else entirely.

Taehyung again feels the sudden need, the crave to capture this moment right here and keep it somewhere safe. He gulps in an attempt to find his voice before continuing, "...Is there any possibility I could...?"

Is there any possibility I could read more of who you are, more of that person you hide behind a pen?

Jungkook looks almost offended. Taehyung wonders how doesn't he understand how much his words could do if only he set them free.

"No, no way."

"Okay, ouch?"

"Taehyung, just...you wanted to get along, right?" Jungkook asks and Tae knows where this is going but he indulges him anyway.

"Right."

"Then please, do not bring it up again," he says but it isn't a demand. His voice is soft now and he's asking, pleading, eyes whispering a thousand things at once, because someone took this boy's beautiful words and made him think they were a mistake. Someone took his passion and called it a waste of time. Someone made Jungkook keep his life between the pages of a small notebook and hide it from everyone.

And Taehyung wants to rip the pages and publish them in a magazine or something, let the public know that Jeon Jungkook isn't going to take over Bangtan because he's too busy making wonders with a pen, too busy following his heart, too busy doing what makes him happy.

And yet, Jungkook *is* taking over Bangtan with Namjoon, and he isn't following his heart and he's giving up on his happiness.

Swallowing a sigh, he nods and says, "Okay."

Third stop is the park. The famous, huge, marvellous Yoyogi Park. Which... "It's covered in snow," Jungkook says as soon as they reach it, eyes narrowing as he stares at the empty benches as if they were hiding something from him. Even the white trees and grass, the loneliness of it all strikes him as suspicious. What happened to him to make him distrust such a precious landscape?

"Well, duh. Isn't it beautiful?" Taehyung replies either way, smile reaching his eyes, eyebrows, that endearing mole on his nose.

And so Jungkook looks around, thinks maybe there is a poetic beauty,

an ethereal peacefulness to the way the wind blows against their hair and heats up their cheeks, the way the naked trees sway and their footsteps become a temporal trail on the heavy snow that covers the ground beneath their feet. He breathes in, the freezing rush of air making his lungs ache in the best of ways, waking him up even more than the sugar in Taehyung's waffle.

"I prefer spring," he says anyway because he likes the look he gets from the purple haired boy next to him.

"Such a cold man, wouldn't have expected it. But then again, opposites attract, don't they?" the older teases him, all cheeky smirks and challenging eyes.

"Shut up," he bites on the smile that threatens to end him.

"Let's take a selfie!" Tae says all of the sudden, phone materializing in his hand out of thin air.

"What?"

"Come on, commemorate the moment!" he encourages him, nudging him with his elbow like a lame uncle that wants to go in an adventure with you.

"Why do we need a picture to do that?" Jungkook huffs, trying hard to keep his hands from trembling due to the cold as he presses them against the fabric of his coat.

"To remember," he explains with a shrug.

"Thought that was what brains were for."

"No, those are for more important things. Now, scoot over," he orders and Jungkook is about to refuse yet again but then Tae sends him a threatening look that would usually only make him roll his eyes further and do the opposite of what he tells him, but things have changed, haven't they? And so Jungkook scoots the fuck over and smiles for the camera.

"Cute," Taehyung concludes two seconds later, inspecting the picture with approval.

And yeah, okay, Jungkook thinks there's definitely beauty in the uninterrupted nature around them. The cold may make him shiver, may make his hands shake and his feet tremble but it's a good kind of

cold and he likes the way it makes Taehyung's face look. He stares at him as he sits down on an icy bench, lets himself do so as the other is too busy taking pictures all around them, at the sky, the trees, the ground, the people, everything. His purple hair and the contrast the color creates against the whiteness of the park makes Jungkook dizzy.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" the older asks a moment later, eying him suspiciously.

"Like what?"

Like I may disappear the moment you look away.

"I don't know, like that. That intense eye-contact thing you have going on," he says, hands gesturing vaguely in the air as he puts his phone back in the safety of his jeans' front pocket. He's wearing a wool jacket on top of his sweater, the color the same vibrant blue of the pineapples that cover the one underneath. It has black tassels on the shoulders and arms and would probably look ridiculous on anyone else but Taehyung pulls it off gorgeously.

"Intense eye---what?"

"Oh, come on. Don't tell me you didn't notice," Tae insists, right arm holding onto his hip like a knowing mother. He really needs to stop making gestures that make Jungkook think about his relatives.

"I really don't know what you're talking about," he replies, puffs of white air leaving his lips as he get the words out.

"The way you stare at people! You're an intense dude," he explains and Jungkook raises an inquisitive eyebrow in return.

"I strongly advise you to check your use of the word dude. It's disturbingly frequent."

"Shut up and like my Instagram picture," Taehyung orders as he takes a woolen cap out of his pocket and puts it on. It has damn earflaps with, again, tassels at the ends. It's dark grey and beautiful against his skin and purple hair. It makes Jungkook internally curse.

"Make me."

"Wanna try me?" Tae grins, like he wants him to say yes because this simple banter between them, this silent battle, these quiet shared smirks are what brings them together and confuses the living shit out

of both of them at the same time.

Oh, but isn't that and so much more?

"Bring it on, *dude*, " he challenges as he stands up from the bench.

"You're so on, Jeon," Taehyung smirks again before scooping a huge ball of snow from the ground and raising it in the air. His hand freezes at the contact, fingers pale and cold but he doesn't care. He pretends it's the sun he's holding instead.

"Second advice; do not do what you're about to do," Jungkook says in a warning tone, intense eye-contact activated.

"And why is that?"

"You'll regret it," Jungkook says with simplicity, so sure of himself that it makes Taehyung shake his head defiantly.

"I don't think so, buddy," he replies before throwing the ball, aiming straight for Jungkook's coconut head but, surprisingly enough, the younger dodges it at the last second as he raises a ball of his own and throws it in a swipe, smooth movement towards Taehyung's chest. It all happens so fast that the older isn't able to move away before it lands home (also his reflects suck and the younger's aim is perfect).

"Shit, shit," Taehyung whines, falling to the ground like a fallen soldier holding onto his chest.

"Told you," Jungkook grins winningly as he walks towards Tae and holds down a hand to help him up. "Here, I hold no grudges."

But Taehyung does, and the moment his hand touches the other's, he pushes with all of his strength until Jungkook slips on his feet and falls on top of him unceremoniously. Taehyung's laughter is all he hears as he groans. And the older looks so gorgeous, so perfect under him, with that boxy smile adorning his face, cheeks blushed, eyes looking straight back at him, tongue grazing his bottom lip. Jungkook tells himself he kisses him because he's beautiful but there's so much more to the press of his lips against the other's that it makes goosebumps grow on his arms. Taehyung immediately kisses him back, as if out of instinct, as if there wasn't any other possible outcome. He parts his lips for him, receives his tongue with need, sucking on the tip, teeth biting tenderly, and the kiss is wet and hot but also holds a softness Jungkook didn't know they were capable of sharing before this trip.

And it's right there, while they're both kissing in the middle of Yoyogi Park, internally thanking the fact there are barely any people at all to witness Jeon Jungkook's downfall, that he just knows. He almost laughs against the older's lips because how didn't he notice any sooner?

He's in love with Kim Taehyung. Has been for probably too long by now.

And oh god, he's so fucked.

He knows it the moment Tae breaks the kiss and says in a playful tone, "We better stop before people think we're gonna fuck here."

He nods, he thinks he says something under his breath as well but isn't sure. He quickly stands up, not offering his hand to Taehyung this time; it's shaking more than before and he knows it isn't the cold. The older grunts as he rises from the ground on his own. He yawns, smiles back at Jungkook like nothing just happened because nothing did. It's just Jungkook who is freaking the fuck out.

So tugging on the strips of his woolen cap, Taehyung asks, "Should we get lunch?"

They end up on a traditional Japanese restaurant that Tae found on the internet. He strikes up a conversation with the waitress as soon as they sit down, because that's just who he is. Jungkook is grateful, it gives him more time to think, to make up a plan in which he doesn't end up with a broken heart. Love is such a messy thing; people give their everything to one another, hopeful promises always about to be crushed by their emotional hearts...Jungkook remembers love like teary eyes and slippery lips, his mother's soft touches trying to calm his father down, his father shattering a flower vase in their home and shattering his mom's own hopeful promises by cheating on her. Jungkook was thirteen and thought his mom was the victim; he never really liked his dad anyway, it'd been easy to make him the villain, he didn't even question it. But then again, he should've realized there was more to the story when his mom kept running her fingers through his hair with her big eyes full of unspoken words whenever he brought it up.

He'd been fifteen when he found his mother fucking another man in his father's office. He never quite understood the meaningfulness people gave to marriage when neither of his parent's ever really cared;

too busy drowning themselves in the moan's of strangers to whisper I love you's against each other's lips.

For him love was a carnal, craving monster with a bad temper.

But with Taehyung, he felt more than just sexual want. More than a need to open him and fuck him into the mattress until he was so sore he'd remember it for days. That was the scary part; the wanting to kiss the skin of his wrists, the nape of his neck, the mole under his eye.

"Are you gonna eat that or...?" Taehyung's deep voice says and Jungkook looks up from his lap to find their dishes waiting on the table. The older's own plate is half empty already.

"Sorry I just---"

"It's okay, just eat before it gets cold. We still got plenty of places to visit," he kindly smiles before taking a sip of his water.

And so Jungkook eats.

The rest of the afternoon passes by in a blur; Taehyung taking them to the famous Meiji Shrine (Jungkook scolded him for making them walk twenty blocks to get to the restaurant and then walk all the way back since the shrine was literally in front of Yoyogi Park. Tae shrugged and said he was just hungry), then to a cat cafe that made Jungkook's skin prickle. Taehyung was so happy though, playing with the kittens like he owned them, barely remembering to drink his coffee at all.

And then finally, Tokyo's famous tower with its bright lights and Shibuya, the busiest street full of people. They didn't do any shopping but walking through the thick crowd of people that miraculously didn't bump into one another, was quite the experience. It was getting late when they finally left for the airport, the darkness sinking the town into a mess of beautiful lights that kept glinting against their eyes.

And here they are now, back at the hotel, their suitcases almost ready to go. Jungkook wonders if he's the only one that wants to stay.

Taehyung went to the restroom to take a call from Jimin a few minutes ago, having excused himself with a shy smile. Jungkook envies the closeness he has with his friend, wishes he had any friends at all but then again, he does have Hoseok.

He fixes his shirt inside his black pants, staring at the reflection on the mirror and praying for the thoughts to steer away. He already declined two calls from his cousin; he doesn't think he could talk to him right now, not when his mind is a mess of ideas and no longer suppressed thoughts.

He hears Taehyung's voice increasing in volume and he really doesn't mean to pry but he walks towards the door anyway, thinking if Tae really wanted privacy he should've gone back to his room. Also, it's not like he respected his own privacy when he went through his notebook.

And so he leans against the door and listens.

Silence.

"What? With each other?" a pause. "Jimin, please. I get that you're mad but that's total bullshit," another pause, a muffled sigh. Jungkook frowns, wondering what they could be talking about. And then... "I am not in love with Jungkook and will never be, I don't know what the fuck you're on about really. We're just trying to be friends but that's it."

And so Jungkook turns away from the door.

Taehyung shouldn't have picked up Jimin's call, but he is his best friend and he does miss him. Just not when he's being a pain in the ass. When he told him his boyfriend had proposed to him, he can't deny he was shocked. Out of all the reasons why he thought Yoongi was avoiding Jimin, a marriage proposal really wasn't one of them. But then again, the guy is so odd it shouldn't have come as a surprise.

The thing is, deep down Tae has always been a romantic. His parents have been happily married for almost thirty years, and the way they still look at each other like there's no one else in the room, makes something warm and fuzzy and pink wrap around his chest. So yeah, he may be fucking a guy with no strings attached but he still hopes to find that one person who will give meaning to all the bullshit that fills this tragic world they didn't even choose to be born in.

So that's why he's saying now, "Why did you say no to marrying Yoongi? You love him!"

"Love is not always enough, Taehyung," he says back, tone exhausted

as if talking to a stubborn child.

“Fuck that, it is!”

“God, how dare you tell me that love is this amazing thing when you don’t even let yourself feel it?” Jimin cackles sarcastically.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Oh, I don’t know, why do you think it was so easy to get along for you and Jungkook?” he asks because as soon as Tae picked up the call, Jimin asked him how his day had gone and so he told him he had more fun than he’d had in ages, that him and Jungkook got along incredibly well, that he was funny and cute and Japan was the best country in the world.

He regrets ever opening his big mouth in the first place, because of course Jimin would twist his excitement for taking a trip for the first time in two years and transform it into something else entirely.

“We are nice people,” he replies with a light shrug only him is able to see.

“No, Taehyung. I hate to break it to you but come the fuck on. Have you really not noticed how in love the both of you are?” Jimin asks and Taehyung gasps, the reflection in the mirror displaying how utterly, thoroughly, entirely confused he is right now. Is his friend serious?

“What? With each other?” he manages to inquire after at least five seconds of pure silence.

“Yes!”

“Jimin, please. I get that you’re mad but that’s total bullshit,” he shakes his head, rolls his eyes, taps his foot against the shiny tiles. He just took a shower and is wondering why he didn’t take one in his own room instead of Jungkook’s. It’d just make so much sense in his head when he took his stuff and went back to the other’s room, now he’s wondering if he isn’t being a bother. Maybe he should ask...

“It’s not. I’m sure everyone noticed but you. Hell, even he probably noticed!” he yells at him and his voice usually makes everything better but right now it’s just fucking with his head.

“I am not in love with Jungkook and will never be, I don’t know what

the fuck you're on about, really. We're just trying to be friends but that's it," he says with as much finality and conviction as he can muster, eyes hard on himself, breath hard on his throat.

There's something hurting inside his chest as he gets the words out but he ignores it, doesn't want to put it a name, doesn't want to put *anything* a name.

"Friends with benefits? Are you kidding me?" Jimin huffs, disbelief and judgement flowing through his words.

"Lots of people do it," another shrug, another careless gesture to justify the shit he's spitting.

"It never works. Let alone when you're already in love!" the older exclaims, and Tae thinks he can no longer handle this shit.

"Okay, you're obviously not getting it so whatever. I have to go anyway, goodbye Jimin," he says before hanging up without waiting for a reply, burying his phone in his pocket and walking out of the bathroom. He finds Jungkook zipping his bag, his back to him. He is mad beyond belief but doesn't want to ruin the good mood between them, so slowly he slips his hands behind Jungkook and caresses his chest, pressing himself against him. It's a soft gesture but he thinks it's okay as he teases him by saying, "Leaving already?"

The younger instantly tenses, confusing Taehyung because his touch doesn't usually have that effect on him.

"Yeah, we should go. See you in the car," he says grabbing his bag and walking out the door before Taehyung is able to get another word in.

What the fuck?

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Another update and this time taekook is back, so don't worry (;

Hope you guys enjoy it, I sure as hell enjoyed writing it, I think it's my favorite so far. Also made me want to go to Japan more than ever but oh well...

Don't forget to leave your thoughts in the comments, I love you guys n.n

Oh, btw, anyone noticed how Tae was wearing the clothes from Spring Day MV? hehe

xoxo, C.

The Futile Attempt of my Heart

Chapter Notes

I recommend listening to House of Cards through this chapter, especially in the taekook part...I was listening while writing most of it and now it reminds me of them like a lot so yeah.

Enjoy (:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So let me get this straight. Basically the trip was good but your fuck-buddy got mad at you and suddenly started ignoring you?” Jin asks, eyebrows raised in surprise as he listens intently to Taehyung’s words. The whole story sounds too much like a k-drama and he actually admires Tae for having such a dramatic outcome to his business trip.

“Why do you say fuck-buddy when you already know we’re talking about Jungkook?” he asks back, voice muffled by the pillow his face is currently buried in.

“Cause I’m kinda waiting for you to correct me and tell me he’s more than that,” comes the older’s easy reply, his right shoulder raising and falling as the words leave his mouth. He’s inspecting his nails, the stance indifferent as if he didn’t care that much for Taehyung’s current predicament.

“He’s not though, why would I do that?” Tae asks, looking up from his pillow with furrowed eyebrows.

Seokjin sighs dramatically, hand thrown over his forehead like a damsel in distress. “I love you Tae but sometimes you are really dense.”

This makes the younger grunt, but the sound is once again muffled by the pillow and it comes out more like a whine. “Whatever, I don’t give a shit.”

“Sure doesn’t seem like it since you’ve been moping from the moment you came through the door.”

That isn’t entirely true considering Jimin ambushed him as soon as he

got there and hugged the living shit out of him, apologies falling from his mouth like water even when Tae had been wrong in the first place. So they both apologized continuously like the two idiots they are (fighting never quite suit them) and ended up cuddling on the couch watching TV until Yoongi came over and joined them.

Tae grabs the pillow and refrains from punching it when Jin sends him a warningly raised eyebrow. He's wearing an oversized beige sweatshirt that would usually make him look like a lost, adorable puppy but isn't quite doing the job combined with his fiery eyes.

"Yes and you've been glowing, is my boss that good of a fuck?" he asks either way, a challenge in his tongue.

Seokjin grins as if he just asked exactly what he wanted to hear. "He is so much more than a fuck, Tae. See? Not that hard."

Taehyung rolls his eyes, choosing to ignore the bubbling anger as to not physically hurt his friend. "So are you two like in love or some shit?"

He flinches at his own words. He sounds like a rebellious teenager.

"We're on our way to it, yes. He makes me happy, I make him happy, what is there to make me run away? I'm not you," he finishes with a sly smile that makes the younger wonder if he has a death wish. This time he grabs the pillow and throws it against the wall, no longer concealing his anger and also wishing to show Seokjin just how mad he is, in case his cursing and enraged eyes aren't enough of a giver. Because yeah he might want to punch his friend but he'd never actually dare doing that.

"Okay that's it, stop it. Namjoon and you may be all lovey-dovey which is still creeping me out by the way, but do not compare your situation with mine," he says, voice clear and determined despite the slight shaking on his fingers. He clasps his hands together in a futile attempt to make it less obvious to Jin; as if he didn't see everything. He even has the nerve to look amused.

"Why not?"

"Because! Me and Jungkook have hated each other for years and now have barely begun to get along and he's already back to hating me so why on earth would our situation be any similar to your obviously successful relationship with my boss!?" he yells, now standing up from the bed with bright eyes like those of an offended puppy. His hair is a

mess due to all the tugging he's been doing ever since the plane landed on Seoul, his lips are red and bitten and a small part of him asks himself why and more importantly *when* did Jungkook begin to play such an important role in his mood.

"Wow, okay. I mean, I knew you were upset but wow," Seokjin says, lips twitching with entertainment despite his friend's obvious about-to-lose-it state.

And Taehyung has fucking has it.

"Of course I'm upset! What the fuck is his issue!? We were getting along, I was being so damn nice, I swear," he shakes his head, feet dragging him across the room. "We even had a snow battle and made out in Yoyogi Park like---it was cute, okay? And now he's back to being that jerk I knew he always was," he throws his head backwards, lets out a guttural groan that has Jin's eyes widening. "I don't even know why I expected him to change. It was probably just the change of scenery that flipped some switch inside him and turned the guy into an actually decent human being for two days," Taehyung lets out a humorless laugh before glancing at Jin with wonder, as if waiting for an answer he never even asked. Two seconds later though, he continues, unfazed, "But even that is too much to ask, huh? Couldn't even wait to get on the plane back to Seoul to---"

"Okay! Got it, relax. Deep breaths, come on," Seokjin says, blinking out of his stupor as he walks the small distance across the room towards Taehyung whose breathing is far from regular. The older places a comforting, warm hand against his back, patting him softly.

"Fuck him, seriously! Him and those fucking poems I swear," Tae adds, barely registering his friend's ministrations.

"Poems? Oh God, does Jeon Jungkook write poetry?!" Jin asks, mouth open in bewilderment.

"Shit, I wasn't supposed to say that. Ugh! See? He makes me do bad things!" the younger raises his voice once again, head hanging low like a scolded kid. As much as he wishes he wasn't suffering, it warms up Seokjin's heart to see him like this; if he had any doubts about his friend's obvious feelings towards Jungkook, he doesn't anymore. No one gets that passionately upset over something without a part of them loving it dearly.

"Can't deny you seem riled the fuck up," he chuckles as he moves to the bedside table to grab the cup he set down a few minutes ago.

“Come on, drink the tea and relax,” he whispers, pushing the cup towards the younger who holds it like a treasure. He takes a long sip and sighs.

Looking up at his friend with wet eyes, he asks, “God, why am I such a mess, Jin?”

And Jin could tell him how he was in love once, too. May even be in love now again. He could tell him how it takes a part of you and transforms it into something else entirely; not something good or bad, just something *else*. He could tell him how it’s okay, how love is this beautiful, precious thing that can either break you or make you and how much he wishes it’s the latter for him.

But they say your first love never works and Tae has never been in love before. How is he even supposed to recognize the fluttering in his stomach as lovely butterflies when they’re unwanted?

So instead, with a small reassuring smile, he says, “Aren’t we all?”

“Do you want to talk about it?” Namjoon asks Jungkook when he’s back in their apartment. The younger’s eyes are covered with his left arm thrown carelessly over his face, back laying on the cushions, head resting against the armrest. He’s been trying hard to get some sleep for the past two hours since that’s always been the easiest way out of any conflict. Whenever his father’s words would touch a nerve (almost every day), he’d hide away on Hoseok’s bed or his own, and sleep. Sleep never came fast enough when he specially needed it. His therapist was worried about him saying he sometimes wanted to sleep and never wake up, back when he was twelve.

It’s scary how that feeling has never fully left his mind.

“No,” comes his reply to which Namjoon sighs. He’s been getting better, he knows it, so what happened? He even talked to Hoseok a day ago and his cousin told him how Taehyung could actually help Jungkook heal. Heal for good. He already knew that, of course, but to hear it coming from someone else makes a wave of unfiltered relief hit him straight in the face.

“Did something---?” he begins, because even though he knows it’s futile and the more you push Jungkook the more he pulls back, even though he’s had years of experience with how broken his brother is, even then he still loves him unconditionally and worries to no end.

“Stop, just don’t. Leave me alone,” he answers without even uncovering his eyes from the protection of his arm. His voice holds that bitter edge he has whenever he’s thoroughly upset over something. Namjoon wishes he was Hoseok right now and knew what to do, knew the exact words that could help relieve some of Jungkook’s burden. But he isn’t Hoseok and will never be. He used to be jealous of his cousin, used to hate how close he was to his little brother even though the three of them were family. When he was young and naive he even thought their closeness may’ve been due to the fact they shared pure Jeon blood and he didn’t. When he turned sixteen he realized how stupid that thought was; it wasn’t about blood, it was just that their bond was deeper and Hoseok always knew just how to smile, what to say, how to hold his brother and make him feel safe. And Namjoon didn’t; whenever he even tried, Jungkook would push him away.

He wondered whose fault was it they couldn’t get along; not like that, at least. After years of blaming himself, he’s started to believe part of his brother hates him for some unknown reason that in times like these, makes him feel completely useless. Aren’t siblings supposed to be there for each other?

With a heaved sigh, he turns around and leaves Jungkook there, suffering in silence.

Taehyung dyes his hair once again to light brown a day before heading back to the office on Monday morning. He’s currently inspecting the color with narrowed eyes, feeling a lump in his throat at the many memories a simple hair color could hold. He won’t dye it to purple ever again, he decides with a quick shake of his head, letting go of his soft hair and focusing once more on the codes written across his computer.

He pretends he doesn’t see Jungkook come into the office about an hour later (because of course he can come in at any time he pleases). He also pretends he doesn’t notice the bags under his eyes nor the pursing of his lips. He looks like a mess, a hot one obviously but a mess nonetheless. It makes something in Tae break. He wonders if perhaps something happened while he was in the bathroom talking to Jimin, if something personal occurred and that’s why he snapped at him. It may not even have something to do with him at all, and here he was judging Jungkook already. *Again.*

He feels like the biggest asshole in the world and is just about to stand up, knock into his door and try to fix this huge mess when Namjoon's assistant is suddenly smiling down at him from the wall of his cubicle. "Mr. Kim would like to see you in his office," she says with a sweet voice.

"Right now?"

She nods before leaving and Taehyung bites his lip, deciding to postpone his visit to Jungkook's office for later. He stands up and follows the petite woman towards Namjoon's office, choosing to take the elevator.

After about three minutes he stands in front of the door that reads in thick, golden letters KIM NAMJOON - Executive Director.

A nice way of saying CEO.

He knocks softly but loud enough for the older's voice to be heard through it instantly later, welcoming him in. He walks inside, door closing behind him and making an unsettling noise as it meets the threshold. He sits down in one of the chairs opposite his boss's desk, smiling kindly at the other male and trying to hide his awkwardness. The last time he was here Namjoon told him a lot of things he probably shouldn't have; he doesn't know quite how to approach him now, so he waits for his boss to talk first and after a few seconds of hesitance, he does.

"Good morning, Mr. Kim."

"Good morning," he pauses to clear his throat before saying, "If you don't mind me asking...why am I here?"

He knows he could've tried making small talk, but he doesn't want to risk the conversation heading into Jungkook's direction again.

Namjoon smiles back at him and opens his mouth to respond before the door bursts open again and Jungkook himself comes walking in, not wasting a second before plopping in the chair beside him recklessly. He doesn't even glance his way.

It only takes a second for his brother to jump straight to the point, though. They both seem to be in some kind of rush to get this over with. Whatever this is.

"So I called you two here to congratulate you on the meeting. It really

did go well. We got everything we needed from your notes, Taehyung,” says his boss and of fucking course, he should’ve seen this coming. It’s basic protocol for the company to let their employees know when they’ve done a good job (a better than expected one) to encourage them to keep improving. Obviously, most companies don’t bother in doing it but it actually works as a charm when done; the workers get incentives to work harder that don’t require a raise and, just like kids in kindergarten who get a golden star after making a nice painting, they’ll try harder the next time to get that sense of success and approval again. Tae remembers Yoongi telling him all of this once, with all of his cynicism the guy does know a lot.

And although Taehyung doesn’t strive for Namjoon’s compliments, it does feel good to hear it. “I’m glad, Mr. Kim,” he nods.

“We also are pleased to announce we discovered who the spy in the office was and he’s already been taken care of,” he explains, hands intertwined in front of him in a formal, mature matter.

“Can we leave now?” Jungkook interrupts in a bored tone just when he was about to ask who the culprit was. He really wonders why Jungkook is here at all considering he didn’t even want to go on the trip in the first place.

“Um, actually there was something else I...I’d like to ask you two,” Namjoon says, hands tightening his tie out of instinct.

“What is it?” Taehyung asks, slightly apprehensive.

“Me and Jin were wondering if you’d like to have dinner with us,” he replies and um okay Tae did not expect that.

“What? Us? Why? No,” he says, words barely making any sense as they clash between his teeth.

“Hoseok told me you two were dating---” he lies, but he’s always been a good actor (ok that’s a blatant lie, in fact it was Jin who gave him some tips as to how to lie). They had shared each of their information on both Taehyung and Jungkook, trying hard to come with an explanation as to why they were both mad at each other. This had been Jin’s final idea to find out and Namjoon had been weary at first but he was too whipped to say no.

“He did what?” Jungkook asks, voice surprised and Tae can hear the hint of disgust in his words. He feels like an idiot for even considering being nice to him.

“As if I’d ever date *him*,” Taehyung replies with a huff, crossing his arms over his chest. He is too busy staring at his boss to notice Jungkook’s hurt flash through his eyes. But Namjoon does notice and fuck, it’s so clear now that he feels like shit for even trying this just to find out what was wrong with his brother. Either way, he did find out so it was worth the pain.

“Um, okay. I’m sorry then, I was mistaken,” he says with a pretend embarrassed sigh.

“And why did Hoseok even say that? What does an employee know?” Tae questions, eyebrows raised in confusion.

“He’s our cousin,” Namjoon explains as if it were obvious but it definitely wasn’t for Taehyung.

“Oh,” is all he says as the pieces start to piece themselves together and make actual sense. Then that’s why he’s so close to Jungkook, why they laugh together and share lunches and---he’s such an idiot.

And with that, Jungkook stands up and storms out of the office.

Namjoon can’t even be bothered to blame him this time.

“Can you stop moping for like five minutes and eat something?” Hoseok is asking Jungkook as the younger does nothing but write down on his black notebook. He’s seen the thing countless of times before, he always takes a journal with him wherever he goes and he finds it more endearing than anything else. While some people may drown their problems in alcohol or drugs, his cousin drowns them in poetry and words and rhymes and sounds...yes, his words make sound on themselves as they stumble and fall on top of one another. He’s read some of his poems, the ones he’d let him read. They were always full of emotion and felt like art against his eyes, like a painting coming to life, a wall raising on itself. That was how good he was. How good he still is, and Hoseok can only imagine how much better he could get if he only tried to leave the fucking company and make a living out of every word he’s ever written.

Jungkook doesn’t reply to his question and Hoseok is seriously starting to worry.

“Can you at least tell me what’s wrong? You first don’t answer my calls nor my texts, then you don’t even tell me you got back to Seoul. I

had to find out by Namjoon! And now you're ignoring me?" he asks, head shaking in disbelief. It's been a bit over a week since he came back from Japan and he's been acting like a recluse since. Hoseok let it slip a few times when he barely reacted to his jokes during lunch time at the office, even decided not to bring up the fact that he'd declined his calls whenever he tried to reach him, but when he started not even showing up at the office at all, he knew something was seriously wrong.

"It's not about you, okay? I'm just---writing," is all he replies, eyes not even bothering to look up from his paper.

"Yeah, I can see that. Did something happen with Taehyung?" he asks even though he knows something has to have happened with Taehyung; it's not like the younger's brain has any other name tattooed all over. Jungkook opens his mouth and closes it for a few seconds that taste like eternity in Hoseok's lips before finally blurting out,

"Besides the fact that I found out I'm in love with him the same day he clearly decided I'm not good enough to date him? Nah, not much."

Hoseok swears he feels his heart skip a few beats. He blinks; once, twice. "What!? You found out! What?! Oh my God, how the fuck could you keep this from me!?" he asks, betrayal laced deep in his voice as he shakes his head, denial clouding his vision. Of all the things he'd thought could've happened in Japan, *this* certainly wasn't in the list. His little cousin is as dense and stubborn as they get, and he thought he'd take at least one more month until finally admitting his feelings for Taehyung.

"Shh, lower your damn voice," Jungkook groans even though they're in the younger's living room and Namjoon isn't home.

"I can't! My emotions!" Hoseok whines, hands gesturing in the air, cheeks rosy with emotion. He's been waiting for this moment for way too long by now. It is sad how much he cares about his cousin's love life, but there's not much he can do about it. He wants him to be happy and Taehyung seems to do the job...well, at least when they aren't fighting like two idiots.

"It's over anyway so forget about it," he grunts, eyes back to his notebook. The black ink spills from the pages like petroleum. Hoseok stares at the words written over and over again all over the exposed paper; *enough enough enough enough enough enough*.

It's like an endless cycle, a mantra. One of the many words that Jungkook shouldn't have learnt at the young age of seven. The memory of Hoseok's uncle's red face screaming how his cousin wasn't good *enough* still haunts him to this day. He can only imagine how much of a nightmare it means for the other male.

"What?"

"I heard him talking through the phone with Jimin. He doesn't want me that way," he explains and his voice is so apathetic, entirely stolid in a way that would fool Hoseok if he hadn't spent the majority of his childhood whispering fairy tales at his cousin's ear under the warm blankets of his bed. He knows Jungkook far too well to fall under the heartless facade he enjoys putting on when things get too real.

"Is Jimin the guy from the company's party?" Hoseok asks, eyebrows knit on his clear forehead. It's an easy question, one that doesn't exactly require a forward digging into his deepest emotions. He can make his way there himself.

He remembers faintly chatting with a guy under that name and his boyfriend, was it Yoonso? Yoongo?

"Yeah, his best friend," comes Jungkook's uninterested reply.

The older heaves a sigh. He wonders if he should get paid for being so patient, if someone should give him a medal or some kind of recognition for the effort that refraining from screaming right now, is. But he dismisses the thought as soon as it appears in his head like a warning sign, feeling instantly guilty for thinking that way. He'll help his cousin find happiness regardless of how tiring it may be because he loves him and Jungkook hasn't been truly happy in forever.

"So you're just gonna give up instead of telling him how you feel?" he questions, praying for his words to come out calm and gentle instead of like a feral growl.

"I already know how he feels, why would I make a fool of myself even further? I was lucky to overhear that conversation at all. It saved me the trouble," he replies, voice still monotone and cold. Hoseok shivers despite himself. Jungkook sounds as if he's already thought of all the variables and probabilities to only find the same inevitable ending to each one. His cousin hates himself for thinking Mr. Jeon would be proud of his son right now; but he knows he would be. The capacity of such a cold-blooded gaze is all his father's product.

“For fuck’s sakes, you can’t just give up for something you heard!” he tries to rationalize with him nonetheless, teeth digging into the tender skin of the inner corner of his mouth. He can’t let Jungkook give up, not now after how far he’s gone, after all he’s been through to come clear about his feelings, to let himself feel anything remotely beautiful despite thinking he’s unworthy of such pleasures.

“Why would he lie to his best friend?”

“I don’t know the guy, he might be as dense as you are,” Hoseok shrugs because he’s seen them both fight before and they are meant for one another; so similar in some aspects and different in others. Just like love is, an infinite contradiction.

“Stop it, it’s over. He deserves someone better,” Jungkook finishes, voice final, the bobbing of his adam’s apple like a full stop on a sentence that shouldn’t have been spoken in the first place.

Hoseok can’t help himself when he says, “Just because your father has told you---”

The younger huffs a laugh the kind old politicians practice in front of a mirror to fool the crowd into believing they’re capable of mercy. “Don’t.”

Hoseok hates this Jungkook, this person with such ferocity in his irises that shouldn’t reside in a person’s morning gaze. As soon as you wake up is when you’re the most vulnerable, the most exposed to your natural self. And this isn’t Jungkook’s natural anything.

But he’s had experience with this Jungkook, too and he knows just what to say and which buttons to push to make him snap out of it. “I actually came here because I heard he was going to talk to Taehyung. Probably about the trip---”

Jungkook’s eyes fill with color, emotion, raw surprise mixed with mild panic and a hint of fear, in the span of a millisecond. “No way,” he utters through tight lips, the hold on his pen even tighter.

His cousin stares at him with fake confusion, silently urging him to elaborate.

“Taehyung can’t meet him, Hoseok.”

And Hoseok knows why he doesn’t want Taehyung to meet Mr. Jeon. If it were up to Hoseok, even himself would never see his uncle ever

again, but it's not like he'd ever dare leaving Jungkook trapped in that damn office alone for his father to feed from.

"Kookie---" he begins, the old nickname bringing a thousand memories back. He's closing the gap between them as if his words could dig deeper by just getting closer to the younger.

"No. I can't even begin to stress how much Taehyung can't meet him, do you hear me?" he asks, hands balled up into fists. Hoseok feels guilty for bringing the subject up at all, but at least now Jungkook isn't pretending anymore. They both know there's no way Mr. Jeon wants to meet Taehyung simply to chat about the trip. He isn't Namjoon, he considers himself too important to handle those minor issues.

He stares at him with pitiful eyes, mouth down at the sides in a grimace. "It's not going to change how he sees you..." he says in a soft voice, hoping it somehow reaches him.

"It may make everything worse," Jungkook mumbles, eyes lost in the word written on his notebook like a permanent reminder of his downfall.

"No, it won't. He knows you better than whatever your stupid, fucked-up father may say," he continues, eyes hard at the thought of that man and the possible things he could tell Taehyung.

"You know him, Hoseok. It's not just what he says," his words are a whisper that gets lost inside his apartment, slamming against the walls soundlessly.

For the first time in years, Hoseok feels truly useless.

"It's really an honour to finally meet you, Mr. Jeon," Taehyung says, the words feel like sand against his tongue but he can't bring himself to stop them from leaving his pursed lips. He can't risk making a bad first impression with the funder and owner of Bangtan, regardless of how he may feel about everything he knows about the man.

He pretends he doesn't see the lines around his eyes that are the same as the ones around his son's eyes whenever he would throw a tantrum. The resemblance isn't terrifyingly similar, but he can see they're related by their eyes; intimidating, aggressive, they hold an undeniable superiority that fades in Jungkook's irises whenever he's

staring at something he values. Taehyung thinks Mr. Jeon's eyes are probably unable to ever make it fade.

His suit is a deep navy blue and just by looking at it for a few seconds one can tell how expensive and fancy it is. The fabric looks like something soft and velvety that he could never afford, and the white shirt underneath is immaculate, the tie a spotless black. It makes Taehyung feel cheap and tacky in his own old grey suit.

And of course, his office. If he'd thought Namjoon's was out of this world, Mr. Jeon's is like the king's chamber in the realm. Everything is in a dark, intimidating hue. The lights are dim, the desk in the middle of the room is bigger and more prominent than it probably should be. The office has no windows whatsoever, despite having the opportunity to have the best view in the entire building.

"Thank you, I'm glad we could finally meet up," he smiles, and he looks so sincere that Taehyung is taken aback for a moment. "Your notes helped our company enormously, you're a very assiduous employee."

Tae tries to remember the meaning of that word but fails.

"I was just doing my job, sir. But the compliment is greatly appreciated," the younger replies with a court nod, lips twitching as he deliberates whether he should smile or not. He's too nervous and shaken up to think clearly.

Mr. Jeon makes the decision for him when the smile he had put on seconds ago vanishes from his face like it was never there to begin with. The change in his expression is so abrupt that Taehyung can't help the widening of his eyes nor the swallowing of his throat.

"I have understood that my son accompanied you on the trip, is that right?" questions the mid-age man, though it sounds more like a statement than a question on itself.

The last thing he feels like doing is discussing Jungkook with the guy's father and his boss's boss at that, but there's not much he can do about it.

"Yes..." he mumbles, trying hard not to let his eyes wander around the office. It's hard to stare right back at Mr. Jeon, for there are thousands of secrets tangled up through the dark brown of his irises and it makes goosebumps grow in Taehyung's skinny arms. But he does it anyway, to show some fake strength or some absurd defiance,

he doesn't know.

"Did he invite anyone over? He tends to do that a lot," he says with indifference, but it's the sheer disappointment on his voice that makes Taehyung's own eyes harden. This is the man that stole Jungkook's dreams to fill his pockets with selfishness. This is the man that relishes in the fact his youngest son is suffering only six floors down. And that's when Taehyung knows; this meeting isn't about him at all.

"Um no, he didn't."

He didn't need to. He had me.

"Indubitably?" he arches an eyebrow so high it makes Tae think the hair must be fake. His movements seem planned, not random in the slightest but actually thought-through. It scares him. Mr. Jeon opens a drawer then and Taehyung faintly wonders if he's going to take a gun out and shoot him. He doesn't even know why such an awful thought makes its way through his mind. When the man takes out a bottle the size of his arm though, he flinches. "Want some scotch? It's rather piquant."

Taehyung has never heard that word in his life before. It could mean poison for all he knows.

"Sure," he says anyway because it feels wrong to say no. Mr. Jeon smiles at this and pours some of the brown, golden liquid in a glass before pushing it in his direction. Taehyung holds it in his hands and sighs in relief when they aren't shaking. He doesn't intend to drink it, not really but his boss is staring at him intently, waiting for him to take a sip. It's all the more awkward and poisonous in his mind when he notices the other man isn't having any.

He smiles a clipped smile before raising the glass carefully to his mouth. The glass itself is thick and smooth, it probably costs more than his bed at home and the scotch that looks old and heavenly is presumably worth half of his paycheck. His tongue curls around the strong taste of alcohol and he winces, mouth not used to the hard flavor.

And yet, it's surprisingly delicious.

"Supreme, isn't it?" Mr. Jeon grins like a cat and Taehyung nods in silence, tongue still savoring the taste that clings to the walls of his mouth. "Ergo, are you having intercourse with my son?"

And Taehyung really shouldn't have had another sip. He was being gluttonous and foolish and of course he spits the expensive liquid out, inevitably coughing at Mr. Jeon's sudden intimate question. He doesn't even want to know how he found out who his son is fucking, let alone to know he found out he's fucking *him*. Is this why he called him? Why he put the damn 1800's scotch bottle out? What's wrong with this man?

"That's a rather exorbitant scotch to be spitting it out, Mr. Kim," he says but he sounds more amused than anything else.

"I apologize. I---why did you...?" he doesn't finish his question, isn't quite sure how he should phrase the 'What the actual fuck is this meeting about?' without potentially losing his job.

"Let's not act cunning. I know for a fact you and my son have been engaging in a purely sexual relationship for the last few months."

"I don't know who told you---"

"That's unimportant, irrelevant to the matter at hand," he waves a hand in the air dismissively, the gesture crude, his hands wrinkled and calloused and downright mean.

"With all due respect, sir, what is the matter at hand?" Taehyung asks, eyelashes ghosting over his cheekbones.

"I think your lack of respect for this company has been shown through your actions, don't you agree, Mr. Kim?" Mr. Jeon questions and even has the audacity to finish his words with a curl of his mouth that most people would call a smirk. It's nothing like Jungkook's though, which has a hint of pure amusement and a touch of tenderness. Mr. Jeon seems incapable of such emotions unless they have an ulterior motive.

Taehyung finally sets the glass down on the desk, careless about the fragile crystal for a moment, mind too busy and too mad, hands too shaky and too out of control, eyes too focused and also not quite focused at all. He sees red.

"I beg to differ. The people I have sex with have nothing to do with my abilities here in the company, nor have ever presented an issue in my performance in the office. So let me ask you, Mr. Jeon, how is this any of *your* business?" he inquires, throat tight, eyes wide open, mouth warm like the blood bubbling in his veins.

Mr. Jeon stares back at him with finality. "It is my business when

you're having sex with *my* son."

Taehyung stands up at that. "How dare you call him your son when you've done nothing but---"

"You better measure your next words carefully if you want to keep your job," Mr. Jeon says, threats, growls, the words leaving those previously charming lips and turning them into something dark and horrible and *wrong*. Taehyung stares at his eyes with focus, trying to decipher what it is that makes Mr. Jeon look so utterly villainous. It's not simply the way he seems to be continuously trying to meddle in his son's private life; as abrupt and out of place as he is acting, Taehyung could manage to understand that. But the way he talks, moves, gestures, it just makes the younger feel like the sound of his voice alone is a chilly, lonely night without a coat to wrap around your shoulders, it's that screeching tree in a quiet cemetery, that piece of furniture that keeps on making weird sounds during a rainy midnight.

And he can barely imagine what it would be like to have this man as a father.

"I should go, then. I am not sure how long I can keep certain words in. It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jeon," he lies, the words bitter in his mouth. As he turns to leave, he hears an also bitter laugh resound in the office.

"I am quite positive we'll be meeting again, Mr. Kim. Have a good evening," he can hear the cruel smirk on his face but doesn't give him the satisfaction to see the prominent frown etched on his forehead. He simply walks away, feeling like he just understood another piece of Jungkook better.

Taehyung finds Jungkook waiting by the door of his apartment when he's back from the office that same night. He wonders for an instant if he's dreaming since he's been making appearances in his dreams quite often lately. They're never quite this vivid though, and the younger tends to only look this wrecked in bed.

"What did he tell you?" he asks as soon as he sees him approaching, his eyes hooded.

Taehyung's keys make a metallic sound on his hands. He frowns. "Nothing, why---?"

“Whatever he told you it’s a lie,” Jungkook rushes to say, eyes wide with panic, jaw clenching. And as mad and upset and confused Taehyung is, he can’t bring himself to do anything but pity the poor young man in front of him. He realizes in that moment how much Jungkook actually cares for what people think of him. For such a careless attitude he shows to the world, there’s a soft, scared little boy hidden behind that cold mask. Tae is surprised by how hard his heart clenches at the thought of a defenseless, lonely kid who only needed love in his childhood but only got a merciless man who did nothing but torture him.

And how many other Jungkooks must there be around the world, waiting for someone to save them? And what about his mother? Did she ever do anything, where is she? Is she dead?

“Jungkook, you don’t actually think I’d ever believe that man over you, do you?” he asks, voice careful and gentle, not wanting to startle him since he seems pretty shaken up already.

The younger’s eyes widen even more at his words, as if surprised to receive such kindness from Taehyung. They haven’t talked in over a week, which wouldn’t be a novelty if it wasn’t for the fact they were supposedly trying to get along. Tae won’t lie; Jungkook’s sudden silent treatment had hurt. But he decided to move past it and focus on his work instead. After all, it wasn’t like he’d done anything remotely wrong.

But here is Jungkook, all pleading eyes and stuttery lips, wet eyelashes and ruffled hair. He smells of that expensive cologne that Taehyung has missed dearly. *Missed* . To miss anything besides the sex is a new emotion, something he can’t quite understand, something he will dismiss because he is Taehyung and Taehyung refuses to put names on things he cannot understand.

“I’m sorry I just...I keep fucking up, you must hate me,” Jungkook’s chuckle is sad and sounds wrong coming from him, wrong after Tae witnessed the amount of amazing sounds that he could emit from his mouth.

He misses his laughter.

“I don’t think I could even if I tried,” Taehyung answers honestly, right shoulder raising and falling in a careless gesture though this is all far from careless.

And I’ve tried.

Jungkook stares at him in astonishment, head tilted slightly to the right in an adorable manner. "But you used to hate me."

Tae laughs at that, memories of their silly fighting flashing through his head like an old movie. Perhaps he shouldn't go as far as calling it silly when it would corrupt his everyday life and fuck with his head. He's suddenly reminded of Jimin's words over the phone, his best friend asking him why did he think it'd been so easy for the two of them to get along in Japan; the change wasn't done in the blink of an eye but it was so easy and it came so natural for them to banter like old friends instead of enemies. And so he says, "It was hardly hate."

And Jungkook's eyes are pleading harder than ever before, begging as he looks at Taehyung and wishes for so much that he cannot have. He wishes he could hold him against his chest, tighter than he's allowed, hands trembling stupidly as he pushes his fair hair back from his forehead to stare at those beautiful, hypnotizing brown eyes of his. Jungkook wishes he could whisper sweet nothings against his ear and for his feelings not to be so utterly wrong. He wishes, wishes...wishing is all he ever does...

He licks his lips, takes a deep breath. He can do this, it's what needs to be done and isn't that what his father has wanted from him ever since he was born? To do what needs to be done regardless of how painful it may be. *Because god knows, feelings are overrated, right dad?*

"We...we shouldn't do this anymore," he blurts out then, eyes shutting as the words leave his lips, unable to meet Taehyung's eyes. A pang in his chest, a complain at the back of his mind, a voice saying ' *what the fuck are you doing? he's all we got* . '

"What? Is this because of your father? He came to me, I didn't---" Tae tries to explain because he'll be damned if that creepy old man breaks this---whatever this is that they have between them. He doesn't know why he cares so much when he was the one trying to break things off before. But that *was* before. Things have changed now, haven't they? That must be why he feels like his heart is going to explode any minute now.

"No, it's not about him. I just think it's for the best," Jungkook replies, trying hard not to lie because he doesn't want things to end like that.

Taehyung snorts, putting the keys away on his pocket and crossing his arms over his chest stubbornly. "The best for whom?"

The younger visibly swallows. "For me," he confesses, which again

isn't a lie.

"Oh," the older whispers, eyes wide in realization. He takes a deep breath and then, "I didn't know I was that much of a bother."

Jungkook wants so badly to reach out and touch him because those three meters that separate them seem endless right now.

"Tae---no, that's not it at all," he says, hand raising and falling when he realizes what of a mistake it would be to touch the older at all. He's his weakness and the last thing he needs is to be weak right now; it's already a struggle to do what he's doing when Taehyung is making it so hard. He thought it'd be easy, he thought he wouldn't care all that much about them breaking their arrangement when the idea of dating him disgusted him so much.

"Really? What is it then?" he challenges him instead, eyebrow raising in defiance.

"I can't...I should go. Just take care, okay?" the younger tries, gulping. He could simply walk away and this would be all over. For good. He'd rip all the pages of his journal apart and leave holes shaped like Taehyung's bony wrists, holes that smell like his hair and taste like his skin. He'd rip it all with angry fingers and even angrier nails, digging into the white paper with abandon because look how far it's gotten him, look where he is. All of his passion, his infinite love for words and yet he can't find a single one to describe how he's feeling right now. Can't even find the right words to say when he's standing in front of the endless beauty that is Kim Taehyung.

But as he turns to leave, said man stops him on his tracks, freezing him mid-movement.

"Wait, no! You're not leaving like this. At least tell me what the fuck is going on. First you get all cold at the hotel, then you don't talk to me for over a week and now you want to break things off without giving me an explanation? Fuck you," Tae curses because it feels right, after days of nothing feeling quite fucking right, this does. He's burning all over, cheeks warmer with the rushing blood as he stares back at Jungkook and his precious doe eyes. How does he manage to look so gorgeous and calm while he's so damn mad and messed up?

The younger heaves a sigh, the weight of the world upon his shoulders as he utters, "I didn't mean for any of this to happen, okay? It's not my fault," he raises his eyes to look back at him as he says the last words, as if daring him to contradict him.

“What is happening? Tell me and I’ll---”

“And you’ll what? Fix it? You can’t fix it, Taehyung,” Jungkook explains, frustration flowing through his every breath.

The older bites the inside of his cheek, arms wrapped tighter around himself every passing second. He wonders if he’s subconsciously trying to literally hold himself together. “Oh yeah, and how do you know that?”

“Because I don’t want you anymore!” Jungkook yells then, unable to hold the lie that has been tempting his tongue, burning his insides for longer than it should’ve been. He didn’t want to say it, didn’t want to end things like this, with lies clinging to their skin and sipping down their throats. And yet he knew Taehyung needed an answer if he was going to let him leave, needed to put a name to this thing that has nothing to do with him and everything to do with Jungkook and his uncontrollable feelings.

He can see the pain flash through the older’s eyes. He can see him trying to conceal his hurt pride and failing. He can see his lips opening to say something and closing when the words don’t reach his lips. He can see him huff, glance at his sides. He wonders if Taehyung is waiting for him to apologize, to retreat, to fix this.

But neither of them can fix something that wasn’t broken to begin with.

And so after what seems like an eternity but is in reality a few seconds, Taehyung spits, “Bullshit.”

Jungkook almost laughs; he’s *that* confused. “What?”

“You heard me. *Bullshit*. There’s no way you don’t want me anymore,” Tae shrugs and this time the gesture is as natural and careless as he feels. It did hurt to hear those words but then again, it’s been almost five months since they started doing this thing, doesn’t the younger know by now he can tell when he’s lying? Not that he’d need to considering how fake his words are. No one can look at him with those lustful, intense eyes and tell him he doesn’t want him. It was less than two weeks ago that they could barely keep their hands to themselves, how does he expect him to believe in this sudden change of heart?

“Aren’t you a little confident?” Jungkook inquires, eyebrows raised in bafflement.

“Aren’t you a big fucking liar?” Taehyung asks back, eyes narrowed. He ignores the slight hesitancy deep inside him that wonders if maybe, if perhaps Jungkook really doesn’t want him anymore.

“Whatever, I’m not lying.”

“Oh yeah?” Taehyung asks, walking towards him decidedly despite the doubt. Jungkook eyes him suspiciously, feet retreating as his pulse quickens.

“Yeah,” he replies with fake confidence. With every step Tae takes in his direction, Jungkook takes one in the other. He doesn’t dare let his eyes wander around the hallway, doesn’t dare to look at anything but Taehyung right now, who is staring at him with the hint of a smirk upon his pink lips, a drop of calculation lingering in his moves. He watches as the older pushes his teeth over his lower lip, tongue rubbing the reddened surface quickly afterwards.

When Jungkook’s back finally hits the wall behind him, he closes his eyes as he feels Taehyung’s hand hold his waist in place, caging him in. “You see, I find it extremely hard to believe,” he murmurs, almost purring against his ear, tongue slightly grazing his earlobe sensually. “When you still need me like this,” he continues, left hand traveling from his neck through his abdomen, down towards his cock. Everything happens so fast and Taehyung’s touch feels so good and god, Jungkook is so weak.

“Tae---don’t do this to me,” he pathetically pleads, eyes tightly closed.

“Tell me the truth then. Why do you want to stop?” he wonders, voice husky and deep in a way that sends a shiver down Jungkook’s spine.

Jungkook shakes his head, “You don’t want to know.”

“I do, tell me,” he presses both his body and his voice, into him.

And Jungkook wonders then, would it really be that bad if he found out?

He opens his eyes, slowly, carefully, eyelashes teasing the tender skin below his eyes. He licks his lips, Taehyung refrains from staring at anything but his beautiful eyes. His right hand presses against the wall besides Jungkook while his left digs its fingers into his hip, the touch bordering on painful. He can almost taste Jungkook’s nerves and it only helps to confuse him and interest him even further.

“So?” he asks, impatience getting the best of him. He doesn’t know how long will he be able to go without kissing those lips, only less than two inches away from his mouth. And once he does, he knows that talking will be the last of his concerns. He mildly wonders why Jungkook hasn’t thought of that idea, why he isn’t distracting him with his body to get away from the interrogation. But of course, isn’t that the last thing he wants? To fuck Taehyung? And yet, why? What changed?

Jungkook tastes blood. Tae does look down then, the prominent and sudden color that clings to the younger’s lower lip, startling him. He sighs, thumb wiping the lip clean. “Told you to stop.”

“I don’t always listen to you,” the younger replies like a little scolded kid.

“No shit, just tell me what’s going on,” he insists, eyes boring into him.

And so Jungkook opens his mouth to answer.

“I l---”

And then the door bursts open.

Chapter End Notes

Heey! I know, kinda late but school is just so damn ugh and I couldn't write for a few days but here it is! And it's 8k long so hopefully it'll make up for it.

Hope you guys liked it! The angst is slowly coming but bear with me, taekook will get there eventually.

Don't forget to comment, I love reading what you guys think! Also, I can't believe we almost reached 1000 kudos! Thank you sooo much.

Oh, and you should also check out my new text-fic with @edenderry ! It's called Closed Lips (and open wounds); it's a taekook one of course haha. It's not your typical texting fic, we actually have so much planned out already and it's really exciting so go take a look! (:

Follow me on Twitter where I usually tweet about BTS trash and when I'm going to update n.n

@JinAteMyName

Mamihlapinatapei

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mamihlapinatapei: A wordless yet meaningful look shared by two people who both desire to initiate something but are both reluctant to start.

There are a few moments in life in which you see yourself falling in an endless void and there's nothing you can do that will save you from the inevitable crash against its depths.

Taehyung was falling when Jungkook was about to speak, about to finally reveal the words he's been hiding for who knows how long.

But then the door burst open, an invisible hand holding him up and dragging him back to the surface.

Taehyung turns around at the abrupt sound, cursing internally as he sees his best friend holding a bag of trash in one hand, eyes wide as he scans the situation he just interrupted. Jungkook is still being held against the wall as he eyes the two friends who stare at each other with very different expressions. He sighs, taking advantage of Taehyung's distraction and pushing him off him.

"Wait, Jungkook," the older quickly reacts not without sending one last glare at Jimin as if saying 'look what you've done'. He reaches out to grab the younger's arm and stop him on his tracks, but he's faster than him and before he can even catch up to him on the hallway, he's already walking down the stairs, not even waiting for the elevator to come. *He wants to get away that fast.*

Taehyung bites at his lip and slowly turns around, Jimin sending him an apologetic smile as he says, "I'm so sorry, I just had to get the trash out. I didn't know you two---"

Tae groans, shaking his head in disbelief. "Just five more minutes. I swear Jimin, five more minutes and he'd---"

"He'd what?" Jimin asks, right eyebrow raised in curiosity.

What was he about to say?

"I don't know," he sighs resigned, as he approaches the door. "He said he doesn't want me anymore but I don't believe him. There's something he's not telling me."

"Find out, then," Jimin shrugs, opening the door for Taehyung to walk through as he starts making his way down the hallway Jungkook has previously been in.

"Oh, I will," Tae nods, a smile tempting his lips despite his mood.

The thing is, he doesn't. Approaching Jungkook at the office is futile; he really doesn't want to have anything else to do with him. And what other way does he have to find out than the guy himself? It's not like anyone else knows the answer he keeps locked inside. And Taehyung tries. He does, but the younger keeps pushing him away with excuses until not even his assistant lets him knock on his door. It's like being exiled.

After a week goes by though, Taehyung thinks he better just move on. There's only so much he can endure either way. He's tired of watching from afar as Hoseok and Jungkook joke around during lunch and wishing he could have Japan all over again. He can't. But he's cold during the night, his blankets thin, his skin and lips missing the touch and pleasure only Jungkook could grant him. He hadn't realized how much he needed him, how at ease he had become around the younger.

Seokjin is sending him an apologetic look from across the couch, eyes soft as he tells him Namjoon is coming over later for dinner. Taehyung doesn't feel like seeing his boss in the slightest, but he nods anyway because the way Jin's eyes shine whenever he says the other's name is too beautiful to snatch it away simply because he's bitter. Seokjin squeezes his hand before walking off towards the kitchen, claiming dinner would take a lot of time to prepare.

Taehyung sighs and wonders if he could scurry off the apartment without nobody noticing.

"Go get the door for me, will you?" Jin asks Taehyung with a saccharine smile, hands busy as he takes a batter out of the fridge and immediately starts mixing it with another batter of the same color that

was previously in the microwave. Tae frowns, not understanding what the hell is going on in the kitchen as he heads for the door.

He tried getting away a few hours ago but Jin quickly shook his head at him and literally placed him on the kitchen counter like a little kid. He hasn't let him out of his sight since.

He takes a deep breath, opening the door widely, ready to find his boss holding a bottle of wine or some cheesy thing like that. What he doesn't expect, though, is to find Namjoon *and* Jungkook waiting by the door.

"Hey, Taehyung!" Namjoon smiles, honorifics be damned as he displays his dimples for everyone to see and walks inside the apartment like he owns it.

Jungkook looks awkward and out of place and like he wasn't expecting Taehyung to open the door at all, which is ironic considering he's the one who tagged along to come to his own house.

"Hey...what are you doing here?" Taehyung asks, unable to help himself though not trying to sound rude because this is probably the best chance he has to actually talk to him.

"I...didn't know you'd be here. Hyung said you---" Jungkook begins, eyes wide as he tries to catch his brother's eye to no avail, for he is too busy making Jin laugh in the kitchen, digging his index finger in the batter and placing it in his mouth which makes Jin both blush and hit him in the butt with a spatula---what the fuck?

"That's why you came. Because you thought I wouldn't be here," the older says and so Jungkook looks back at him. His voice is monotone as he ignores the pang of hurt in his chest. He shouldn't give a shit. He does give a shit.

"Yeah...kind of," he answers, hand awkwardly scratching at his neck.

Taehyung swallows.

"We should talk."

"I should go say hi," Jungkook corrects him but he's already shaking his head.

"No need."

“Hey guys,” he says as he leaves Taehyung there anyway, approaching Jimin and Yoongi first who are snuggled up in the couch playing some game in Jimin’s shitty phone. They both look away to salute Jungkook, Jimin sending Tae a frown from his position against Yoongi’s chest. Taehyung shakes his head again in reply...or perhaps he never stopped.

“Dinner is ready!” Seokjin announces in between loud, ridiculous laughter. Namjoon helps him with the food, the rest walking towards the table with hungry eyes.

To say it’s awkward would be the understatement of the year. No one speaks for the first few minutes, too busy eating and praising Jin on his cooking skills. There’s only so much you can say about jajangmyeon though.

“So, how are things with Minjae going?” Jin nudges Taehyung then, eyes not quite looking away from his food. The younger frowns at him, thoroughly confused by the sudden question which is currently being heard by everyone at the table.

“What?”

“He keeps asking about you. You guys have to reschedule that date,” Jimin pipes in then from his seat across from him. Taehyung sees Jimin’s sly smile and that’s enough to know this is all a little bit planned. He refrains from rolling his eyes because seriously, he doesn’t need their help to win Jungkook back. Even the idea of having to ‘win him back’ makes him want to scream. This is too *high school* for all of them.

“Oh, yeah..sure,” he shrugs nonchalantly because correcting them feels even worse.

He doesn’t notice Jungkook’s intense, pressing eyes on him.

And then Namjoon decides to open his big mouth as well, “Jungkook here keeps on going on and on about Yugyeom. I bet he’s gonna pop the question soon.”

“What question?” Taehyung asks before he can tell his mouth to shut the fuck up, before his brain can process the fact he should not care, he should so not care.

“Oh, you know, make it official and all,” his boss grins, eyebrows waggling suggestively. Jungkook stares at his brother, confused and taken aback by his words. He opens his mouth to contradict him but all he manages to get out is, “....that’s not---” before his hyung is kicking him under the table and gesturing very subtly at Taehyung (not subtly at all), whose eyes are casted down towards his lap like a sad kid.

Jungkook shakes his head, even rolls his eyes because really, does Namjoon think he ever stood a chance to have his feelings requited? It’s absurd, stupid and senseless. Namjoon is just being the idiot he’s always been.

Jin clears his throat then. “Anyway---”

“What is going on?” Yoongi asks, frowning at everyone in confusion, not understanding anything that is going on around him from the tense atmosphere to the stolen glances that Jungkook and Taehyung keep sending each other, always quite missing one another.

“What do you mean, *sweetie* ?” Jimin questions, eyes hard at his boyfriend, clearly telling him to shut up and eat his food. The older gulps.

“Nevermind...” he mumbles, getting back to his dinner.

“Oh, I forgot the tteokbokki,” Jin says all of the sudden, raising from the table.

“I’ll help you,” Taehyung stands up as well, biting his lip as he follows the older towards the kitchen without waiting for a reply. “Why on earth would you invite them over?” he whisper-yells at Jin once they’re both alone behind the protection of the closed door. He can still hear the faint voices coming from the living room where the table is. He thinks he hears Jimin’s laughter carrying through the silent walls.

“I invited Joon, I didn’t know he’d bring Jungkook,” Jin shrugs as he takes the tteokbokki dish out of a pan.

Tae huffs, unconvinced as he crosses his arms over his chest. “Yeah, right.”

“Whatever, just take this,” Seokjin orders and who is Taehyung to say no? Also, it’d be kind of weird to get back there without anything after he offered to help Jin.

Back at the table, Namjoon stares at Jungkook with pitiful eyes. The younger can't even hide the evident sadness in the sag of his shoulders, the disappointment in the quiet bat of his eyelashes and the barely contained emotion in the pressure of his fingers that he increases every few seconds, tightening his hold on the chopsticks he hasn't even used for their real purpose.

Namjoon makes small talk with Jimin who is all wide grins and smiley eyes, which keep jumping to his younger brother who is too busy staring at the wall to notice. Yoongi adds some comments as well, and for such a quiet guy he has plenty of interesting remarks to make. Jungkook is looking down at his phone when Jin gets back in the room and sits down in his seat, sending Namjoon a wink that is more charm than anything else. Once Taehyung is back in the room though, Jungkook instantly tenses. Namjoon can't quite understand how he even realizes the older is back when the voices muffle the sound of his feet and his doe eyes are still glued to his phone.

"So, what were you all talking about?" Tae asks, smiling so hard his cheeks hurt. Jimin sends him a weird look, eyes narrowing in suspicion.

"I didn't know your friend here had a dance studio," his boss replies easily after taking a long sip from his wine.

"Oh yes, he's really talented!" Taehyung grins then, eyes twinkling under the yellowish light coming from the ceiling. Namjoon's lip twitches upward when he sees out of the corner of his eye how Jungkook stares at Taehyung, phone long forgotten in his hands. He can't describe the raw emotion in the younger's eyes. He's never seen anyone so enamoured in his life.

"It's not a big deal. I'm sure what you guys do is much more difficult and requires some brain capacity I lack," Jimin laughs the compliment off like he usually does but both Taehyung and Yoongi know he thrives for praising.

"You're skilled *and* smart, baby," Yoongi says anyway, leaning over to his right to kiss his boyfriend's temple adorably.

"Shut up," Jimin blushes brightly and they all laugh at the endearing moment. Taehyung steals a glance at Jungkook whose eyes are now once again focused on his phone. He sighs, the sound soft and barely audible but Jin hears it anyway, his lips pouting as he sees how his and Namjoon's plan may be failing enormously. He sends the younger

a look from across the table, eyebrows drawn tightly in consternation. Namjoon shrugs in reply as if saying 'I'm as lost as you are'.

And so Seokjin takes the matter into his own hands. "I forgot the dessert! How silly am I?" he asks with a laugh.

"It can wait, we've barely begun eating," Yoongi says but Jimin sends him another of his intense looks and he frowns, head tilting in confusion.

"I forgot to um, prepare it," Seokjin continues lying.

"Oh, we can help you!" Jimin replies with sudden enthusiasm, following Jin's lead as he stands up. "Yoongi, come on, we have to help Jin in the kitchen."

His boyfriend chews and swallows audibly before letting out a whine. "But---"

"You too, Joonie! All hands are needed," Jin smiles and Namjoon nods as he stands too, walking towards the kitchen with the other three. Their voices are quieted down when Jin closes the door, not without sending Tae a conspiratorial wink.

Taehyung stares after them, mouth open in disbelief. *Those fucking sons of bitches.*

He gulps before turning towards Jungkook who is already looking at him.

"We should talk," the older blurts out *again* before his courage gets up and joins the rest in the kitchen.

Jungkook looks as if that's the last thing he wants to do right now. It probably is.

"I should leave," he proposes instead *again*, as if Taehyung would ever settle for that.

"No, we should talk," he insists, hands balled in tight fists at his sides. The nails faintly digging into the tender skin of his palms is the only thing he can do not to slap Jungkook across the face. Maybe he should, but something tells him it wouldn't get him any answers.

"Taehyung---" he starts but he'll be damned if he thinks he'll let him finish that sentence.

“Why are you doing this?” he asks, swallowing a sigh, a scream, a cry.

Jungkook’s frown deepens. He licks his lips and then, “What do you mean?”

Why did you leave? Why do you keep leaving? What did I do wrong?

But he swallows those words, too. If he were to open his mouth and let them out, he’d be opening a door he isn’t sure he’s ready for. He can see the doorknob shaking in his head each time he sees Jungkook and his damn eyes and his stupid smile and his breath-fucking-taking laughter.

Tae bites the corner of his mouth, eyes heading towards the light hanging from the high ceiling of the apartment. Its brightness flickers in and out of sight for a few seconds reminding him of his bravery; so fleeting and evanescent that he should grasp it between his fingers before it slips away to never come back.

And so he opens his mouth, forces his lips to curl around the words that he dreads to voice out, the ones hidden and kicked at the corner of his mind he rarely lets himself visit.

“You never stopped hating me. Is that it?” and so he asks the question he’s been afraid to ask since he last saw him.

Jungkook’s own mouth opens as he looks back at Taehyung, speechless for a moment in which the silence is so thick and heavy around them that it grows goosebumps in the older’s arms. Jungkook looks so unbearably pained and puzzled at the same time, unable to comprehend Taehyung’s words because in which world could he hate him? In which world was any of it ever hate?

“I don’t hate you, Taehyung,” he sighs, at odds with himself because what can he really do in this situation? He wasn’t even supposed to see him today, wasn’t supposed to have all these unspoken words between them, those that insist on clinging to his lips and yet refuse to actually let go of his mouth, those that he runs away from during the day but comes back to at night to pour them into paper and pray for them to leave him alone.

“Then why---” Tae tries but Jungkook cuts him off before he can even get to the end of the sentence.

“I already told you. You don’t believe me,” is all he says, a shrug joining the mix of lies that he spits at him. Taehyung attempts not to

be offended by the fact the younger is still lying to his face, but fails.

"You really are gonna keep saying that? Come on, tell me the truth," he pushes, heart beating loud against his ribcage.

Jungkook buries his face in his hands, the skin of his palms warm and welcoming but the skinship feels like a betrayal when it's not Taehyung's. He can't quite pinpoint the moment his feelings became so strong and powerful enough to turn his life upside down. Is love supposed to feel this way? Like yelling into an endless abyss while knowing your voice may never reach the bottom? Because that's how Jungkook feels right now; as if he were screaming at Taehyung all those words he's been hiding for who knows how long, powerless and defenseless, pathetically vulnerable whenever he's standing in front of that pair of deep brown eyes.

"You don't want to hear it," he confesses, voice quiet in the silent room. The walls seem too far from them, the ceiling too high in the sky as it meets the stars. They both forget there are four other people hiding inside the kitchen and probably trying to eavesdrop into their conversation. They can't though, not when these two are only a few meters apart, their voices carrying only through the small distance that separates them.

And yet they feel so far away from each other.

"I'm literally asking for that," Taehyung replies, eyes slightly hard as they set on the younger's fidgety hands. *Why is he so nervous? What is he hiding?*

"Yes but---believe me, you don't want to know," he insists, head shaking, unsure gaze meeting the other's.

"What is it? Are you dying or some shit?" Tae asks then, knowing full well he most probably isn't but getting a bit damn tired of this game they're playing anyway.

Jungkook startles at his words, eyes big in almost comic astonishment. "What? Of course not!"

"Then why can't you just---"

"Forget it, I'm leaving," he stands up, quickly heading to the door and he's slipping from his fingers again, slipping slipping...

No.

Taehyung rushes towards him, feet moving fast, eyes slightly dizzy for getting up so abruptly from the table. He gets a hold of his arm anyway, twirls him around as if they were dancing tango and eyes him with such need it breaks a bit of Jungkook's heart, tugs at the cracks already drawn over his pulse, threatens to unclasp the words from his pursed lips and let them go, go and head home in Taehyung's open ears. "Jeon, *please* ," the older begs because he's already given his dignity up, wrapped a nice looking bow around it and all.

Jungkook raises his hand, thumb catching in the older's soft cheekbone. "Tae..." the gesture and the nickname drip a sweetness and a tenderness unknown to Taehyung. He relishes in the touch and leans against it, wanting more, needing more. Jungkook lets himself believe they could have this everyday if they wanted to. "I think I..."

"You what?" Taehyung asks, feeling the younger's warm breath fan his face, heart beating even faster in his chest as he looks back at him.

Jungkook sighs, exhausted. How long is he going to keep doing this to himself? He can't have this, can't let himself even try. Not when just looking at Taehyung hurts.

"I'll miss you," he finishes, which are the truest words he's ever said.

Taehyung looks down in disappointment, not even attempting to hide, deny and conceal the emotion as he usually would.

"You don't have to miss me. You can have me," he mumbles though the words feel like sand against his tongue as Jungkook's hand leaves his face. He feels cold.

"You should date Minjae," the younger suggests, more and more unsaid words adhering to his body like a second skin. Taehyung is pure inspiration for him; and everyone knows that getting your heart broken creates a whole new language in your brain, one that you can work with to create blissful art. Maybe that's why he's doing this, perhaps it's a sick way of having more nights spent writing in his notebook and clinging to the pages with the older's name scribbled in bold letters, as if they were his sanctuary.

But Taehyung is so far from understanding the turmoil of emotions inside Jungkook.

"So you can date Yugyeom? Is that it?" he questions, eyebrows pulled together in what could either be a frown or a sarcastic gesture.

“No, but he’s probably better for you,” he lies because he doesn’t even know who that Minjae guy is but he’s presumably less shitty at handling feelings and falling in love too quickly than he is.

“I prefer you,” Taehyung says, probably more out of his stubbornness than because he really does prefer him. Or at least that’s what Jungkook thinks.

“You prefer my body,” he shrugs again, eyes staring at the tempting door for a few seconds, wishing he could leave and finish this painful conversation. Maybe he could make a run for it...

“No... *you*,” Taehyung replies and Jungkook’s thoughts about leaving are thrown down the stairs as he stares back at the older with confusion and utter perplexity.

“What?”

Tea swallows the lump in his throat and grasps his fading bravery, holds it close to his chest like a blooming flower during winter. “I said I---”

“No! Yoongi get back in here!” Jimin’s voice cuts Taehyung off as his boyfriend walks out of the kitchen with a sassy eye roll.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Taehyung groans as he turns around, glaring at Yoongi who doesn’t seem as confident as he looked while walking down the hallway seconds ago.

“I was just thirsty...” the older shrugs, such a careless gesture for such a fucking careless action.

“You literally were in the kitchen, what the actual---”

The door closes then with a loud thud, catching them both off guard.

Taehyung groans so loud it’s heard through the entire apartment.

“He said that!? Dude!” Hoseok yells, hand going up for a high five. “Upstairs, my man!” he says with a grin but Jungkook simply eyes the raised hand in second-hand embarrassment. His cousin sometimes sounds like an old man.

“He probably didn’t mean it. Or I misheard,” he continues talking, unfazed. Hoseok rolls his eyes as he self high-fives with a smile.

The older groans then, as if fully processing Jungkook's words after a moment. "Are you shitting me? Come on, let yourself have this!"

"He's kinda too good for me," Jungkook replies, lashes chasing his eyelids as he looks down. Taehyung could literally do so much better than him, it's absurd to even think about wanting to win him over. And wouldn't that be selfish as well? Seducing him, lulling him into loving him back when he knows for a fact he would be the worst boyfriend to ever exist?

Boyfriend. The word rings sweet in his own mind. He's never had an official anything with anyone, never wanted to....and yet, the idea is incredibly tempting. To have that with Taehyung, to have that intimacy that can only be found in the gap that separates two lovers, in the quiet good morning's and good night's that resides between their weak lips.

To not have to hide all of the insane emotions he has for that boy.

Oh, he *craves* it.

"Shut up. Seriously. You're both great people who deserve to be happy," Hoseok says as he wanders across the room, pacing like a nervous patient in therapy.

"Right..."

"Why don't you try, Kooks? Please, let it happen," he continues, stopping his frantic feet from resuming their movement as he stares at Jungkook with pleading eyes.

"Let what happen? My humiliation?" he huffs with a dark chuckle.

"That's seriously what you're so scared of?" he asks with a snort that offends Jungkook's pride a bit. "So what if he says no? You're already miserable as it is."

Jungkook says nothing because Hoseok is partly right. He shouldn't be afraid of getting his heart broken when he's already heartbroken. But still, that isn't the only reason why he's hiding his real feelings away into a box to burn and never see again. Funny thing is, the box isn't quite catching on fire.

"You know I'm right," Hobi singsongs with a smile, making the younger sigh. "Just think it through and please stop moping. Let's go out or something to get your head out of your ass for a while."

"I don't feel like going out. And besides, shouldn't you be looking for someone instead of worrying so much about my pathetic love life?" he questions, left eyebrow arching as he tilts his head to the side in fake, innocent wonder. Hoseok glares at him but it quickly dissolves into a clipped smile.

"You know I am single and ready to mingle, Kooks," he replies easily. "So let's go out. At least---"

Jungkook's phone rings then, Yugyeom's name displayed in the screen. He hasn't talked to him since he came back from Japan and had to break the guy's hopes by telling him he was interested in someone else. He's suddenly reminded of his puppy sad eyes and wincing lips when he told him. He looked so awful...the exact same way Jungkook is so scared of looking if Taehyung were to say no.

He picks up the call, Hoseok nodding and leaving his office afterwards.

"Hey."

"Hey, Jungkook....um, I know I probably wasn't meant to call you this soon. I'm sorry. I just---"

"Yug, don't apologize. It's really okay. What is it?" he asks, feeling even more sorry for the guy. He's always been one of Jungkook's favorites. He never liked the fact Yugyeom seemed to be a fan of pillow talk but he was cute and never said no to a hook up. Now that he thinks about it, it was pretty damn obvious he had feelings for him.

"Thank you...I huh, I was wondering if you wanted to come to my birthday....it's a small gathering with me and my friends and you really don't have to come but we're meeting in a club near your building so I just thought---forget it, it's stupid, right? Why would you want to come here to spend your night with some kids?" he chuckles but it sounds too strained even through the phone.

"If you're a kid then so am I," Jungkook chuckles. "I'll try to see if I can make it, text me the details."

"Okay, thank you, it means a lot."

"Don't worry about it," he smiles even though Yugyeom can't see him. Before hanging up though, he adds, "Oh and Yug?"

"Yes?"

“Happy birthday.”

A chuckle that turns halfway into a giggle and then, “Thank you.”

“It’s going to do you good, believe me!” Jimin insists, repeating the same words for the hundredth time as he grins with more teeth than necessary; the amount that makes it look more creepy than gleeful.

“There’s literally nothing I want to do less than go to a club with Minjae,” he replies, a bitter edge to his words. It’s Friday night, four days since the terrible dinner at his apartment. Jimin raises his eyebrows at him, lips pursed as he throws him a leather jacket from his closet. He insisted upon deciding the clothes he should wear, for some unknown reason, and Tae doesn’t have it in him to fight him anymore.

“Well now, that’s just mean.”

“It’s just---why would I even...ugh.”

“Can we please not talk about Jungkook again?” Jimin sighs as he turns back around.

“You say that like that’s all I do,” he says with an eye-roll that feels too childish at the moment.

“It is all you do lately! Jungkook this, Jungkook that. Are you still not ready to admit your feelings for him?” his best friend wonders with narrowed eyes that make Taehyung groan in frustration. The winning smile Jimin sends him right afterwards lets him know how much he loves to mess with him and his poor nerves.

“Don’t. Even.”

“Fine, whatever. You’re gonna be late so you better hurry up.”

Taehyung clicks his tongue with a raised finger then, (anything to persuade Jimin to leave him alone). “Also, weren’t you the one who was conspiring with Jin to get us together?”

“Yes but I’m also that one friend that wants to see you have fun for a change. Now move your butt and get changed!” he yells whiningly, kicking him in said butt for good measure.

“I’m going, I’m going!”

The club is like any other club; sweaty, dark and packed. Taehyung isn’t the least interested in it nor the people in shiny outfits sending hungry eyes to each other. Minjae is nice enough, jumping to be a gentleman every time he has the chance and offering to get him a drink as soon as they find the bar. It’s all normal and boring but okay anyway, just what he expected out of this night, until of course the illusion is broken because in the last few months nothing has been ordinary for long in the slightest.

Taehyung sees him first. Surrounded by about six other guys, all laughing with drunken smiles, holding small shot glasses filled with soju to the rim. Jungkook is smiling brightly, grinning like he hasn’t in the two weeks since they got back. Their laughter is loud in the club, heard even through the blasting music. They would all look like a nice, fun group of friends if it weren’t for the guy sitting right next to Jungkook, the one that keeps glancing his way after he makes a joke to seize the other’s reaction, the one that pushes him playfully on the shoulder every few minutes and bites his lip whenever Jungkook is speaking.

That guy is so into his Jungkook that it disgusts Taehyung.

His Jungkook?

“Hey, thought I’d lost you. Here you go,” Minjae shoots him a smile as he presses a cold glass of a golden, bubbly liquid into his hands.

“Thanks,” he mumbles before sipping from the glass slowly at first, tasting the bitter flavor of alcohol. He wanted to keep it easy today but when the annoying little bug next to Jungkook clings to his arm like the bug it is, Taehyung downs his drink as if it were plain water. His throat burns just like his eyes.

“Wow, you okay?” Minjae asks, his glass still full because he has self-control and is a normal, functional human being.

Taehyung beams, dazzling despite the wince in his expression. “Fine. I’m great, actually.”

“Um, okay...” he says, unconvinced. He glances at the dance floor with curiosity and asks, “So, wanna dance?”

Taehyung's fingers clutch around the base of his empty glass. "Get me another drink first."

"You sure? That one was pretty intense."

Intense my ass.

"Yes, I'm sure."

Minjae bites his lip before nodding, ready to comply. "Okay, be right back..."

Taehyung turns his attention back to the happy couple, wondering if that guy may be Yugyeom himself. He narrows his eyes, mind slightly dizzy due to the alcohol in the two drinks he's had so far. The first one was a courtesy, some straight soju that brought a smile to his face. The second one...not so much. He sighs. He should head over there and show that guy how to stay on his lane. But he doesn't; he isn't that far gone yet.

But then Jungkook sees him, too. Their eyes find each other through the crowd and Tae wonders if it may be the fact he hasn't looked away for the last seven minutes that made Jungkook finally glance his way but regardless, he doesn't care. He's pleased to have caught his eye. Pleased to have Jungkook pay more attention to him than to the bug in his arm. He smiles his way, boxy, sweet and with a hint of alcohol in his lips.

Jungkook doesn't look away but doesn't smile back either. Tae wonders if they're playing a stare game, eyes intense and focused on each other as people laugh and talk and dance and kiss and...

Minjae returns with another tall, bubbly drink; this time the liquid is navy, with two ice cubes floating in the surface. He takes it with a soft smile before glancing back at Jungkook, who is now staring at Minjae with a threat in his eyes.

Is he jealous?

The thought draws a smirk on his face. He leans against Minjae's side. He should feel bad about basically using the guy but he doesn't.

"Wow, you okay there?" Minjae asks with raised eyebrows.

"Huh? Sure. Wanna dance?" he asks back, finishing the drink as quickly as possible; it tastes sweet in his tongue, no wince. The guy

probably got him some damn coke with the slightest hint of rum. Minjae eyes him, impressed by his quickness nonetheless.

“Um, sure.”

And so they dance. And Jungkook stares. And Taehyung stares back. *See what you've lost. See what you refuse to have. See. See. Look and stare. Admire. You can watch but you can't touch.*

He isn't drunk but his mind swims in a pool of glee. His thoughts and worries fade into the background, pushed way back as he presses his hips against Minjae's. The guy's hands are on his waist but the hold is soft and almost nervous, hesitant. He doesn't dig his fingers against his hips like Jungkook would, nor does he crush his lips into the juncture of his shoulder, marking him, but of course Minjae doesn't do any of these things because *he isn't Jungkook*.

Through hooded eyes he looks at the younger who is now talking once again with the guy at his side. He's smiling at him, nodding for a few seconds, listening to whatever shit he's spitting. He isn't even paying attention to Taehyung anymore.

And he feels so sick; so pathetic and lame and stupid. He's the one who is undeniably jealous, the one that wants to walk to that table and demand Jungkook to leave with him because he is his. And there's also something fluttering in his stomach whenever he sees him, something unknown, a sensation like a fuffly tickle that brings a smile to his face and a rush to his veins. He's been feeling this for too long. He thought it was just lust at first, an intense dosage of lust that left him numb and stupid. Maybe it still is. The kind of lust you feel when you're looking from afar at the only person who can make it all go away by pinning you to the bed and destroying you, but won't.

He suddenly is reminded of Jungkook's erotic poetry, of Yugyeom's call at the hotel, of Namjoon's comment about 'making it official' at the table the other day, of Jungkook's own voice saying he should date Minjae...probably trying to get rid of him..., and now he's there, laughing with a guy who is most probably Yugyeom himself and oh god, Taehyung is such a fucking idiot.

“Are you okay?” Minjae asks against his ear. He'd forgotten he was there all along.

He shouldn't be asking this so many times on a first date; it makes Taehyung feel even worse.

"I'm sorry---I'm not feeling so well. I should go," he hurries to say.

"Let me take you home," he offers, concern in his eyes. He's too nice for Taehyung.

"No, really. I can get a cab---"

"Please, let me at least do this one thing," he smiles with a hint of sadness and disappointment and Tae nods because poor guy, he could at least grant him this.

Minjae sighs in relief and holds his hand as they begin making their way out of the club. Tae is looking down, trying not to trip or bump into anyone and leave as soon as possible. The last thing he needs is another inconvenient to fuck his night. But then halfway there, just when he thought this would all be over before long and he'd finally be able to snuggle up in his bed and sleep it all away, a hand is grabbing him by the waist and he stops on his tracks, making Minjae glance over his shoulder in confusion, the question ready on his lips before his eyes set in the strong wall behind Taehyung.

The older wishes he wasn't so fucking glad to feel those familiar arms around him. He refuses to turn around; too giddy and relieved and embarrassed to do so. "Jungkook," he whispers, almost automatically. The younger hears him despite the deafening music.

"I'll take it from here," he then tells Minjae, barely glancing at him.

Minjae looks like he's just been slapped. "Excuse me? I don't know who you are but I'm the one taking him home."

"No, you're taking yourself home. Now leave," he almost growls, ready to fight if needed. Minjae shakes his head in disbelief, eyes searching Taehyung's in an attempt to relieve some of his pride.

"Taehyung, who is this guy?" he asks and Tae wishes he could say he's just a jerk that means nothing to him, wishes he could take good Minjae's hand and leave with him but the idea alone makes him sick.

"A...friend," he gulps before adding, mind made up, "You should go. I'm sorry."

"Fuck this, I shouldn't have come anyway. Jimin told me you were all sad about a guy," Minjae sighs, rolls his eyes and seems about to say something else before he turns back around and lets the crowd of dancing bodies swallow him.

Jungkook's arm tightens around his waist, a reminder, a promise, he doesn't know. Taehyung resists from looking back at him because he's blushing so bright the dim lights wouldn't be able to hide it.

"You've been sad because of me?" the younger inquiries, voice loud enough for him to hear or maybe it's the fact his back is against his chest and he's glued to his body in the most beautiful way.

"I honestly don't know what he was talking about..." Taehyung lies after clearing his throat, his voice wavering in the least convincing way possible.

"Look at me," he whispers against his earlobe, his warm breath tickling his ear. Everything is warm. His eyes are hard against the neon lights, teeth chewing on his lip softly, not hurting the tender skin. "Please, Tae."

Weak.

And so Taehyung turns around and looks at him and Jungkook is so breathtakingly beautiful that Tae's poor heart jumps against his chest at the sight.

"I didn't---" Jungkook begins saying, struggling for words. He shakes his head, eyes glancing back to where his table is. Looking unsure he bites his lip as softly as Taehyung and says, "I can't talk right now. It's a friend's birthday and I can't leave him...can we talk later though?"

Taehyung hears only the fact that Jungkook is leaving him. Again. For another guy.

"A friend's?" he asks, a bite at his tongue.

"Yeah..., so can we?" he questions, not really giving too much thought at Taehyung's tone of voice and suddenly closed demeanor.

"Thought that was the last thing you wanted," he huffs because he's not going to be that easy persuaded even if this is exactly what he's wanted for over two weeks now.

"It was but I...changed my mind," he shrugs, eyes nervous, throat trembling with the words.

"Okay. When?"

Jungkook pushes his tongue against the roof of his mouth, thinking.

He tries to look away from Taehyung, for he's always been a sure distraction, an eye catcher. He can sense people looking at him, and how could they not, when he's absolutely stunning? He's even wearing eyeliner, the thin black lines under his eyes making him look wild and dangerous and utterly sensual...like something to devour, the kind of dessert you'll be tasting in your tongue for *hours*

"I'll probably stick around for a bit longer," he finally voices, hoping the 'bit longer' isn't too long because Taehyung hasn't even left and he already wants to get back to him. He isn't drunk but he's positively dizzy and the idea of letting the older go when he's looking *like this* , kills him. But he can't pressure him or expect him to wait, so he adds, "If you can wait...or tomorrow it's fine, too."

Tae takes a moment to respond, wanting to tease him and also take up a bit more of Jungkook's time, let Yugyeom miss him. "I can wait. Where should we meet?"

The younger tries not to let the relief show on his voice. Miraculously, he succeeds. "Come by my apartment. I'll text you."

"Okay," he nods and he is just about to leave but stops himself. Maybe it's the alcohol still flowing through his bloodstream or perhaps the fact that Yugyeom may be watching. Either way, he blames everything but the constant fluttering in his stomach when he leans close and pecks him in the lips.

They've never done that before.

And then he leaves, Jungkook staring at him with wide, doe eyes.

Oh, he really craves it.

Chapter End Notes

Another kinda late update mhmhm

AND I KNOW you must be thinking 'wow these two are SERIOUSLY STILL DANCING AROUND EACH OTHER YOU'RE SUCH A---' hehe. I know guys, believe me. BUT, the angst and pining and shit will soooon come to its end n.n (like the fic haha). We just need Tae to admit his feelings and he's kinda dense as you may've noticed by now. Perhaps you haven't, who knows? (sarcasm)

Fun fact, I found that weird word on the title in a text and it's from my country Argentina and it fits the story perfectly so I had to put it in there hehe.

Anyway, hope you guys liked it. Thank you for the comments and kudos! 1K! WOW, seriously. You're all lovely.

P.S: THEY WON THE BBMA's and I obviously knew they were gonna but I'm still so proud of them because they're literally making history and getting the recognition they deserve and it just makes me sooo happy for them. Ignore the haters and welcome new fans with open arms! The fandom is growing and I know some don't like that but this is actually GOOD and our boys love their fans so, so should we. Anyway, too much rambling so bye xoxo

At Last

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung is apprehensive when he gets to Jungkook's apartment. He sent him a text at 2 a.m telling him he was heading back to his penthouse. Taehyung had been laying on his bed, too shaken up to sleep, too awake and fidgety. Jungkook buzzed him in as soon as he got to the building, and now here he is, standing in front of the door, frozen. He should knock. He should let Jungkook know the elevator didn't swallow him up. And yet, he's so nervous and scared and god, why did he give him a peck on the lips when he knew he'd be seeing him hours later? It was bold and stupid and now he has to face the consequences; Jungkook rejecting him yet again.

Maybe he could turn around and leave? It's not like anyone would stop him or get on his way...No. He wants this, has been waiting for the truth for so long, fuck it. Anxiety is a familiar friend anyway.

He knocks. Once, twice.

Seconds go by. One, two, three, four, five, maybe he shouldn't be counting, six, se---

The door bursts open to reveal Jungkook wearing a black shirt and dark jeans, hair parted to expose his forehead and doe eyes. He looks stunning, lips so kissable as they part to say, "Come in."

He does come in, a nervous mess, but he does. He steps inside the familiar apartment, hoping for his boss not to be inside as his eyes roam around searching for a pair of shoes or some papers on the table. The one time he came into the apartment and saw his boss already there he had been doing paperwork. Jungkook had told him that was most of what he did in his spare time. He remembers how bad he had felt for him then; it couldn't be any easy to have all the weight of the company upon his shoulders when Jungkook didn't do anything and his father was merely a figure.

"Namjoon went out with Seokjin," the younger explains then, as if reading his own thoughts. He nods in response, awkward as he swallows pure air. "Um, sit," he offers, and Tae nods again before obliging. The sofa is soft and comfortable as usual. It's also the one

they have fucked in countless of times before. But those are just details.

He needs to break the silence before it gains life and clings to him like a second skin. He sighs before he manages to ask, "So, how was the party?"

Jungkook shrugs, "It wasn't really a party."

Taehyung would scream if he thought it'd get him anywhere. He wishes for the other to elaborate as he nods, since it seems to be the only proper gesture he can manage. He thinks that if he moves too much he may end up doing things he'll regret. "Yugyeom's birthday, right?" he questions after a bit, eyes lowering to his own hands, folded on his lap.

"Yeah, it was his."

He doesn't say it with any special feeling or emotion whatsoever, but Taehyung is too convinced with the idea of there being something between those two that he doesn't care about details. He clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth before glancing Jungkook's way, the younger standing next to the sofa, not sitting down like him and making everything the more awkward.

"You should've stayed with him," he says. He's being petty and he knows it.

Jungkook stares at him for a moment, confused and wary, before voicing out, "What? Why?"

"Well, you obviously care more for him---" he shrugs, and yeah he's definitely fishing for Jungkook to say quite the opposite, to contradict him and make him feel less shitty about this whole thing.

And he does.

He's shaking his head before Taehyung even gets to finish his sentence. "I don't. And I'm here, am I not?" he asks, eyebrows raised almost challengingly towards him. Tae loves the provocation in them; the way they curve on his forehead is almost artistic. .

He swallows a smile but the younger notices either way. He thinks it's perceptible, the way his lips struggle not to turn upwards and twitch into a grin... or maybe Jungkook has been too obsessed over how the sun seems to have touched every part of Taehyung's golden skin, over

how his cheekbones are so expressive and his eyes, eternally alive with emotion wherever he looks...maybe it's just that.

"Yeah, you are," a pause, an acknowledgement. He is here. He isn't going anywhere. There's a hesitation in the question that follows it, "Are you going to tell me truth now?"

Jungkook nods, though he looks less confident now. His leg is shaking against the floor, his words trembling around his throat, each one choking him with the need to reach Taehyung and caress the sunlight that pours out of his mouth. He takes a deep breath, confesses, "I intend to."

"Tell me," he insists, his own legs shaking just like the younger's. Jungkook stares at him for a moment, gaze more leveled than himself.

"I understand if you never want to see me again after this, Tae."

Tae . Such a gentleness in the way he says his name, such a careful act when he lets it wander around the room and poke Taehyung in the ribs, the stomach, joining the butterflies in a wild dance that corrupts his insides...and yet he feels like screaming out in anger. As if he could ever stop seeing Jungkook. Hasn't that been proven enough already? How much that would fuck him up? How much he needs him, how much he craves his touch and kisses and just *him* in general?

"You really have no idea," he huffs, looking away, irritation pouring out of him in waves that hit Jungkook in the face. Who, on the other hand, is extremely confused. He frowns, scratches his neck, stares at Taehyung as if he had suddenly grown another head.

"Huh?"

"You think---god, you must think really fucking low of me to believe I'd ever---did any of it mean anything to you? At all?" he inquiries, scared as ever, of course. He doesn't think there's anything he could do right now that wouldn't be accompanied by a subnormal amount of nerves. That's just how it is and he's accepted it; he's accepted the hard beating of his heart, the slightly sweaty palms, the raised pulse and the undeniable butterflies on his stomach every time he looks at Jungkook. There's just something about him that makes Taehyung want to leave it all behind and hold onto whatever Jungkook throws his way.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you---it, it did. *So much* ," he leans closer then, hand resting on the sofa behind Taehyung, eyes so hard

and focused on him that he has to force himself not to look away, intimidated by their intensity. He can smell his intoxicating yet familiar perfume and it threatens to break something inside him. Perhaps it already did; but god, it probably fixed it, too.

The butterflies hit him full force then.

“Really?” he whispers, leaning close as well, unable to keep his hands completely to himself anymore as they shake at his sides; hungry for his touch, thirsty for his voice.

Jungkook gets a bit light headed by the way Taehyung’s eyes shine. He can’t keep it inside any longer, doesn’t want to. This is it. This is the moment he risks it all, wishing, praying for the older to feel at least half of what he feels for him. Even that would be more than enough. So he opens his mouth and finally lets it all out, pouring his heart out and allowing the proper vulnerability that comes with falling in love to swim around his eyes.

“I lov---” Jungkook begins but Taehyung is too anxious and panicky and such a big coward to hear the rest that he shuts him up with a bruising kiss. The moment their lips brush, he swallows a sigh. So many days have passed since they last did this that Tae completely melts against him, pushing and pulling and opening for Jungkook to take. He whines against his mouth, needing more, wanting more. Nothing is nearly enough, not when it comes to him.

And then Jungkook is pulling him even closer, holding him tight as Tae stands up, ready to follow him wherever he’d take him. Jungkook begins waking as if once again reading his mind, still kissing him deeply, bodies glued together. Taehyung forces himself to break the kiss to see they’re heading to his room. He gapes. “Are you sure?” he asks hoping his voice doesn’t sound as weak as he is, trying to conceal the new wave of nerves that hits him.

“Yes,” he replies, confidence and trust in his voice as he opens the door and walks in. Their hands are tangled together still as Jungkook takes him on his arms and lays him on the bed with such delicacy and softness that it makes Tae flush profusely. The room is dark, all lights are off. He can’t see anything but the slight shadow of Jungkook’s warm body over him, hovering as he leans down and kisses his jaw.

Taehyung digs his nails into the soft comforter and bites the inside of his cheek, lust clouding his mind. And also... *love*. So much love for the man that drinks him in with only one stare and cures all his pains

with one simple touch.

Jungkook nibbles at his lip and it'd be embarrassing how quickly Tae parts his lips and legs for him if it weren't for the fact they're both so undeniably into each other that it hurts to do anything but touch and kiss and feel one another.

"I've missed you," Jungkook confesses into his ears, lips brushing his cheekbone as soft as a pair of feathers. Taehyung smiles through the next kiss, feels their hands intertwined next to his head and is about to say something back when the younger shatters the moment they were having by feeling him through his jeans. He gasps, and even through the darkness he sees Jungkook smirk down at him. His eyes flutter close when he feels the younger's hands traveling under his shirt; their touch is cool against his warm skin but as usual, it feels like sunshine is being poured through every window whenever Jungkook touches him.

Jungkook begins unbuttoning his shirt, relishing in the exposed skin and the way Taehyung reacts to everything he does, little beautiful sounds leaving his pink, parted lips.

"Beautiful..." he murmurs, almost without noticing. He's glad he can finally voice out all of the thoughts he's had over the past few months, but he's also still apprehensive. He didn't even get to say half of the things he meant to, and Taehyung didn't *exactly* say he felt the same way...but there's something in the way the older's fingers brush the hairs off his forehead and in the intense way he stares back at him through the darkness that makes him believe he may.

Taehyung holds Jungkook's neck as he leans and brushes their lips against one another, letting his tongue caress his mouth softly. He sighs before his fingers touch Jungkook's shirt with a frown. "Take it off...everything."

And Jungkook obeys, taking his shirt off over his head despite of the buttons and unzipping his jeans to leave him only on his briefs. Taehyung takes the rest of his shirt off without looking away and he's struggling with his tight jeans when Jungkook chuckles as he reaches him, helping him by holding his legs as if they weighed nothing and discarding the jeans on the floor afterwards.

"I want to eat you out," he says then, as if it meant nothing, as if it didn't make Taehyung gasp and almost cry out in help because fuck, he can't just say those things. The idea of Jungkook's mouth on him

has him whining, legs shaking as he nods. "You'd like that?" he asks and Taehyung can't for the life of him open his mouth to talk because he knows no coherent words can come out of this.

Jungkook, thanks god, gets the message and smiles as he takes the older's briefs off, his skin shivering slightly as the air plays with his naked, exposed body. "Flex your knees," he orders then and Taehyung instantly obeys like the good boy he is. He stares as Jungkook's big hand caresses his legs, fingers traveling up and down through his skin and leaving a trail of warmth behind. He bites on his lip when Jungkook leans down against him and he feels his breath touch his entrance softly. They've done this before countless of times but it's been too long; and it's never felt as intense or real as it is now as Jungkook presses kisses down his thighs, bites playfully at the skin he can reach. Taehyung whimpers every time.

"Just do it already..." he sighs, legs spreading even wider yet. He feels Jungkook chuckle against his skin.

"Eager, aren't we?"

"Yes, so get on with---" and then he feels the sudden brush of Jungkook's wet tongue rubbing against his hole. A moan abandons his lips instantly, hands gripping the comforter tightly. Jungkook kisses passionately at his entrance, burying his face deep between his legs and slowly allowing his tongue to poke inside. Taehyung's legs threaten to give out underneath him, the pleasure too delicious to handle.

His tongue continuous to travel through him, lapping at his walls as Jungkook's hands hold him down, warm and strong. He feels his nose brush his skin, feels every breath the younger takes right inside him. And Jungkook relishes in every sound, every moan, every shiver that goes through the older's body as he tastes him, eating him out thoroughly and moving his tongue expertly inside him. He knows Taehyung could come like this. He knows it when he puts a finger inside him, the entrance so wet that the slide is completely easy. It makes Taehyung moan a loud and broken, "*Jeon...*"

He sounds wrecked, climax nearing when Jungkook lets his tongue and two of his fingers destroy Taehyung over and over again, circling and pushing and pulling repeatedly. He steers clear of his prostate until the last moment when the nail of his index finger brushes against the bundle of nerves and makes Taehyung arch his back in pleasure.

"I'm gonna..." he gasps, and that's when Jungkook lets go of him completely, placing all of him off Taehyung abruptly, leaving him whimpering against the bed. "You....jerk..." he whispers, panting. Jungkook laughs as he searches for a condom, finding a bunch on his bedside table waiting to be used. He thinks of letting Taehyung put it on him but the older is still suffering on the bed, his neglected cock curving towards his stomach, the tip a bright red.

He places the condom on himself, thinking there's no need for lube when Taehyung is dripping all over his bed.

"Please...just...fuck me already," Taehyung begs, lips pouting, his body soft and hot to the touch. Jungkook is already hard but he gives his cock a few strokes either way for good measure as he leans over Taehyung.

"Okay, baby. Come here," he murmurs making the older kneel as he reaches forward, blindly trying to reach Jungkook. The younger chuckles when he finally takes hold of his shoulder. Jungkook leans on one knee, grabbing Taehyung by the hips and hoisting him up on his leg, both of the older's wrapping around his torso like a koala. Their cocks brush against each other making them groan in pleasure. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, yes," he whispers, desperate and needy. Jungkook kisses him, lips velvety to the touch. They kiss and kiss, could continue doing that forever if it weren't for the constant craving for *more*. Jungkook is lining him up then, pressing his cock against him and entering the tip, swallowing the moans that Taehyung leaves out in the open for him to catch. The position is intense, making the younger's member brush all over his walls and break deep inside him as he enters him. Tae moves his hips trying to adjust to the size, his thighs shaking with the pressure. The pain is slight, barely there compared to the delicious pleasure that fills him. And then Jungkook is moving as well, following his pace as they quickly set up a rhythm; Jungkook pushes forward and up, and Tae pretty much jumps on top of him, legs tightly wrapped around him as they look at each other, intense and deep. "Right there...oh..." he moans, loud and wild against Jungkook's ears. "*Daddy ...*"

Jungkook groans at the name, hitting Taehyung's sweet spot continuously and brushing his hands over the other's body, touching all the skin he can reach and wallowing in the breathtaking sight that is Kim Taehyung, coming apart and undone in front of him. Or rather, on top.

Taehyung's right hand pulls at the other's hair as his left presses against his hard cock, slender fingers wrapping around himself and drawing moans from his mouth. He teases his own tip, pressing nail and thumb against his slit and circling the corona with heated skin.

"I'm close..." he mumbles and Jungkook once more captures his lips, losing himself completely to Taehyung and the sweet taste of his tongue as it dances with his own inside his mouth, drawing him in. He takes his cock out slowly only to thrust back in full force, making a broken sound leave Taehyung's wet lips. He has to hold him by the back with strong hands for the older not to fall on the bed in a whimper, collapsing in supreme bliss. He comes first, his climax hitting him when Jungkook dives straight for his prostate while kissing his neck, leaving a trail of purple bruises on his wake whenever his teeth dig a bit too hard, just the way Taehyung likes.

Jungkook comes moments later, still buried deep inside Taehyung while the older suffers through the aftermaths of his orgasm. He fills the condom and Tae is instantly filled with warmth. He sighs, eyes shutting as he feels himself being set on the comfortable comforter once again. His limbs feel numb, heart beating fast as he pants.

He drifts off soon after that.

Taehyung wakes up to sunlight pouring in against his eyelids. He blinks a couple of times, trying to gather his bearings as he stares at a large window with the curtains drawn, allowing daylight to filter through. He doesn't recognize the window...neither does he think he's ever seen the white ceiling nor the ivory colored walls. Which, now that he pays attention to them, are covered in words scribbled in black ink. He narrows his eyes trying to read the words but most of them are too small for him to see clearly from the bed. The bed. He looks at the deep navy, silk sheets and the plush pillow under his head.

He sits up, startled by the unknown place he is in. What if someone kidnapped him? Or worse, what if he wakes up to find he's in someone else's body?

But then he hears a soft snore and turns slowly to his right to find Jeon Jungkook sleeping peacefully at his side.

And all the memories come rushing back into his head.

His heart beats so fast he's scared it'll stop beating any second now.

This is Jungkook's room. The sacred place he never lets people in. Suddenly Taehyung has the urge to run all over the bedroom and read all the words in the walls, to touch every drawer and open the window and---fuck, what is wrong with him? Jungkook trusted him to be in here, he can't fuck up by going through his stuff.

Though, reading the walls isn't exactly intruding, right? The walls are there for anyone inside to see, after all.

Slowly, quietly, he puts the blankets off of him. He's glad to find his briefs still on the floor. He reaches towards them, putting them on as he walks towards the nearest wall. There's a desk filled with piles of papers, some written, some blank. There are dozens of pens and different types of small bottles of ink. Is this how all writer's rooms look like?

There's a word in the way you smile at me.

You drip poetry when you part your lips.

I stare at the novel clinging to your fingertips.

I've always loved books

but I'd rather read your smile every day

if you'd like me to.

The words are so beautiful as they lean against the wall and own it. Is this Jungkook's handwriting? It's so delicate and precious...Taehyung wishes he could become a poem, for the words sound soft and perfect in his mind.

He turns to the words on the other wall, then.

If boxes were people,

your arms would encircle my throat,

your hands would catch at my words,

your eyes would lit a fire against my tongue,

your heart would break and shatter

all that I hold close.

“Tae? What are you...doing?” Jungkook’s sleepy voice asks, startling him. He turns around and finds a disgruntled young boy trying to wipe the sleep from his eyes with cold hands. The sheet is barely covering from his navel down, exposing the rest of his naked chest. Taehyung has never seen a barely awake Jungkook. They’ve never stayed the night before. There’s an intimacy about waking up next to someone and seeing the vulnerability of the softness around their eyes and the naturally messy hair that makes him look away.

“You wrote all of these?” he asks instead of answering to his doubt, not bothering to hide his awe as his eyes scan the rest of the words that he has yet to read splattered all across the walls.

He hears a slight yawn and then a dismissive, “Ugh, please don’t read them. I was really young. I’ll have them paint over soon.”

Tae turns around once again, shaking his head fervently. “What? No...they are lovely. Please, just---”

But Jungkook is shaking his head as well, refusing to listen to the older’s words.

“They are not lovely, Tae. Now stop looking at them and come here,” he pleads, knowing full well that they’ve never cuddled before but wishing he could wrap his arms around Taehyung nonetheless. Yesterday has to have meant something and the fact that Taehyung is still in his apartment has to mean something as well...right?

“Who are they about?” he inquiries, and as he turns his back on Jungkook he hears the younger sigh, as if resigning to answering whatever questions may come out of Taehyung’s lips because he knows there’s no persuading him now.

“What?”

“The poems...you must base them on someone, right?”

Taehyung can’t see Jungkook’s lips twitch upwards into a teasing smile.

“Not necessarily,” is all he hears and there’s enough seriousness in his voice for him to believe him.

And so he bites the inside of his cheek and nods, curtly. “Right...can I use your bathroom?”

“Sure.”

Taehyung begins walking towards the door but Jungkook’s voice stops him. “There’s one right there.”

He turns and indeed, there is another door adjacent to the desk that he hadn’t seen before. He nods again and walks towards that one instead, feeling suddenly stupid because of course they would have at least two bathrooms in their penthouse.

As soon as he shuts the door behind him, he buries his face into the palms of his hands and sighs. *What am I doing? What are we doing?*

Jungkook stares at the closed door and sighs. Reluctantly, he leaves the bed, thankful to have had half a mind the day before to put on some on underwear before going to sleep.

He wonders if he should make breakfast but then he’s reminded of the fact that he barely knows how to turn the toaster on. And also, who says Taehyung will stay long enough to *have* breakfast together? Yes, it may’ve seen like he felt the same way last night but then again, all they really did was have sex and that wasn’t anything new. But it had been different, hadn’t it? More careful and measured and intense.

And he stayed the night.

Or rather he fell asleep right after climaxing and I woke up before he could sneak out.

With a frustrated groan, he decides to get changed and wait for Taehyung to see where they are...if they are anywhere at all.

Taehyung should’ve probably not worn Jungkook’s cologne again but once he saw the expensive yet familiar bottle of perfume, he couldn’t quite help himself. He’s now regretting it though, just as much as he’s regretting not having asked for some spare clothes, because the moment he comes out of the bathroom smelling like that, he finds Jungkook fully clothed and sitting at the edge of his bed.

His eyes are on him the moment that he steps out, still pretty much on his briefs. He feels all the blood in his body rush quite quickly to his cheeks.

“Um....do you have any---?”

“Yeah, here,” Jungkook says as if he had seen this coming, handing him some dark sweatpants and an oversized white shirt that smells like the perfume he’s wearing right now. Tae thinks that getting changed in front of Jungkook would be awkward, but it’d be much worse to walk back inside the protection of the bathroom like a scared little boy, so he simply puts the shirt over his head and rushes to get his legs inside the holes of the sweatpants, trying hard not to glance at Jungkook who is awkwardly looking away as if Taehyung was undressing himself. Even if that was the case it shouldn’t be this uncomfortable. They literally fucked last night.

But they’ve never done this before and Jungkook didn’t think Taehyung wearing his own clothes would be this beautiful.

“So...” Tae begins, tugging at the long sleeves of his shirt that cover half of his slender fingers. He looks absolutely adorable and Jungkook has the sudden urge to bring him to his chest and kiss his temple. “Did you sleep well?”

Jungkook looks up from his lap at that, a bit taken aback by the casual question. “Yeah...did you?”

“Yes, your bed is fucking aphrodisiac,” he blurts out without thinking and Jungkook can’t help the surprised laugh that leaves his mouth at that.

“Really? Maybe I should bring people here more often, then,” he replies, trying to crack a stupid joke but obviously failing if Taehyung’s sudden sulky face is anything to go by. He quickly rushes to add, “Or like, bring *you* more often.”

Tae looks up at that, eyes wide as if he wasn’t actually expecting him to correct himself. Jungkook wasn’t expecting it either. But then the sudden surprise is replaced by knowing eyes in Taehyung’s gorgeous face.

“Why me?”

Jungkook would laugh if he wasn’t extremely embarrassed right now. He runs a hand through his hair, shaking his head in disbelief, “Ugh, don’t do this.”

“Do what?” Tae asks with a sly smile, full knowing what he’s doing, what he’s asking of Jungkook. The younger thinks that whatever is

happening at the moment must be a good sign, a *very* good sign, because Taehyung is practically beaming as he looks at him and god, was he always this dazzling? How can someone look like this right after waking up?

Jungkook feels his breath catch in his throat.

“You already know why.”

Taehyung shrugs, innocently (and cutely) batting his lashes at him as he walks a few steps in his direction. “I really don’t know,” he continues lying and torturing him in the process as he walks the small distance separating them. He stops right when he’s one step away from him; so close yet so far. Jungkook wants to touch him so badly that his hands ache but he thinks it may not be the right time yet. He really doesn’t want to fuck this up again. He looks at the ceiling, the floor, the walls, anything but the man in front of him.

And all the while Taehyung thinks he may die if Jungkook doesn’t reach for him any time soon.

“Because...you’re you and yeah...” he finally says, the words messy and blurry as they stumble out of his throat. Taehyung raises an eyebrow in response, finding Jungkook’s obvious nerves completely and totally winsome. He’s never seen this abash side of himself, not at this stage.

“I’m me?” he asks with a fake frown, head tilting in confusion to the side. The younger absolutely hates how the gesture makes him look even more adorable; eyes sweet and expression almost naive. He takes a risk then and takes hold of one of Taehyung’s long sleeves, pushing the fabric forward and tugging him close in the process. Their legs brush against each other as he curls an arm around the older’s waist.

Jungkook takes a deep breath soon after and thinks he may die in the process when he questions, “Are you---are you wearing my perfume again?”

Taehyung blushes a crimson red. He didn’t think he’d notice that soon. Did he apply too much?

He bites on his lip, but it’s more out of playfulness than to cause any real nerve-wrecking damage to the skin like Jungkook is used to doing.

“What if I am?” Tae asks with a smirk, hoping against hope that this is

all as light and sweet and casual as he imagines and for Jungkook not to let go of him because his skin and warmth are commonplace and he needs this. All his worries crumble and fall into a pile of dust the moment Jungkook dissolves the smirk plastered on his face when he kisses his mouth, though. The kiss isn't passionate but endearing, it's almost chaste as Jungkook tightens his hold around him, as if scared he'd disappear from his arms the moment he lets go. Just after, Jungkook nibbles at his lower lip with his tongue and Taehyung parts his lips, tasting fresh mint. He's glad he used a spare toothbrush in the bathroom and got to brush his teeth as well.

The kiss doesn't last long though, both parting for air after a moment.

"We should talk," Jungkook says after a few seconds of comfortable silence go by. Their lips brush when he talks.

"Should we, though?" Tae chuckles, scared to the core by the implication behind the younger's words. What if they talk and figure they want different things? What if Jungkook says things he doesn't want to hear? What if they end up hurting each other again?

"Of course. Don't you think we should?" Jungkook asks, sounding surprised. Taehyung is glad that the skinship still remains though, the other's thumb drawing circles against his cheekbone, their foreheads barely touching and the hold still tight around his waist.

"Talking sucks," he murmurs childishly, eyes closed.

"We need to, Tae."

"Not now, please."

"When then?"

"Later."

"Taehyung---"

"Please...just..." he begs, voice almost breaking with need as he kisses Jungkook's lips again.

And Jungkook is so weak for Taehyung, has been craving his light, beautiful touches and his soft skin for so long that he doesn't think he'll be able to let go of the older any time soon.

So he lets him tangle his fingers through his hair, lets him explore his

mouth and touch his biceps, lets him, lets him do whatever he wants because he is completely his.

Chapter End Notes

Heyy! I wanted to publish a few days ago but OITNB happened and then I got sick D:

They're finally kinda together! Kinda cuz they still need to talk...hehe. But still, progress!

Also, Halsey's song 'Strangers' reminds me a lot of these two...btw, if you haven't listened to her album yet, you should. It's pure genius.

Anywaay, FESTA is slowly killing us, huh? The Jikook cover got me so hyped that I had to write a one shot...check it out if you haven't yet! <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11084697>

Also still working on Closed Lips, the taekook text-fic I'm co-writing with edenderry...a lot of angst in that one.

Let me know in the comments below what you thought of the chapter! Always appreciate your opinions (:

Follow me on Twitter! @lookingathim99

I Love You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung is talking on the phone with a client, he's trying to fix his computer since today he has to cover both his job and Chanyeol's. When Namjoon called him to his office to order him to answer his phone as well, he wanted to scream. Yes, he is capacitated for the job but no, he doesn't want to do it. He hates talking to people on the phone, thinks it's awkward and annoying. He'd rather stay behind the protection of his screen and write codes for the rest of the day and yet he can't. He's not getting paid much extra either, is not really worth it but he can't just say no. He didn't even know what Chanyeol's role in the company really was until today. Why does Bangtan offer a special phone aid to his privileged customers, oh why?

"Yes, but I asked you to turn it off first," he repeats, hold tightening around the cord of the phone. He's really close to snapping at the old lady who keeps messing up with the program installed in her computer and wasting his time. "Can you just please press that button that I told you about earlier?" he asks, refraining from screaming as he pinches the bridge of his nose between his index finger and thumb.

"Are you okay?" asks a voice then, the tone barely above a whisper and yet so familiar in Taehyung's ears. He smiles as he holds the phone to his chest, blocking the microphone.

"No," he replies with a clipped smile. Jungkook chuckles. He's leaning against his cubicle, the white tight shirt he's wearing seems about to burst open due to his strained muscles. His lips look redder than usual as if he's been biting them for over the past few mintues. Taehyung is suddenly reminded of what happened two days ago, the words the younger almost uttered out and the meaning behind them.

The older brings the phone back to his ear, holds it against his shoulder as his hands type a code on the screen, the numbers and letters quickly filling his computer.

"Yes, now wait around ten minutes and if it doesn't work, call me again..." he continues, trying hard not to stare at the way Jungkook's sharp jaw calls for attention, at his lean figure and his nose and his cheekbones and his lips and his lashes and his hands and his fingers

and his---. "Yeah, okay, goodbye," he hangs up then, a sigh leaving his lips, his ears instantly relieved not to have to endure that woman's whining any longer. He looks up to find an amused Jungkook looking at him. "What can I do you for?"

He hasn't talked to Jungkook ever since they laid on his bed staring at each other as if the other had hung the moon itself, trying to find stars hidden behind dark irises and even darker gazes. Taehyung knows Jungkook wants to talk; to really talk, properly and thoroughly. To discuss emotions amongst themselves and find a common ground. And he does want that, of course he wants that but he's scared, so pathetically and undeniably that he can't bring himself to open his mouth and tell all of this to Jungkook, scared the younger will go and leave him, scared what he has to offer isn't enough, scared he will realize that maybe it only worked because it was just sex before and sex is easy; it's skin and tongue and pulling and taking and giving. It doesn't have to mean anything but pleasure. Now love...love is another matter entirely. A matter Taehyung isn't familiar with, not personally. His parent's love story may warm up his heart and make him believe love exists but now that he's experiencing it, he wonders if he can handle it. He doesn't know how to react when Jungkook looks at him with something akin to tenderness, he doesn't know where to look at when his hands shake in a lame attempt to find the other's reassuring touch, he doesn't know what to do with himself now that his chest is filled with something people put a name to but not a face. You can't touch love, you can't tell it to go away, you can't hide it; it shows, you can't make it stop growing; it's constantly hungry and it feeds off you.

And yet when Jungkook smiles and a strand of dark hair falls over his eyes, Taehyung can't call the emotion that squeezes his heart anything but.

"Can we meet after?" he asks, almost shy. This isn't the Jungkook he's used to, the Jungkook that would call him names and tease him with a smirk, the one that didn't just play the game but also set the rules, the one that won every time. The one Taehyung thought of as lazy and living off his father's money. Oh no, that Jungkook is long gone, maybe never really existed in the first place.

He nods, body unable to reject Jungkook in any shape or form, regardless of his eating nerves.

"I get out at seven," he replies and the younger nods back as if he already knew that.

“We can go to mine and maybe...talk?” he suggests, gorgeous lips curving around the words that make Taehyung swallow. Of course he wants to talk today. Why wait? Why not jump in and take what he wants, what they both want?

And who is Taehyung to say no? If he were to, Jungkook would ask why and he'd have to open his mouth and spit words the younger may not like and he doesn't want that, not yet. Seven o'clock is just three hours away but that's better than now.

“Sure, let's do that,” he smiles and Jungkook smiles back before turning around and leaving for his office.

Taehyung doesn't scramble for his mobile phone fast enough.

Taehhh

how do i get out of talking to him

Jiminnie!

u for real?

Taehhh

he wants to talk.

you know how i feel about talking

Jiminnie!

tae come on u need to talk!

but anyway u can always fuck him

Taehhh

me? fuck him?

Jiminnie!

yeh

Taehhh

mmm...

g o o d i d e a

It's a quarter to seven. Most of the employees are wrapping their works up, putting things away, getting ready to leave for the day. Taehyung is knocking on Jungkook's door and biting on his lip, doubtful. He isn't sure this is a good idea. Having sex at the office is something they've never done before, for obvious reasons. This is Jungkook's family company and Taehyung's job, which he'd like keeping. And something tells Tae that regardless of Jungkook being the son of the owner and founder of Bangtan, they won't doubt in firing them both if they were to be found fucking against his desk. They can't just throw everything off the board and do it.

And yet when Jungkook opens the door for him to come in, he rushes inside and shuts it behind him, locking it for good measure. The younger doesn't notice.

"You're ready to go?" he asks, leaning over his table to grab something, but Taehyung beats him to it and leans himself against his desk instead, hands scrambling from behind him to move away the few things laying around, clearing the surface. Jungkook raises an amused eyebrow towards him. "What's with you?" he chuckles when he sees the older smile cutely and bat his lashes at him.

"We've never done it in the office," he blurts out, eyeing the blinds and feeling relieved they're already shut, Jungkook probably thinking he was leaving for the rest of the day, too.

He frowns, arms wrapping around his chest, biceps flexing. "We agreed not to."

"Yes...I know," he sighs, tongue trailing the path of his lower lip, slowly. He refrains from smirking when Jungkook has to force himself to raise his eyes back to his. "But wouldn't that be really hot?"

The younger shakes his head, eyes moving around them with the speed of his thoughts.

"And dangerous," he adds.

"Don't be a bore, I locked the door and everyone is leaving anyway," he shrugs.

Jungkook heaves a sigh, shaking his head. He looks absolutely edible as he turns around for a moment. Taehyung eyes his backside and feels his heart race.

“Why can’t we just wait until we get to my apartment?” he questions as he turns back towards him.

Taehyung’s face falls. He pouts, asking, “Where’s the fun in that?”

Before Jungkook can reply, the older walks towards him, leaning close to his neck and nuzzling the skin there, drinking his perfume in. It’s familiar and intoxicating as usual, making his lashes flutter. “You know what else I realized?” he asks in a deeper tone, one hand wrapping around Jungkook’s right wrist, circling the tender, pale skin as the other fists part of his shirt, the expensive fabric almost velvety against his fingers. “That I never got to see you bent over a desk.”

Jungkook’s eyes widen, hands frozen at his sides. He’s never heard Taehyung say anything like that, alluding to a change of roles, to the older taking complete charge and making him whimper with a touch, a word, a gesture. He won’t lie and pretend he hasn’t pictured it before. The idea has run over his head many times before but it was never this vivid, this real, this palpable and reachable.

“W---what?”

“Come on, baby, let me see you bent and writhing for me,” he continues, his voice closer to his ears, closer to him. Jungkook knows they shouldn’t do this, knows it’s morally and ethically wrong, knows they shouldn’t have sex in his office and also, shouldn’t they talk first, see where they are, discuss what’s going on in each other’s minds? Isn’t that the healthy thing to do, what people do in general? What his parents never bothered doing...

Jungkook doesn’t want to be his parents. He refuses to cheat and lie, to forget about what really matters and hurt everyone around you. No, he doesn’t want that for him and Taehyung. And yet, he’s not stupid. He knows Taehyung doesn’t want to talk and it makes him wonder if the older feels the same way about him at all.

But then again, when his lips seal themselves upon the spot behind his left ear and his tongue sucks a red mark there, he doesn’t really think his mind cares much about self-preservation. Not then.

“Taehyung...” he gasps as he feels his cold and slender fingers unbutton his shirt with expertise, tongue still lapping at his skin. Jungkook eyes the shut blinds, the locked door, thinks maybe no one has to know. He told his assistant he was leaving at seven anyway...

And maybe talking can wait another hour. Taehyung isn’t going

anywhere, but he holds him close either way, wrapping an arm around his waist and pressing his body against him. The older sucks at his neck before trailing his lips up to his mouth; he teases him, only allowing Jungkook to get a tender brush of his tongue right at the corner of his lips. Jungkook would let him have it his way, slow and intense, if it weren't for the fact he's already half-hard in his pants. He captures his mouth, swirls his tongue inside the warmth there, pushes him against the desk without mercy. Taehyung moans, hands spreading across his now exposed chest.

"Honey, I think..." he says between pants, pink, wet lips parting to let his breath out. "I think you didn't quite understand."

"What?" Jungkook almost growls, his hungry mouth kissing Taehyung again, tasting his natural sweetness and pressing his fingers against his sides, possessive.

Taehyung breaks the kiss and Jungkook sees his dark eyes, the lust in them as he pushes his shoulders and turns him around before he can't even blink. He's the one against the desk now. "I'm in charge today," he smirks, lips stretching wide and enchanting Jungkook, luring him in as he leans closer to get another taste, but Taehyung regards him without a hint of pity as he shakes his head no. "So eager, baby."

"Can we just---"

"No," the older cuts him off, voice serious, devoid of any amusement and his eyes...god, his eyes are so dark and his lips are no longer smirking but pursing instead. Jungkook has never seen this side of Taehyung; this demanding, tough, almost mad side that is so undoubtedly hot that the younger can feel his own heartbeat. He doesn't know what to expect and he loves it. Why haven't they done this before?

"We're doing this my way. Now take off your shirt," he commands then and Jungkook unbuttons it with shaky fingers, thinks he'd better do whatever Taehyung says...though what if he riles him up a bit? What if he gets madder? What if he... *punishes* him? Jungkook didn't know he was that into this kind of thing but his cock tells him otherwise.

And so he doesn't take his shirt off, not completely. He stares at Taehyung, almost defiant. He won't make it easy for him to be in charge.

"I said take off your shirt," he repeats, hands fumbling with his own

belt.

Jungkook shrugs.

Taehyung raises an eyebrow. He didn't expect Jungkook to actually put up a fight with how obviously hard he already is, and he's also not used to being told no. His hands leave his belt to cage Jungkook against the desk instead. Taehyung presses his tongue against the inside of his left cheek, eyes half-lidded as he looks at him. The younger gulps.

"You didn't hear me?" he asks, voice deeper than before and Jungkook really didn't think that was possible. He follows the movement of his tongue as it wets his full lower lip. He feels dizzy. "Take it off," he whispers though despite his order his own hands are the ones that slide the shirt off his shoulders, revealing his skin to the air. Jungkook shivers though he doubts it has anything to do with the coldness of the room.

He looks at Taehyung who is still fully clothed and says, "You too."

Taehyung's smirk is almost evil, relishing in Jungkook's need for him. "We have time, why rush?" he asks, gesturing with his hand for the younger to sit on his desk. He obeys, thinking that maybe that will get him something faster. He can play hard to get another day, who is he kidding? He's horny and needs Taehyung to do something besides staring at him with that blatant hunger in his eyes.

"Because I want you. Now," he replies and his muscles flex as his arms raise him to the desk. He can feel goosebumps growing in his arms due to the slight cold in the air but he doesn't care. He wants the heat that only Taehyung's skin can provide.

"Bad boys don't get what they want, baby," another smirk, another stretch of lips as he fully unbuckles his belt and throws it on the floor, careless. Jungkook lowers his eyes, watches the brown leather before raising them back to Taehyung.

"I didn't--I'm not---" he stutters. He doesn't know why he's so nervous, this is Taehyung after all...but this isn't the Taehyung he's known for the last two years, not really.

"Shhh, I'll take care of you," he smiles, so gorgeous and perfect that it physically hurts Jungkook not to be touching him right now. But the idea of being taken care of excites him, and so he nods a couple of times for good measure, making sure Taehyung sees that he agrees,

that he's more than okay with all of this. He loves it when the older smiles at him and finally, *finally* allows their lips to touch again. It's soft, slow but Jungkook pushes against his mouth and wishes for Taehyung to part his lips so he can taste him. The older doesn't let him but nibbles at his bottom lip instead, forcing him to open his own mouth and licking inside it with his tongue, swirling and twisting it until all Jungkook can feel is pleasure. He moans when Taehyung tugs at his dark hair and he hears the sound of his pants fall to the floor. "Take yours off," he whispers into his lips and Jungkook nods, eager to obey.

Taehyung is still wearing his shirt though, and it falls on his frame covering a part of his honey colored thighs. Jungkook sighs at the sight as he is left in nothing but his briefs. He's never been this naked on his own office and it feels strange. He knows the door is locked but he can't help but wonder what would happen if someone were to enter now. There's no way to explain Taehyung unbuttoning only the first two buttons of his shirt while staring at him with lustful eyes, no way to explain Jungkook sitting on his desk in his underwear, legs spread open for the other.

But all worry leaves his mind instantly when Taehyung suddenly gets on his knees on the space between his legs. He sends him a look with mirth and playfulness spilling out of his eyes before his hands travel to his thighs, holding him in place. He swallows a moan when the older begins sucking another mark on his left thigh, mouth opening wide against him. "So strong..." he sighs, kissing the skin almost gently. Jungkook throws his head back, relief flooding his insides as Taehyung's smooth lips press against his flesh. A few seconds later though, he feels the beginning of a bite in the same spot as the older digs his teeth a bit too hard on his thigh. Jungkook winces but the pain translates to pleasure through his body.

"Fuck, just..." he sighs, his neglected cock asking for attention when Taehyung keeps on teasing the skin around it but nothing else.

"Careful, love. Good boys don't curse," he smirks as he raises back up from the floor, his light blue shirt still on. Jungkook frowns but says nothing back. "Oh, don't get mad. You want my cock that bad?"

"You know I do."

"Beg."

Jungkook's eyes widen with surprise. "What?"

Taehyung looks as if he were about to laugh. He feels sorry for the younger, but he's been in his position before many, many times and today is his day. Today they're playing by his rules.

He brings his hands to his shirt, and instead of continuing to take it off as slowly as he was doing it before, he bursts the buttons open, tugging at the fabric until they all give in and fall to the floor to join his belt. Jungkook stares in awe. That has to be one of the hottest things he's ever seen.

Taehyung doesn't move to take the rest off, but tilts his head to the side and bites on the inside of his cheek instead, before ordering in a husky voice that sends a shiver down Jungkook's spine, "Beg. You loved making me beg so beg. Beg baby, beg for my cock."

Jungkook swallows nothing but air. His eyes roam over Taehyung's exposed skin, his soft tummy and his hard member visible through his underwear....he wants to eat him whole.

Or have *him* eat him.

"Turn around," Taehyung says before the younger is able to come up with a reply. Jungkook quickly stands up, leaving the desk to obey his demand. Taehyung almost laughs at how fast he gets ready for him. He really is eager. He gets closer to him, hitting his right ear with his warm breath as his hand gets a handful of his ass. His fingers knead the soft skin as he murmurs, "You want it?"

Taehyung won't lie; he's surprised by his own words, how easily they come out of his mouth, how pleasurable it is to make the younger squirm like this, to turn him so vulnerable and needy for him. Why the hell didn't he try this before?

"Yes---yes, I want it..." Jungkook sighs, his hard cock grazing the desk as Taehyung pushes him against it with his big hands.

"How much, baby? Tell me," he insists, both hands sliding his underwear off slowly, the fabric feels like lava as he rubs it against his soft skin. His legs are shaking.

"So much Tae...please just---give it to me already."

Taehyung smirks, pleased with how gone and desperate the younger already sounds, considering he's barely even touched him. Jungkook shuts his eyes when he hears a bottle opening up. It seems the older came prepared; he already knew Jungkook would say yes, he's too

weak to say no.

And then, faster than Jungkook expected considering what a tease Taehyung is, the older spreads him open with one hand, the gesture fast as he slides a finger in with his other one. His hands were already cold but with the lube they're even colder. Jungkook sighs; he hasn't been fucked in a long time, the feeling of the intruding finger is almost foreign. And Taehyung has such pretty fingers, such long and slender fingers that will wreck him open slowly. Or so he thinks.

A minute later he finds out he was wrong, for Taehyung is sliding two fingers and scissoring them mercilessly in and out of his entrance. He crooks his fingers expertly, nails scratching at his walls and moving smoothly with wet sounds filling the room. The lube drips to his thighs, thick liquid falling all over the floor. All the while Taehyung speaks dirty words against his earlobe like a mantra, "You like it when I split you open, huh? Like my hands inside you? Like how it feels to touch you right here?" he asks when he hears a loud moan the moment his index grazes his prostate. How did he even find it that fast? How are his fingers moving like this inside him? How much experience does Taehyung have?

Jungkook hopes most of the employees are gone by now because otherwise they may hear something they shouldn't and how is he supposed to explain this?

"Yes, yes...so good," he moans anyway, unable to keep from whimpering. He bites on his lip and tastes blood when Taehyung adds a third finger, the slide more than easy by now, his hole welcoming the addition as it clenches around his hand. He's already leaking, it's embarrassing. "I'm ready---stop, just---fuck me."

But Taehyung is merciless. He chuckles, breathy against his ear as he continues fucking him open with three fingers, hitting his prostate every few seconds and dragging Jungkook completely to the edge. His hands grip the desk tightly, knuckles white as he feels tremors travel through his entire body. His cock leaks drops of precum to the floor and the warmth inside his body enhances as the seconds go by, climax nearing. The combination of sounds between his fingers, his voice, the older's low grunts and Jungkook's own moans only make him hungrier for more.

And then his fingers are suddenly completely gone and Jungkook almost falls to the floor.

“Easy there,” Taehyung laughs, grabbing him by the hips and holding him in place. “Want my cock now?”

Jungkook nods several times before panting, “Yes, please Tae....give it to me.”

“Such a good boy...” Taehyung murmurs against the spot between his shoulder blades, his lips leaving kisses all over his back making the younger sigh. Part of him wants to turn around, grab Taehyung, slam him against a wall and teach him who really is in charge...but other part, a more awake one, wishes to succumb and follow his orders, to let Taehyung wreck him completely and take all of him.

Suddenly he feels the older’s cock graze over his entrance, teasingly. He spreads his shaking legs almost instinctively, hips pushing backwards for him to get inside him already. “Come on.”

“Shhh, don’t be impatient,” he murmurs and Jungkook growls in return. He feels hot all over, his body feverish, his cheeks flushed and his pulse ricocheting to the sky. “Can I fuck you like this?” the other male asks then, and Jungkook is just about to ask what he means by that when he feels the bare skin of Taehyung’s hard cock caress the curve of his ass. He moans, the idea making his eyes flutter in pleasure.

“Yes, yes----please Tae, I’ll do anything just---” the words abandon his mouth before he can catch them, tell them to keep quiet and stay trapped inside the warm box of desire inside him.

But Taehyung’s pleased voice makes him forget everything else except him and his hold and his deep voice.

“You’ll do anything?” Taehyung asks, the idea tempting the darkest, most lustful parts of his mind. Having Jungkook like this for him, so pliant and giving, makes him want to worship absolutely everything about him.

“Yes,” he answers with no hesitation whatsoever. Full trust. And fuck if that isn’t sexy.

“I’ll take you up on that later, baby,” he can hear the sassy smirk in his voice, Taehyung probably getting what he’d planned from the very start but he doesn’t care, not when he finally enters him without remorse. Jungkook throws his head backwards, a loud moan leaving his parted lips as he feels Taehyung’s cock corrupt his walls. His hands grab his hips tightly, fingers digging at his sides, probably leaving

burning marks behind. "You're so tight, *fuck*."

Jungkook sighs, adjusting to the size and feeling the slight pain, rejoicing in the burn as his hole is stretched and his walls flexed to fit the other's fat cock. He can't wait too long though, and so after a few seconds, he utters a shaky, "Move."

He can almost taste the sweat already clinging to his skin. He's so full with the other's thickness clinging to his insides, splitting him in two and slamming into him in slow, almost careful movements. Jungkook wants more, *needs* more. He's been teased too much already. "Come on, fuck me like you mean it," he growls, demanding and borderline desperate. His tone makes Taehyung chuckle, breathy and husky. Even that sound is hot as fuck for Jungkook's ears.

But the older listens to his pleas. He listens and he fucks him as deep and hard as he needed all along. He feels himself drowning under waves of pleasure that hit him full force, knocking the breath out of his lungs and licking at his heartbeat, driving it slowly insane.

Taehyung bites his shoulder, then slides his mouth to kiss his neck while he plays with his hair; he tangles it between his fingers and pulls, yanking Jungkook's head backwards and kissing his cheek. The gesture is almost gentle, a constant contradiction to how hard he fucks him, hips snapping over and over again. His hand snakes around the other's waist and he plays with his cock then, the tip flushed and red, wet with cum. It makes Jungkook let out a sound between a whine and a sob.

Taehyung slides his cock slowly out of his entrance, the movement filling them both with pleasure as he then slams back in full force, the tip of his cock finding the bundle of nerves that sends a shock of bliss through Jungkook's body.

"There, oh my God--- *Taehyung*."

And so he proceeds to slam against that particular spot, one hand still holding to his hip and the other teasing his cock continuously, fingers curling around the corona and spreading the wet cum around the base.

"I won't---I'm close fuck, I'm so close, yes," Jungkook pants, his back hurting due to the position he's been in for so long. Taehyung takes his cock out and turns him around then, using the hand gripping him as leverage to set him on top of his desk. The younger stares at him expectantly and bites his lip when Taehyung takes his legs between

his hands and raises them, opening him up and showing his wet entrance clenching around nothing, asking for his throbbing member.

And then he slams back in without wasting another second, the new angle providing even a deeper thrust. Jungkook moans louder than ever before, hands still gripping the desk as he gasps. Taehyung pushes and takes all of him, the sound of skin against skin, of their hips knocking against each other so delicious and wet as even more lube drips down his legs and---

Jungkook comes with a scream, climaxing so hard he sees stars bursting behind his eyelids. Taehyung comes right after, the sight of the beautiful, gorgeous young man so broken under him going straight to his cock. He fills him with his warm cum and Jungkook's gets all over his desk but he couldn't care less. They're a mess but he adores it.

"Fuck, that was---god, I love you," he says without thinking, blurting out the words helplessly. He sees Taehyung freeze on the spot, eyes widening in surprise, mouth going slack. He looks fucked up with his messy hair, strands of it sweaty and sticking to his forehead. He's still wearing his unstitched shirt, but the rest of him is naked and beautiful. "Shit, sorry. I didn't mean to---" he rushes to apologize, hoping he didn't just fuck everything up. Taehyung slides out of him in a smooth movement, Jungkook hastily standing up to try and conserve some of his dignity.

"Oh, Kooks..." Taehyung sighs, the nickname falling from his lips out of its own accord. His eyes are casted down, fingers playing with the hem of his shirt. "I'm sorry, I'm just really stupid and...emotionally constipated it seems," he lets out a humorless laugh that makes the corners of his mouth twitch slightly upwards.

"It's okay, you don't need to say it back I mean...it really is fine, Tae," he replies, one hand scratching at his neck awkwardly. He wishes he at least were wearing his underwear.

"Except it's not. You deserve more it's just---I've never had this with anyone...I don't even know what this *is*," he gestures raising his hands before letting them fall to his sides. "It took me so long to recognize my own feelings, it's absurd," he continues, hoping Jungkook won't make him talk about said feelings out loud.

Jungkook thinks it's a bit amusing that they're finally having this conversation when they're both naked on his own office. He still has

cum on his chest, for fuck's sakes. With a half smile he says, "Let's get changed and go out, okay? We can talk there."

Taehyung nods. It feels right.

He chuckles then as he eyes them both. They look bizarre.

"Yeah, let's do that."

It's one hour later that they find themselves walking around the city. The night is dark and cold but the car's lights driving by are bright and colorful, making a whole show whenever Taehyung narrows his eyes at them. They both haven't said much yet, they're just a few blocks away from the office and the older is hoping Jungkook will bring the subject back into the conversation because he may be here and ready to talk (or as ready as he can be), but that doesn't mean he has the will to actually start. And yet as the minutes go by, Taehyung begins to wonder if the younger is perhaps waiting for him to talk. It'd make sense, he's been trying all along and all he's done in return is shut him down.

They're nearing a park now, it's almost nine and there aren't many people around. The trees are leafless but beautiful, the grass wet with dew drops. There's a quiet loneliness to winter that brings peace to Taehyung's eyes. He stares all around them and thinks this is exactly where they're supposed to finally talk, to put words to their feelings and set them free.

They walk along the path that cuts right through the middle of the park, its red bricks like a living, bleeding vein.

"Remember Japan?" Taehyung asks all of the sudden, breaking Jungkook out of his stupor. His eyes were focused on the sky for too long by now. The older wonders deep down if it's a writer's thing; to get lost in the smallest of things, let your mind fly and don't come back to earth until someone else is there to catch you. He would willingly catch Jungkook every day.

The younger looks at him with a confused expression. "It wasn't that long ago, so yeah, why?"

Taehyung allows his feet to slowly drag him ahead as he speaks, this time without measuring his words or filtering them. Jungkook deserves the raw truth. He deserves to see it all and judge by himself.

"I loved it there. I wasn't so scared, I don't know...it felt like we could really be together, make it work and all," he sighs, and when Jungkook turns to look at him he can see the hurt in his eyes.

"What do you mean? We can...don't you think we can?" he asks, silently asking for reassurance. And on a normal day, Taehyung would give it to him. He'd give anything, do anything for him. He hates that the way Jungkook's gaze turns from calmed to worried in the span of five seconds is completely his fault. But he can't keep lying to him, can't keep putting up excuses and postponing this conversation. He just can't.

Taehyung's smile is so sad it hurts him deep inside. "What if it ruins it, Kooks?" his question is soft, almost as if he were scared of hearing the answer.

Jungkook stops in his tracks then, his eyes leaving the huge water fountain right in the middle of the park that seems to have appeared out of nowhere, to find Taehyung again.

"What if what ruins it?"

The older wets his lips and takes a deep breath before replying, "Love. What if it ruins what we have? Why risk it?"

Jungkook frowns, one hand reaching out to grab Taehyung. The other instantly intertwines his fingers between his, trusting. "How could it possibly be a bad thing? This, how could it be anything but good?" he asks, because the older's warm hand feels absolutely right on his.

Taehyung shakes his head, expression unconvinced. If only it were that easy... "I don't know---"

"I won't hurt you," he rushes to say, his cheeks flushed a pretty red color due to the cold air around them.

Tae feels a smile tempting his lips at that. Of course Jungkook would jump to that conclusion. He tilts his head, asks, "And what if *I* hurt you?"

"I'll move on," he simply shrugs, unfazed. It makes Taehyung roll his eyes.

"I'm serious."

"So am I," he insists, squeezing his hand slightly. It feels familiar. He

bites his lip, looks around, runs his free hand through his hair. Taehyung observes it all with smitten eyes. He's adorable when he's nervous. "Look, I'm scared too, okay? I've never felt this for anyone either but I love you and fuck it, let's try. It may be a mess, it probably will be... but it could be worth it."

And Taehyung thinks he'll never be more in love in his life than he is now. It's true it seems, that you only truly understand what love is when you feel it, when it's blooming out of your fingertips and curling around your limbs.

Jungkook makes him happy. And he does love him. He's still terribly scared but maybe he's right; maybe he should let go and try. It's what his parents did, after all, and it worked for them...and also, what if he really never feels this way again about anyone? What then? Or worse, what if he *does* ? What if he lets Jungkook go and completely loses him? If there's anyone out there for him, anyone he can possibly picture a future with, it's him.

And so he brings Jungkook's hand to his lips, kisses his knuckles, closes his eyes. The younger stares, waiting for his reply. Once he puts their hands down, he opens his eyes again and regards him with a smile. "I always did have a hard time saying no to you."

Jungkook grins, his heart beating steadily now. "You did."

Taehyung's smile is so dazzling then, so comforting and full of trust, his eyes dark but hopeful that Jungkook believes he could write a hundred sonnets about that gesture alone.

"What about Yugyeom?" the older asks then, almost shy as he focuses his eyes on their hands. It makes Jungkook frown profusely.

"What? He's just a friend."

"Really?"

"Yes, Tae," he rolls his eyes at that. How could he think there would be anyone in his mind but him? And yet he's just as stupid as he is because he asks, "What about Minjae?"

Taehyung hits him on the shoulder, playful. "Just a guy. I didn't even like him."

"Really?" he wonders but he already knows it's true when Taehyung is wrapping his arms around him and smiling.

“Yes, Jeon,” he says with a fake sigh.

“Okay then,” he simply replies before leaning over and kissing him on the lips. He can taste his charming smile as Jungkook’s thumb rubs circles over his cheekbone.

“I love you, too,” Taehyung whispers close to his lips, eyes shut. It feels like jumping off a helicopter without a parachute on, but god, he lives for the rush, the adrenaline that runs through his veins. And he lives for the way Jungkook beams at him when he hears the words and kisses every part of his face as if trying to seal his lips to each corner, each patch of soft skin. Taehyung is laughing halfway through it. “You’re ridiculous,” he says but kisses him back anyway.

Chapter End Notes

A week late but here it is hehe...

We're getting closer to the end! Around 3, 4 chapters left? Oh and the epilogue, ofc.

So...top Tae, did you guys like it?

And finally the confession!!

I got some reflections to make though (:

I kinda love that Jungkook had a childhood filled with a bad example of love (idk if y'all recall his parent's love story which had less love and more hatred than anything else. They both cheated on each other continuously and fought in front of little Kookie) and yet he wants to build a healthy relationship with Taehyung, to differ from his parent's decisions.

And then you have Taehyung who was raised by two loving parents (you'll meet them soon!) with hearts in their eyes and yet he's so scared of not reaching that happy ending with Jungkook that he'd rather not try at all...well, not anymore haha.

But oh, the ironyyy.

Anyway, hope you guys liked it as usual, please comment and send kudos!

xoxo, C.

The Ice Castle

Chapter Notes

I guess most writers would add a filler chapter before this? But I hate filler chapters so..yeah here ya go.

Also, for those of you who are only here for the smut, fluff and stuff, this may seem kinda boring but it was necessary for the plot so yeah u.u

p.s: this is low-key dedicated to my friend Terf who may be a bit like Kookie here. And also to Mona cuz I can't believe I haven't dedicated a chapter to my biggest fan yet xD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“This is a good idea, right?” Taehyung asks as he scans his reflection in the mirror. He is fixing his tie for the twelfth time in the last five minutes, but he can’t quite help himself. He sees Jungkook send him a reassuring smile as he types something on his phone, his demeanor calm.

“He’s not going to be there, he’s out of town. Mom wouldn’t lie about that. She leaves whenever he’s in the house,” he shrugs, putting his phone away and moving towards Tae to help him with the tie.

“Why not just move then?” he asks with a frown as his boyfriend’s fingers move with ease on his collar. He can smell a new cologne in him and he loves it. It’s different, a bit more aggressive but lighter at the same time, it’s just as intoxicating as the one he would steal from him, though.

“One of the many unanswered questions of my family,” he sighs as he finishes fixing Taehyung’s tie. He doesn’t move away though, and Taehyung is about to kiss him when he adds, “Oh, don’t ask them.”

He snorts.

“Wasn’t planning to...at least Namjoon will be there, right?”

“Yeah, he will,” he replies, looking down. “Mom doesn’t treat him that well, though. That’s why I told him not to go but he insisted. Said family should be together or some shit. My mom isn’t a bad woman

but well...she makes mistakes. Hating Namjoon because it reminds her of dad cheating on her is one of them,” he finishes. Regardless of the words leaving his lips easily because he trusts Taehyung, he still has a hard time putting his thoughts out and exposing part of his privacy to anyone else. He’s never done this, but he knows he wants to do everything with Taehyung, show him everything he has.

“Although very common.”

“I guess.”

“And yet Namjoon says she’s family?” he questions with a slight frown of confusion. It doesn’t seem fair to him to allow Jungkook’s mother to treat him badly while he treats her like a mom or...well, at least part of the family.

Jungkook gives him a sad smile. “He’s just doing it for me.”

Taehyung’s heart warms up. Despite Jungkook’s awful parents he’s lucky to have Namjoon there to protect and love him as he deserves. He’s grateful he’s there, grateful his friend Jin found him, too. And so he says, “He’s a great brother.”

“He is. I give him a hard time...” Jungkook replies, voice low though he’s so close to him that he hears him clearly.

“Hey, don’t say that.” Taehyung holds his chin back up to meet his eyes. He sees guilt and pain in his boyfriend’s gaze and it hurts *him*. Jungkook shakes his head, holding the hand that was touching his chin to intertwine their fingers and smile.

“It’s true. But it’s okay, I’ll make up for it. I will,” he nods, voice determined. Taehyung nods back at him. He’s sure he will, even if he doesn’t need to.

The older leans his forehead against his, not wishing to bring the subject up now that they’re about to leave but unable to do anything but. The thoughts have been running through his mind for too long now. Jungkook is quiet as their hands hang between their bodies, and so Taehyung takes the chance to open his mouth. “Have you been thinking about what I told you? What we talked about?”

He hears Jungkook’s intake of breath, sees him close his eyes or maybe they were already closed, he isn’t sure. He sounds exhausted as he says, “Tae, you know I can’t do that. I can’t give everything up for a pipe dream.”

Taehyung's eyes harden automatically. "It's not a pipe dream, Kooks," he almost growls. He's sick of hearing Jungkook bring himself and his work down. It's his passion, his will to live fully, his moon and stars and that thing he does because it helps him breathe better. He can't just give that up because he's scared of not being good enough. He won't let him.

"It is," he insists stubbornly. "I love that you like my poetry but---"

"It's not just that. This isn't me being biased by my boyfriend, I swear," he replies as he lets go of his hand, stepping away from him to look him in the eye. Jungkook still looks as if he didn't believe him. He stands there, stance tired, and all Taehyung wants to do is either kiss him or kick him. But then the younger's eyes soften as a thought crosses his mind and he reaches an almost shy hand up to caress his boyfriend's hair.

"They were for you, you know that, right?"

Taehyung's eyebrows furrow, but he still lets him pet his hair because it feels nice. "What do you mean?"

Jungkook looks nervous as he tangles his fingers in the other's hair and bites the inside of his cheek. A few centuries of silence go by, but Taehyung just watches them pass because even though he's slightly impatient, he knows Jungkook sometimes needs a bit of time to let some words out and he'd wait forever for him if he had to.

"The poems you found..." he begins eventually, "You thought they were for Yugyeom but--"

Taehyung shakes his head in disbelief, eyes wide. "You're kidding."

Jungkook chuckles and tugs at his hair, playful.

"Why would I kid about that?"

Taehyung groans, burying his face in his hands and practically screaming into them like a teenager. "You can't be any more perfect and sweet, stop."

Jungkook smiles, wrapping his hands around Taehyung's waist, bringing him closer to him and squeezing his sides. "I love you," he murmurs into his hair.

Taehyung feels something warm and beautiful fill him inside as he

nuzzles Jungkook's neck and laughs. "I love you, too."

Jungkook's parents house is a mansion. The kind you only see in movies when they introduce the crazy rich, freaking posh family. Taehyung instantly feels uncomfortable in his white shirt and black pants. Maybe he pushed it with the make up. He hardly ever wears eyeliner and a soft shade of pink lipstick but he decided that if Jungkook's mom was against gay people, he would have a bit of fun torturing her. Well, Jungkook did say she didn't mind but you never know. Fuck it, he wanted to look nice.

Still, the moment his boyfriend parks his car and they get off, Taehyung's hands start shaking. The house is too much; the huge and beautiful garden, full of colorful flowers blossoming in the middle of Winter, like a magical paradise. Despite the cold, he wishes to stay there smelling their sweet essence instead of walking inside.

"Ready?" Jungkook asks him, hand stretched towards him.

Taehyung takes it and squeezes tenderly with a nod, though he doesn't feel ready at all.

The door is a dark brown and so bright that it gives the impression of having been varnished not too long ago. Jungkook rings the doorbell, a small black buzzer that Taehyung didn't even see at first glance. Is it even necessary when they already announced themselves in the entrance, for the security man to open the gate? Oh, of course they have guards and a gate, of course.

Taehyung half expects a maid to open the door but is surprised to find a beautiful lady in her forties smiling back at them with the most dazzling smile he's ever seen. She's gorgeous and Tae quickly realizes Jungkook is the spitting image of this woman; black velvety hair that stretches behind her back and caresses her slim waist, pale skin, red full lips, soft eyes, the longest eyelashes, expressive eyebrows. She looks like a queen in her long blue dress that shines whenever she moves.

"Oh, honey you look exquisite," she smiles at his boyfriend, her hand with perfectly painted pink nails reaches out to squeeze his arm and Taehyung sees Jungkook smile back at his mother and god, it's a beautiful sight. Then she turns towards him, her eyes intense as she says, "And you, you must be Kim Taehyung!"

“Yes, I am. It’s an honor to meet you, Mrs. Jeon,” he replies before realizing his mistake. Fuck, he’s just so nervous and Jungkook didn’t mention her name but seriously, Mrs. Jeon? The lady widens her eyes slightly and he sees a bitter purse in her lips as she shakes her head, soft strands of dark hair falling on her face, the contrast with her skin is a beautiful mess.

“Please, call me Seohyun,” she kindly says when Taehyung thought he was going to be sent off to hell. He sighs in relief, hears Jungkook’s light chuckle and refrains from hitting him.

“Of course, I apologize,” he answers with a quick bow of his head.

“Common mistake, no worries, love. Come in!” she steps away from the door then, allowing them to walk inside. The first thing Taehyung sees is the chimney. The second is the high ceilings, and then his eyes wander around the living room in awe. “Jungkook, may I have a quick word with you?” he hears Seohyun say from behind him and instantly worries as he pretends to be scanning the oil paintings of what seems to be Jeon’s ancestors. The sofa looks plush and soft and it’s the color of caramel, with pillows perfectly set on top of it in different pastel colors that match.

Taehyung turns slightly around then, eyes instantly going to Jungkook who is frowning at his mother. She has a hand on his arm again, comforting, but then she opens her mouth to say something else in a low voice and Jungkook shakes her hand off of him.

“You seriously expect me to allow---” he hears his boyfriend hiss, eyebrows raised so far up in his forehead that they disappear behind his fringe. Fuck, are they talking about him? Did he already ruin this? Does his mother hate him?

Taehyung hates seeing the anger in Jungkook’s eyes, the unconcealable irritation there. He hates when he gets like this, stressed and mad and... shit, this was supposed to only be stressing for him. He looks down at the floor, isn’t surprised to find it’s so shiny he can see his own reflection in the wooden tiles. He looks shaken up, great.

“I’ll go check if dinner is ready, excuse me,” Seohyun says then catching Taehyung’s attention. He nods as she walks towards a double door at his left, her dress sparkling against the lights hanging from the ceiling.

“Everything alright?” he asks walking towards his boyfriend who is

still frowning at the spot his mother was recently in. His eyes instantly soften when they fall on Taehyung, though.

“Not really...I’m sorry, this was supposed to be a good night.”

“What do you mean? What happened?” he asks, instinctively reaching out to caress Jungkook’s cheek with his thumb. He visibly relaxes under his touch, but he’s still looking at him with undeniable anger.

“Dad is coming,” he replies and well, yeah, that explains it.

“Oh...”

“Yeah, oh,” he grunts.

“It’s okay,” Taehyung says because he doesn’t know what else to say. And also, he hates seeing him like this so much...if only he could do something to erase the tension around his eyes and mouth.

“It’s not. We should leave,” Jungkook says and Taehyung’s hand falls from the other’s face, confused.

“What?”

“Come on, you already met him, you know how he is. I don’t want him to hurt you,” his boyfriend explains, but Taehyung is far from understanding.

“He won’t hurt me,” he almost huffs. Yes, his father may be creepy and rude but there’s no way he can actually hurt him.

Jungkook regards him with a look that makes him feel small. He shakes his head, flicks his eyes over the older with almost bored eyes. “He will, believe me. It’s what he does.”

“We can’t just leave, your mother seems nice,” he shrugs, suddenly feeling uncomfortable in the enormous cold house. The chimney may be lit but he’s freezing and really, how does Seohyun handle it wearing just a dress?

“Yeah and she can be but...you don’t get it,” he sighs, running a hand through his hair. He looks nervous and that’s the last thing Tae wanted, to upset him any further, to make him feel like he even has to explain his family to him. Jungkook obviously knows what he’s talking about, they raised him for fuck’s sakes. And so the older nods, grabbing his hand in an attempt to calm him down. It helps. Jungkook

can always breathe a little better whenever he's touching Taehyung.

"Look, okay, we can leave if you want. It obviously upsets you and I don't want to---" he begins, hand squeezing his softly but it seems to be the wrong thing to say because Jungkook is quickly shaking his head again, eyes scarily wide.

"This has nothing to do with me. I can handle my dad," he replies but Taehyung is so far from buying those words. He sounds fake and even a bit scared and god, they shouldn't have come, why did he even think this would be a good idea? They've only been dating for a few weeks, most people don't meet their boyfriend's parents until they date for at least three months. But then again, have they really just been dating for a couple weeks? It feels like they've been together for way longer, and in a way, they have. The only thing that changed is that now he can call him his boyfriend and be clingy and sweet without hiding it. It'd only made sense to have this meeting and Jungkook's mom kept insisting on meeting him and well....

Still, bad idea. Bad, bad idea.

"Okay..." he says, unconvinced.

"I'm serious," he insists, noticing Taehyung's reluctance. "I'm used to it. Besides, Namjoon is coming so, you know what? Let's stay."

"Are you sure? We don't have to. Maybe your mother can---" he begins, thinking of anything to say to make Jungkook don't feel bad about leaving. He already screwed up by showing his disbelief at the idea of his boyfriend handling his own father; but how could that possibly be true when he almost had a breakdown when Tae met him in the first place, scared of what he could've possibly told him? And he stays in that company just for his father's sake, resigning to his dreams and---

"No, it's fine. If you're okay with it, so am I," Jungkook shrugs then, careless, as if they were discussing whether to get ice cream or not.

"You don't sound like you're okay with it, though," he tries once again, but Jungkook cuts him with a glare, taking his hand away from his. Taehyung can't hide the slight pang to his chest at the action.

"Well, I am."

He's acting like a petulant child but Taehyung sighs, letting him have his way and hoping for the night not to be as disastrous as it could be.

He's about to say something else, crack a bad joke about the thick rug under their feet and how it reminds him of his grandma when she's trying to act posh, anything to make Jungkook at least smile because he hates how upset he looks, but then Seohyun is walking back inside the living room as if she'd been waiting for them to finish talking to return. Taehyung wonders if she heard their entire conversation and shudders.

"Dinner will be ready soon, shall we head to the dining room?" she suggests with an easy, almost commercial smile plastered on her face and Taehyung can do nothing but nod in agreement, sending Jungkook a tentative glance but receiving nothing in return.

It's going to be a long night.

The dining room is absurd. Well, actually, Taehyung comes to the deafening conclusion that everything about mansions is absurd; the enormity of things, the exuberance and pretentiousness clinging to every hallway and painting and clean surface. Only two people live in this house...well, that's a lie, actually two people plus the maids and cooks and gardeners so maybe it's as big as it should be. Maybe Taehyung is just bitter because his apartment currently holds four people and is the size of the Jeon's living room.

They're now sitting down on a rectangular table that reminds Taehyung of a Game of Thrones episode. There are too many dishes and glasses and forks and knives and chopsticks, even spoons. It makes him wonder if the Jeon's are hosting a party he didn't know about. Seohyun is sitting at the head of the table like a queen and she's staring at him with unreadable eyes. Jungkook is silent at his side, eyes lost in the empty plate in front of him.

"You really are gorgeous, Taehyung. Jungkook did always find pretty people to join him, though he's never brought anyone home before," she adds as an afterthought, though Taehyung doubts there's anything that comes out of her mouth that is unplanned. She doesn't seem to be the kind of person to talk without thinking first.

"Thank you," he says with a slight blush covering his cheeks. Seohyun smiles and opens her mouth to say something else when a maid wearing a black uniform with a white apron on top appears on the hallway.

"Mr. Kim has arrived, ma'am," she announces with a slight bow and

Jungkook's mother nods in reply, her smile dissolving into a tight purse of her lips.

Mr. Kim. Taehyung grins when he sees Namjoon and Seokjin walk inside the dining room. He can't say he's anything but proud of his friend who looks absolutely flawless wearing a cashmere shirt and grey pants. His hair is styled nicely too, bright and soft looking. He sees Seohyun stare at him in awe. The Jin effect.

"Good evening, everyone," Namjoon says with a polite smile, bowing. He then turns towards his stepmother, his smile unwavering as he continues, "Seohyun, may I introduce you to my boyfriend, Kim Seokjin," he holds him by the arm and Taehyung can see the slight nervous twitch in his friend's eyes as he bows as well. "Jin, this is my stepmother, Choi Seohyun."

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you," Seokjin half smiles, all kind eyes and good manners. Seohyun seems impressed as she nods in return and tells them to please sit down.

Jin sits next to Taehyung and smiles at him as he murmurs, "What a house, huh?"

"Don't even mention it," whispers Taehyung back.

It's not even five minutes later that the maid returns to announce the arrival of Mr. Jeon. Taehyung sees Jungkook bite on his lip and sighs, reaching out to his right to hold his hand in his, and despite how annoyed he may be with him right now, Jungkook intertwines their fingers and sends him a grateful smile.

Mr. Jeon looks just the way he did when Taehyung first met him as he walks inside the room, demanding attention. His eyes hold the same blind vanity as he calmly saunters over the table. His lips seem to twitch into that awful smirk of his when they fall on Taehyung. He looks right back at him, shoulders tense, stare unwavering.

But it's not Mr. Jeon who takes his breath away, is the two people that walk right behind him.

"Mom? Dad?" he asks raising from his seat, confusion laced deep into his voice. He can hear Jungkook sighing at his side. He doesn't seem that surprised by the turn of events, but almost resigned.

"Honey, hey!" his mother smiles at him as she rushes to his side, hugging him tightly to her chest. He hasn't seen her in at least two

months...and now she's here? With Mr. Jeon? In his boyfriend's house? What the fuck?

"What---what are you two doing here?" he questions as his mom finally breaks the hug. He can see Jungkook's mother staring at them in bafflement, probably thinking his parents are as bad mannered as they come considering they didn't bow to her. And the clothes they're wearing are nothing compared to Mr. Jeon's immaculate suit and Mrs. Jeon dreamlike dress. They're foreigners here.

"Mr. Jeon invited us over. I thought you knew?" his father says, eyebrows raised in slight wonder. He hasn't seen his father in even longer, probably five months by now. He's always busy working on cases on his small firm and it's entirely strange that he is here, that he'd ever be here at all. He thought he wouldn't see them until Christmas came around.

"But...how did you even get here?" he asks in a lower tone, hoping the others can't hear as Namjoon thankfully says something to Mr. Jeon, probably introducing the wonderful Seokjin to him, too.

His parents live far from here, in the outskirts of the city. His father doesn't even own a car, neither of them know how to drive and hate public transport, hence the uncanniness of them being here now, in the flesh.

"Mr. Jeon was so kind he fetched us a nice car!" his father says with a proud grin, probably having felt better with himself being hauled out of his house and into a limousine of some sort, to visit this monster of a mansion and being served the best dinner he'll ever have.

"We didn't even know you had a boyfriend, silly," his mother adds, punching him teasingly in the shoulder. It hurts. His mom has always been too strong for her petite frame and she has the bothersome tendency of hitting both he and his father in a 'joking' manner. "And that he was your boss's son at that!" she adds, eyes wide behind her glasses, though there's no judgement in them.

"You didn't tell them?" he hears Jungkook ask and fuck, he'd forgotten he was sitting right there and probably listening to everything they said.

"I was just---" he begins but Seohyun saves his ass and says then,

"Please, do sit down. Dinner will be served any minute now."

And because is Seohyun who says it, they all follow her orders and Taehyung's parents forget everything about introductions. He sighs as he sits back down.

Jungkook doesn't hold his hand when he reaches out this time.

Seriously, fuck.

It's when they take the first bite of unmarinated hanwoo short ribs that Mr. Jeon opens his mouth and says, "Taehyung," all eyes go instantly to him. He feels as if he were choking even though the man hasn't said anything yet. "I've been perusing your resume these past few days and I was aghast to find no letter recommendations that could potentially explain your acceptance in the company."

Taehyung swallows despite the knot in his throat. The man is staring at him, expectantly. He's sitting right in front of him, too. No escape. Everyone's eyes are still on his and he's surprised his parents aren't rushing to his aid (his dad with a dumb joke perhaps, his mother with a comment about the high quality of the food) but quietly watching instead. Not that he'd want them to, considering the circumstances. They're probably too intimidated to talk. The Mr. Jeon effect.

"With all due respect, sir, I was accepted because of my skills and capacity. I've been working in Bangtan for over two years, I don't know what could bring you to question my position now," he replies and he's quite content with his own answer if he's being honest. He hopes Jungkook thinks that, too, but he can't risk a glance at him now, not when Mr. Jeon is still looking at him.

"Well, you are my son's...boyfriend, aren't you?" he says the word as if it burns his mouth and it probably does. Taehyung hopes it does, he hopes the word burns a hole into his brain and prevents him from sleeping at night. Hopes it aches against his tongue, a constant reminder of what he thinks is the result of a mistake of his own when it's actually, just life.

"I am," he can't hide the pride in his voice (nor he tries).

"If anything you must be smart enough to know why I'd be concerned over whether you are good enough for him or not," he continues before placing a huge piece of meat on his mouth, chewing almost obnoxiously and yet, with grace. Taehyung can't possibly think of eating now, not when his stomach is in a painful twist.

He does risk a glance at Jungkook then, sees him staring at his father with hard eyes, an expression akin to a glare. He sees him open his mouth to say something, his pretty pink lips parting to probably say something he'll regret. He wants Jungkook to handle his father, he wants him to send him to hell and beyond but not like this, not to defend Taehyung when he can defend himself. And so he beats him to it.

"I *am* good enough for him. I understand the concern but is his decision to---"

"This meat is delicious," Namjoon pipes in then, taking the role Taehyung's mother would normally take. Murmurs of agreement are heard through the table. The tension is thick, the air awkward.

Jungkook sends him a glance that could only translate into a silent apology. His eyes are so sad that Taehyung wishes he could sit on his lap and kiss his lips, whisper an 'it's okay' against his mouth because if someone has to apologize for anything, is him.

Seohyun smiles and the gesture catches Taehyung's eye. Despite not having talked yet, he sees his parents look at her, too. Her smile is open and inviting as she spreads her arms over the sides of the table and says, "Can we please not discuss business in the table? I'm excited to learn more about you, Taehyung. Jungkook seems absolutely infatuated with you."

"I'm not infa---" Jungkook begins, tone slightly defensive as he blushes like a child, but Taehyung's mother interrupts him.

"Oh I want to know more about you, too, Jungkook! I wish we'd known earlier that Taetae here had a boyfriend," she exclaims with sad eyes. Guilt eats away at Taehyung's heart but he ignores it. He barely sees his parents as it is, they live far and their phone calls are rare and really, he didn't think it was that necessary for them to find out considering they haven't even been dating for that long and he isn't close to his parents and---okay, maybe he should've told them. He is formally meeting Jungkook's parents after all.

"I'm sure he just forgot to mention it, his head lives in the clouds," Jin comments coming at his rescue with a chuckle after taking a sip of his wine.

"In the clouds?" Mr. Jeon asks, stern expression as he stares at Taehyung. He bites at his meat in silence, unsure of what he could say to that.

"It means he has imagination and things to think about, you know? Creative minds are the best kind, Taehyung," Seohyun replies to her ex-husband with bitter eyes that soften when she looks at the younger.

Why is she so kind to him?

"There are much more important matters than those such as *imagination*, " the man replies, spitting the word as if it were poison in his mouth, "Creativity is a word created by hippies who do nothing but lay in the grass and smoke weed, thinking up ideas of revolution and delusions of freedom which they have no idea of--"

"Imagination is a virtue," Taehyung cuts him off and considering the looks he gets from everyone around him except for his friend and his parents, he thinks that interrupting people seems to be a very ugly thing to do here. But he couldn't possibly allow that man to keep spitting bullshit in the table. And for the looks of it, no one will open their mouth except from him. Jungkook isn't even looking their way.

"A virtue? Is that the things poor people teach their sons nowadays?" he asks sending a questioning glance towards Taehyung's parents who seem to be shocked into silence. Not that they were talking that much before, anyway.

Taehyung tastes bile. "We are not poor and even if we were that doesn't mean anything about--"

"Wook, seriously. This is no way to treat our guests," Jungkook's mother says, turning towards the younger with something akin to embarrassment dancing in her eyes. Taehyung notices she hasn't even tried her food yet. "I apologize in his behalf."

"No need, Seohyun," Mr. Jeon replies sending her a glance that conveys as much hatred as possible (Taehyung wonders how someone can hate another person after having had a child together, after falling in love and getting married and whispering promises in front of their loved ones. He wants to know how things got so wrong with them and not make the same mistakes with Jungkook. He never wants to look at him like that, *ever* .) before turning back towards Taehyung's parents, "I didn't mean any harm by my words, Mr. and Mrs. Kim. I was simply stating the truth."

Taehyung is holding the porcelain chopsticks so tightly in his hands that he thinks they may snap any second now. He steals a glance towards his boyfriend who is currently whispering something back at his mother, though it sounds more like a hiss than anything else. He

sees Seohyun sigh before she raises her glass to her pink lips, shaking her head at her son. He would ask Jungkook what that was all about if he weren't trying to conceal his anger and not yell at his boyfriend's dad and also, kinda, his boss.

Jungkook was right after all. They should've left.

There's a sinking silence in the room and Taehyung looks at his parents, at how wrong they look in the Jeon's dining room; he looks at his mom's confused lips as they twitch downwards into what people would call a pout, her eyes as they stare past the expensive cutlery and find his own. She sends him a look that says 'who are these people? Why didn't you tell us? What is going on? Why isn't your boyfriend doing anything to stop this?'. Or maybe she's just worried about him not having tasted his rice yet, who knows really.

He then turns his attention to his dad. He was never a fighter, actually he's quite the opposite of Mr. Jeon but maybe that's a good thing. Yes, that may mean he's a coward that can't defend himself but at least he isn't ruthless for no reason at all except for torturing the people around him. Taehyung's heart aches at the idea of a young Jungkook having to suffer with his father's harsh words and cold stares. His mother may look like a saint at his side but she hurt Jungkook, too. That much he knows.

Namjoon is the one who opens his kind mouth next, sacrificing himself and breaking the awkward silence with a, "Father, I forgot to mention Jin here has traveled to Japan several times and thinks---"

"Can't he talk for himself?" Seohyun asks, eyebrow raised challengingly towards Namjoon. And there it is, the sweet mask of honey-dripping voice and kind gestures slipping off her face and revealing a woman just as ruthless as her husband.

My mom isn't a bad woman but well...she makes mistakes. Hating Namjoon because it reminds her of dad cheating on her is one of them.

"I can," Jin states after wiping his mouth off with a napkin. His eyes are calm and honest despite the tension in the room. "I think what Joonie was going to say was that---"

"Joonie? How sweet, isn't that how your mother used to call you, Namjoon?" Seohyun asks then, and with the smile that breaks through her face anyone would think she was just complimenting Jin's outfit.

Namjoon's mom, the woman his father cheated Seohyun with. The

woman who died years ago and broke her son's poor heart.

Awkward silence strikes again, but this time is heavy with sadness. Taehyung's parents look at each other in confusion.

"Oh, Seohyun is that way to treat your guests?" Mr. Jeon grins wickedly towards her and Taehyung is surprised because he hadn't seen that expression on his face yet and it's both creepy and fascinating at the same time, the way his face transforms into different expressions varying on his mood or rather, the reaction he chooses to display because everything is deliberate, nothing is random with him.

"I was simply asking a question," Seohyun shrugs, and the common, almost ordinary gesture turns graceful in her body.

"Yes, my mother used to call me Joonie. I still love the nickname so I like it when Jin calls me that," Namjoon replies, voice passive. Seohyun raises an eyebrow in return but says nothing else. Taehyung inwardly sighs as they all resume their eating.

But of course, the calm doesn't last long in this table.

"Um so, Jungkook, your father told me you work in his company? Are you going to be taking charge soon?" Taehyung's father asks and even though his intentions are good, he has the urge to shake his head at him, tell him to please shut up and finish his meal. *Eat your expensive lettuce, look at mom, whisper amongst each other, do not talk out loud.*

But it isn't Jungkook who replies. It's his father.

"Oh no, that would be my son Namjoon. Our dear Jungkook doesn't have much of an interest for Bangtan, you see," he explains and normally it would seem like a caring dad explaining to their son's father-in-law how the young man doesn't want to follow his steps but it's okay because he has a choice and that's wonderful. But with Mr. Jeon, even those words sound different coming through his mouth. It's in the way he says it, so entirely condescending that it makes Taehyung's blood boil. As if Jungkook was dumb for not wanting to take over the company. As if having free will was a mistake. As if, as if, as if.

Taehyung remembers thinking for a moment that Mr. Jeon would shoot him back when they were in his pompous office. Back then he hadn't understood why that idea had even crossed his mind...now he thinks he does. You don't need to be a murderer to kill dreams, and yet, what are you if not that?

And so taking a deep breath, he turns towards the only person he can think of in that table and blurts out, “Jungkook writes, mom.”

His mother seems thoroughly confused to be talked to. She startles, almost dropping her chopsticks to the floor. “What?”

“He writes. And it’s beautiful. And I--I think it’s way better than taking over the company. No offense, Namjoon,” he adds though he can see him smiling at his words.

“None taken,” he replies with a shrug. Jin smiles at him, too, almost encouraging.

“That’s great, Jungkook! What do you write a---” his mother begins asking, seemingly excited to talk to his son’s boyfriend directly for a change. Even Taehyung’s dad seems interested enough, and he was never a fan of literature. Though, of course, Mr. Jeon interrupts her because he may not appreciate people interrupting him but god knows he can do whatever he wants. Or so he thinks. So he’s lived thinking because no one ever told him otherwise, too scared, too intimidated, too weak. Maybe that’s why they got divorced, Taehyung thinks. Maybe it wasn’t just the cheating, after all she did it, too and divorces are frowned upon between people who belong into a higher social class. Maybe Seohyun told him otherwise once. Maybe Mr. Jeon didn’t like it.

And yet, they still live together. Isn’t that frowned upon, too? Or is money and wealth worth the sacrifice?

“He writes?” the man repeats his own words, eyes wide in disbelief and loathing. His shirt wrinkles when he leans over the table, his greyish hair shining under the yellowish lights as he asks, “You think he can make a living out of that?”

Taehyung looks at him; he really looks at him and wonders how can he feel intimidated by someone so void of compassion. He doesn’t even deserve his respect.

He huffs. “He can try.”

A fat vein throbs in Mr. Jeon’s neck. Taehyung doesn’t hide the slight pride that clings to his lips at the idea of getting under his skin, of pushing him to the limit, of seeing him see red and get mad, of breaking his fake calmness. How does it feel?, he wants to ask. *How does it feel to be told something you don’t want to hear? To know your son loves me and fucks me and hates your company?*

The man shakes his head, letting out a breathy chuckle that is probably meant to make him look at ease with the situation, but Taehyung sees right through it. He feels the fuel inside him burn brighter, fill his stomach, its way to his heart and up his throat. The words blister when they touch the tip of his tongue.

"That's the most ludicrous thing I've ever heard," Jungkook's father says then. Taehyung sees Seohyun say something to his mother out of the corner of his eye.

"More than doing something he hates for the rest of his life?" he asks challengingly, eyebrows raising on his forehead in defiance. Mr. Jeon stares back at him with narrowed eyes, probably planning ways to kill him or at the very least make him disappear from his life.

"Taehyung, don't. Just---it's fine," Jungkook says then, breaking the staring contest between the other two as Taehyung turns to see him shaking his head at him, dark urgent eyes saying 'thank you, I love you, but just don't.' Taehyung looks back at him with a warm gaze that replies 'I love you, too. I have to.'

"It's not fine," he continues once his eyes travel back to the man sitting in front of him. Their food is now long forgotten, probably cold in their expensive plates. "He loves writing and he does it with passion and god, isn't that the most important thing?"

Mr. Jeon sends him another look of disgust from over the rim of his glass. He seems to compose himself then, lips curling into a knowing smirk. He sets his glass back down and Seohyun uses the silence to open her mouth but she's cut off by her ex-husband. "You naive kids think about these ideas of 'passion' and 'happiness' as if they were unconceivable values," a pause, a click of his tongue. Taehyung sees Namjoon texting hurriedly and wonders if he's texting his brother. "You can't live your life basing your decisions on your insouciant spirit. You need to grow up."

Taehyung almost spits in his face at that. The words touch a nerve, or maybe he's just had enough. "I need to *grow up* ?!"

"Taehyung, dear, please," his mother says, eyes widening in alarm as she looks between them. His father gulps, whispering something in her ear, probably telling her to not get in between them, probably acting like the coward he is and always been. His mother sighs with a small nod, eyes lowering to her lap. *They shouldn't have come.*

Taehyung continues talking though, unfazed. He can't stop now that

he has Mr. Jeon's vein throbbing again. "And even if he doesn't succeed, does that mean he has to resign himself to doing something he hates for the rest of his life?" he asks, the question half rhetorical half not. The answer is obvious enough for him but probably not for his father-in-law.

"Taehyung, *stop*," Jungkook is the one who talks then, word murmured through gritted teeth in what could only be taken as barely concealed anger but the way his hand squeezes his arm comfortingly screams tenderness and love. He wishes he could listen to him but then again he wishes he couldn't, too. He doesn't look back at him, full knowing it could make the words melt like lava inside his mouth. He's always been weak for his pleading eyes, after all.

No one else interrupts anymore, all eyes on the two of them.

"I think everyone is entitled to do whatever they want if it makes them happy and doesn't harm anyone," Taehyung says and feels like a dumb child with hopeful dreams, a child with pink lentils which only allow him to see roses falling from the ceilings and blooming out of his fingertips but he knows he's right, knows Jungkook needs to hear this, knows *everyone* needs to hear this. Mr. Jeon, too, because he may laugh in his face but maybe no one ever told him this, maybe no one even tried, or maybe his own father was a Mr. Jeon as well; a dream killer.

But the vein throbs darker, pulses against the skin of his neck. Taehyung sees his parents swallow, slight panic in his eyes. Seohyun looks calm despite the discussion going on in the table, her eyes are almost bored as she crosses her arms over her chest. Jungkook stares at Taehyung; he sees a man defending him, and he loves him, he does, and he wants to scream and yell and kick, maybe throw a tantrum or two because this wasn't supposed to happen and he knows how to handle his father he swears he does but what can he do, what can he say? It's pointless. He's been here before, so many times he can hardly remember the amount. Years of being a teenager and trying to rebel against his parents and failing, always failing miserably. Years of his mother scrubbing the words he scribbled down his arms with soap. Years of his father throwing his journals to the trash because they distracted him from school (they didn't, they made it bearable).

But Taehyung hasn't been there, ever. He's been raised by accepting parents that may live far but support him. And it only makes sense he's doing this for him.

“It harms the company. I won’t allow a person with such bizarre ideals to remain in my company for any longer!” Mr. Jeon yells, raising from the table, hands balled into fists against the tablecloth. Namjoon raises too, shaking his head and frowning. Taehyung sees Seokjin’s eyes staring at his boyfriend with worry, hands slightly shaking in his lap.

“Father, you can’t decide that,” he says, but it only works to make the older man turn towards him, his breathing agitated as his chest rises and falls rapidly.

“Like hell---” he begins, but Namjoon seems to have had enough as well. His eyes scream determination. He looks like the boss, the leader he is when he opens his mouth and stands his ground.

“I make those decisions now and Taehyung hasn’t done anything to make me fire him.”

“It’s still my company. I will fire him if I want to,” he replies, squinting at him and throwing daggers, threats and insults his way with just one stare.

“No one is firing anyone, Wook,” Seohyun says then, still sitting down, back relaxed against her chair. She turns towards the younger then, “Taehyung, honey, your words are nice but with Jungkook’s potential he can’t just quit and follow this crazy---”

And that seems to cut it.

“For fuck’s sakes, I can talk for myself! I won’t follow a pipe dream so don’t worry, *mother*, ” he says the word with venom, and it makes Taehyung wonder what the woman must’ve told him in hushed whispers through the dinner to make him stare at her like that, considering he was nice enough when they first walked into the house. “No need to be aggravated by this.”

She shakes her head, reaching out to him with a pale hand that Jungkook rejects. “Sweetheart---”

His eyes find Mr. Jeon’s and there are so many words in them that Taehyung can’t help to be proud. This seems to have been the push he needed. Yes, he wants to say, tell him, tell him all you’ve been dying to. Send him to hell and beyond, love.

But instead of insulting him, he clears his throat and speaks, “And dad, I don’t do anything for the company. If you should fire anyone, is me.”

Mr. Jeon huffs. "I won't fire my own son."

"Because then the name would be ruined, huh?" Jungkook asks, eyes dark and knowing. He looks older, mature as he finally confronts his dad, puts him on his goddamn place. "Say you fired me due to whatever reason you want. It's fine. Ruin my name if you have to. God knows I don't care."

"Jungkook---" Seohyun tries again, voice breaking at the end. Taehyung looks at her to find her eyes shining. Do this people really care that much about their reputation? Is this what all of this is about? He feels sad for them all.

"I think we should go now," Jungkook says, ignoring his mother's eyes and his father's words; he's still talking nonsense, spitting insults all around like a madman. *Breaking point.*

He hates being told otherwise and now he's dearest son has done the job. Taehyung wants to clap but doesn't think it'd do any good.

"Us, too," Namjoon adds, taking his boyfriend's hand. Seokjin looks relieved as he stands up.

"Um, same," Taehyung's mother says, already at the threshold with his father.

"This won't end like this, Jungkook. You're insane if you think I'll let my son quit to follow some dumb boyfriend of his who is just a---" Mr. Jeon continues, eyes crazy, lips wet with spit.

"I'm gonna do whatever the fuck I want," Jungkook answers, turning around from the hallway they were going through to look at him. Taehyung stares at his profile and thinks he's saying all of this out of the rage of the moment; it'll pass, he'll probably regret it but it'll be fine. He'll be there for him and this will be done, for once and for all. Even if Jungkook really doesn't follow his dreams, he can't remain in that toxic place that only worked to pollute him. "Like I should've done years ago," he adds. "Don't ever talk to Taehyung like that again or you'll never hear of me," is the last he says as they exit the house.

"What a family..." he hears his own dad say under his breath as the maid gets the door for them.

Taehyung has never agreed more.

Chapter End Notes

This was supposed to be longer but I realized I'd reached 8k and I cut it haha. So next chapter will continue from here, we'll get more taekook (fluff and maybe smut? who knows) and some namjin, too!

The end is closeee

Did you all like this or was it boring? Mr. Jeon is a b i t ch. So is Seohyun but well. Also, Taehyung's parents will get a bit more of screen time on chapter 16. Anyway comment and suscribe and kudos and all that. (can't believe this reached 1.5k! thank uuu)

Oh and I made a curiouscat so come ask me stuff!

[Curious Cat](#)

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Bursting Circus

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I’m sorry we couldn’t properly talk, Jungkook. We have to meet another day,” Taehyung’s mom says with a small, almost shy smile towards his boyfriend as the car waits to take them back to their home. Jungkook smiles politely back at her but Taehyung sees right through it.

“Of course, that’d be great,” he replies and then shakes hands with Taehyung’s dad and kisses his mother on the cheek. Taehyung watches as his dad gives Jungkook a satisfied little nod and his mom seems absolutely charmed by the younger, probably as impressed by both his looks and the way he gave his awful father a piece of his mind, at the same time. Namjoon and Jin stay out of their car after saying goodbye to Taehyung’s parents as well, Seokjin sending him a sad smile the moment they walk towards them.

“Well...that was...” he says, hands clasped tightly with Namjoon’s.

“Yeah,” his boss says with a grimace before his eyes turn back to Jungkook. He squeezes his shoulder, gaze filled with worry. “Are you gonna be okay?” he asks in a low voice though the night is quiet and they’re all close enough to hear. The younger nods his head, tells him not to worry about it and despite Namjoon nodding back, they all know he’s going to worry anyway so Taehyung says,

“It’s fine, I’ll take care of him.” He punctuates his words by leaning and brushing his lips over Jungkook’s cheek softly, the gesture tender. The younger doesn’t react but a small, almost relieved sigh leaves his lips. Namjoon looks grateful when he gets back inside his car with Jin, who promises to see him tomorrow at the apartment.

“Shall we?” Taehyung asks Jungkook once they’re the only ones left in the garden. He just wants to leave this place and hopefully never come back. Jungkook nods, eyes wandering beyond him, and with that they leave.

The way back to Jungkook's apartment is silent. Taehyung glances at him out of the corner of his eye, wondering if he should say something, anything at all to make things better but what could he say? 'Hey your parents are jerks, no biggie'? Yeah, no. So he decides to remain in silence, too, though his heart aches to comfort him.

It doesn't take long before they park outside his building and make their way to the elevator. The silence is thick by then and Taehyung wonders if he should reach out and intertwine their fingers together, but again, he thinks Jungkook would do it if he wanted to and he probably just wants space right now. Oh, maybe he shouldn't have assumed Jungkook wanted him to stay the night after all. He bites his lip the moment the metal doors slide open and they walk through the familiar hallway back to Jungkook's penthouse. The younger slides his magnetic card in until the green light brightens up and the door unlocks, eyes lost as he opens it for them to walk in. Once inside, Taehyung swallows and thinks of the words he could say.

He should leave, maybe, right?

He watches as the younger sits down on the sofa and rests his head against the back, eyes closed. Taehyung realizes he's still standing by the door, an awkward mess. God, why is he so useless? Why can't he say anything that could make the other feel better?

"Um, I can leave if you---" he begins, hands playing with the hem of his shirt pathetically.

Jungkook opens his eyes at that, staring at him in shock, his pretty doe eyes wide and bright as he looks at him. "What?"

Taehyung clears his throat, feels an unscratchable itch in some spot around his throat. "I mean---if you want to be alone, I get that, I...can leave," he replies, struggling to meet the other's eyes.

His boyfriend shakes his head, extends a tentative hand towards him. "Stay," he says. He must see something in Taehyung's gaze though, some reluctance, because he adds in a softer voice, "Please?"

And that's all the older needed to hear.

"Of course," he rushes to his side, pathetically relieved to be needed despite how useless he still feels as he holds his hand in his and sits next to him, their sides pressing with a familiarity, an intimacy he's never really had with anyone...not like this. He feels the other's warmth against him and his insides melt slightly. "Are you okay?" he

asks after a moment.

Something lonely and heartbreaking flickers through Jungkook's eyes at such a simple question, like an inkling of desperation that clings to his fixed stare on a point beyond Taehyung.

"I'm---I don't know," is all he replies. Taehyung's heart goes to the man at his side that looks so undeniably *young* at this moment, like a scared, weak little kid wearing a suit that seems wrong in his body. He feels the ache deep in his chest to protect him, embrace him, hold him against his chest and pepper his face with soft feathery kisses. He may just do that any second now.

"I'm sorry. You were right. We should've left and I---I'm really sorry you had to go through that," he struggles to keep his voice steady and firm and yet to encompass his unconditional love for him at the same time. It's difficult when he feels that itch of guilt in his throat wishing to be scratched, when there's that small voice in the back of his head telling him that he's not a good boyfriend and maybe, just maybe he's not cut out for the task at all. Maybe some people just really aren't relationship material, right? It could happen. Perhaps he just got caught out in all of his overflowing emotions and forgot that he's never had a boyfriend and god, the fear, the fear of fucking this beautiful thing they have when it has barely even started---

Jungkook's voice interrupts his awful trail of thought, the sound almost painful as he says, "It's fine, I'm used to it. I just hate that he...he hurt you and..."

"He didn't hurt me."

Jungkook says nothing at that, eyes unconvinced as he fixes his stare in front of him. Taehyung swallows before something bold catches him by the neck and whispers in his ears to stop being so *useless* and fucking do something, anything because god forbid Jungkook blames himself for any of this mess. And so he holds the younger's chin with shaking fingers that settle against his skin and turns his face to look at him straight in the eye. "Hey, I'm serious. He didn't hurt me. As long as you're okay, so am I."

Jungkook smiles but it doesn't reach his eyes. Hell, it doesn't even make it to his cheekbones. It's a soft gesture, almost like he's doing it just for Taehyung's sake and he hates that.

"Why didn't you tell your parents about us?" he asks suddenly, smile long gone from his face.

Taehyung shrinks into the couch.

“We’re not really close and they live far and---I kinda forgot---” he begins, voice wavering because he’s scared Jungkook will misinterpret and think this has anything to do with him and god, god it would never. How could he not want to scream into the sun and beyond that Jeon Jungkook is his boyfriend when he’s absolutely perfect for him?

Jungkook doesn’t even look at him, though.

“You forgot?” he asks, disbelief in his voice.

“I’m sorry, I know it’s a shitty excuse but it’s the truth just...please don’t think it has anything to do with you because it doesn’t. I love you,” he explains, hand touching his warm arm and relishing in the fact that some of the tension in Jungkook seems to leave his body at that. He relaxes as Taehyung runs his fingers over his arm, comfortably.

He nods a few times, as if taking on his surroundings. “I---okay...yeah, okay. It’s fine. I’m just being stupid.” He shrugs but Taehyung’s chest hurts with the silent scream of guilt. Forget the itch, it’s a whole burning fire now.

“No, don’t say that...you’re not being stupid. I am. I’m sorry,” he repeats though the words feel like sand in his tongue, utterly worthless, because that’s what happens with words after your mouth is so familiar with them that it learns their shape and sound and taste; they lose their meaning. He’s said ‘sorry’ around ten times in the last five minutes which isn’t good at all.

Jungkook turns around at that, shakes his head with soft eyes as if sensing Taehyung’s real distress. No one’s ever looked at Kim Taehyung with such a gentleness flooding their irises. It feels like being caressed even though Jungkook is not touching him. “Stop saying that, Tae. Seriously, it’s fine,” he says and something in his expression makes the older think that he means it.

“Okay.”

Silence sinks the room but it’s not uncomfortable as Taehyung’s fingers travel from his boyfriend’s arm to his nape and play with his hair, tangling his fingertips with the soft locks of dark hair.

“I never treated my dad like that before,” Jungkook suddenly blurts out, taking Taehyung aback. He takes a few seconds to reply, giving

the younger time to add something but he doesn't.

"I know...but this is good. What you did---standing up for yourself, that's good. Most people don't even try, and seriously...you should be proud. I know I am." Taehyung curls his arm around Jungkook's shoulder, leaning into his chest, hearing his heartbeat like a constant song that calms his breathing. Jungkook sighs as he hugs Taehyung closer to him, relishing in the smell of his hair and the smooth edges of his body.

"Yeah I guess...I just never did that and I don't know why I did? But he was just being so mean to you and I just...I lost it," he confesses, opening up way easier than he has ever done because this is Taehyung and he trusts him with everything he has, even if maybe he shouldn't, not so fast, not now, not when life has taught him that trust is such a fragile thing, such a thin crystal that could break with the least careful touch. And yet, and yet, and yet...

"It's okay to lose it sometimes. You had to do it eventually. The way he treats you...I can't even imagine how growing up with that man must've been like for you."

"Don't pity me. It wasn't a walk through the park but soon enough I got Namjoon and yeah, I'm okay. I turned out okay, didn't I?" he asks, chuckling but it still sounds like a real question. Taehyung raises his head to stare at Jungkook until the younger lowers his eyes to his.

"You turned out more than okay," he whispers and Jungkook finds himself truly believing him. He leans over and kisses him softly, almost just a simple brush of lips if it weren't for the way Jungkook is holding him, tightly, clingy, with need.

"I'm kinda scared though," he murmurs against the older's lips, his voice wavering and cracking slightly at the end of the sentence. Taehyung bites the inside of his cheek. If only he could fix all of Jungkook's problems, if he could heal all of his wounds...

"Of what?" he asks, already knowing the answer but needing to hear it nonetheless.

"Him. What he'll do now. Keeping my mouth shut for so long was easier, it was smarter, too. Impulses are...reckless, stupid." His eyes wander all over the older's face, as if studying his eyes, the tiny mole there, his nose and the other mole *there*, his chin, his earlobes and eyelids and all the soft parts of his face. It makes him feel exposed and almost naked but he likes the way his gaze clings to him as if looking

for something familiar while talking of someone that isn't.

"It was hurting you. *He* was. Please don't regret it. I won't let him hurt you anymore, okay?" Taehyung says, his face so close to Jungkook that he feels the need to keep whispering, as if talking too loudly will shatter the intimacy of the moment.

"I don't need you to save me, Tae." He rolls his eyes to lighten up the mood, but Taehyung knows he means it, even if the words sound dramatic in his tongue.

"I won't save you," he chuckles a bit, easing up. "I know you can take care of yourself. But let me help, yeah? You don't have to hold it all alone. Not anymore, you got me now," he replies before cracking a smile at him, dazzling in all its pure and natural glory. Jungkook stares back at him for a few seconds, smiling back before shaking his head, sniggering.

"I hope you really know how much I love you," he says, surprising Taehyung by the sudden confession even though they've said it a lot these past few weeks. He feels himself blush profusely anyway.

"I know," is all he answers before bringing him closer again and kissing the daylights out of him.

Life will always be shitty at times but at least they have one another now, and that, that's all that really matters.

"Double dates. What a relationshipy thing to do, huh?" Namjoon asks Jungkook with a chuckle as they walk shoulder to shoulder, Jin's and Taehyung's continuous laughter heard throughout the street, the sound inviting as it slams against the walls of the houses and apartments. The friends walk in front of them, Jin's arm loosely wrapped around Taehyung's neck as he drags him along. He is taller and his back is wider than his boyfriend's; together they make an adorable pair.

Jungkook glances at his brother and smiles with amusement. "Who would've thought, huh?"

Ever since they visited their father's house they've been brought closer. The fact that Namjoon stood up for both him and Taehyung didn't go unnoticed by Jungkook, and even though it's not the first time he's had him for support, it always helps to be reminded he isn't

alone; that he has someone who completely understands what having Jeon Wook as a father feels like, someone besides his boyfriend who believes in him and will always be there no matter what. Namjoon was quick to call Jungkook the following evening, reassuring him when the younger started apologizing and telling him how yes, Taehyung may've said he'd done the right thing but he hadn't, had he? He'd fucked up, right? *Because you can't just send that man to hell and not suffer the consequences, you just can't.*

But Namjoon was, is and always will be the best brother he could ever ask for. He told him he would talk to his lawyer and make all the arrangements necessary for him to quit his job in the company as soon as possible. Jungkook refused at first, asked if he really thought it was a good idea all things considered, said he could endure a few more years, and also, what would the price to pay be? If it'd always been this easy, then he'd done it years ago. Even right now, he can still hear his brother's words through the phone, back from a week ago when he said, *"You could always walk away, Kookie. He just intimidated you into thinking you couldn't."*

Still, it's never easy to say goodbye to the only thing you've ever known even if that means his father's wrath and his unreachable expectations, even if it means working in an office without doing anything at all but *be* there.

"I wanted you two to get together, you know?" Namjoon is saying now, eyes a bit lost in Seokjin's profile as he turns to the side to give Taehyung a piggyback ride. "I could tell there was something else there besides sex."

The younger rolls his eyes at that, "Yeah right. You're one to talk. I've never seen you this happy before, hyung," he says with a grin, because it's so true and he can see the older's eyes shining with love as he stares at Taehyung's friend. "How did that even happen anyway? He talked you into sleeping with him back at the party?" he jokes, earning a glare from his brother.

"Don't be tacky," he mutters, cheeks growing a crimson red as he flushes. He buries his hands inside his coat's pockets and sighs, eyes to the street as they cross it. "We met at the party, yeah, and he was just so... *charming*. I don't believe in love at first sight but it was the closest thing to that, I think," he chuckles and Jungkook would usually mock his hyung for saying such sappy things but he remains quiet, studying the older's expression as he continues talking with a shy smile as if sharing a secret with himself. "After that we just started

hanging out and---he just really helped me whenever I was stressed, you know? He was there when I needed him and I was there for him and I mean, he...he *cooked* for me. No one ever did that, it was just so...yeah,” he laughs. “I fell for him soon. It was fast and predictable and just---great. Yeah, that,” he snaps his fingers as if he’s just found the perfect word to describe their relationship. “It was great. Still is.”

Jungkook is a bit speechless when Namjoon is finished, wondering if there’s really anything he can say at this point. He sounds passionate while talking about his boyfriend and suddenly it makes him feel like an idiot for not trying to get to know Seokjin better.

“Wow. I’m---wow. That’s so...romantic and cliché and so *you*,” he smiles and Namjoon smiles back. It’s soft and stupid and they both say a lot in that moment, in that shared acknowledgement that screams ‘we’re both in love with amazing people, how did we get here?’

Jungkook is suddenly reminded of back when they were both kids and he would visit Namjoon’s house and they would overhear Mr. Jeon yelling at Namjoon’s mother just like he yelled at Jungkook’s. How the screaming would interrupt their board games and they’d stare at each other with innocent eyes that had seen more than they should. He’s reminded of that quiet acknowledgement back then, a completely different one from now.

This one is a brush of breath air, light, hopeful and pure, opposite to the heavy, awful one that came from pain and not love.

“I didn’t know we could get this,” Jungkook sighs now as they resume their walking. Namjoon throws an arm around his shoulder, brotherly and comforting as he presses him to his side as if saying, ‘I know’.

After a moment of silence though, the older adds with natural amusement, “And I didn’t know you had the ability to smile at someone with such a whipped expression and yet...”

“Fuck off,” Jungkook says, shoving the older’s shoulder playfully, his words lacking of any bite at all as they laugh.

It’s on their way back to the apartment for drinks that Namjoon walks next to Taehyung, telling him about when he first entered Bangtan and Jungkook finds himself walking next to Seokjin who hums a famous song under his breath.

“So,” Jin turns towards him then, sudden and abrupt, startling the younger. “You’re gonna quit your job, right? Tae said you wanted to write?”

Jungkook blushes, eyes casted downwards in embarrassment.
“Taehyung says many things...”

Jin laughs, and Jungkook finds himself a bit charmed by the weird sound that comes out of his mouth. “That he does! But, really, I’m a big dream chaser myself.”

The younger looks up at that, surprised as the words pique his curiosity. “Really? What do you do?”

The taller man grins revealing a set of straight, white teeth. “I travel a lot.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah I know. Not a career exactly but I intend to do something, you know? I just have to figure out *what* first. Joonie will help me,” he replies, and he sounds so confident that it makes Jungkook believe every word he says. “Let me tell you, kid, you have an amazing brother,” he adds, sending him a dazzling and gorgeous smile that reminds him of a runway model. Jungkook nods in agreement. It’s incredible how made for each other Jin and his brother seem to be.

“I know. And you have an amazing friend.”

“We’re all people in love,” Jin laughs like it’s the funniest joke ever, and Jungkook thinks that maybe it is, so he joins in. And also because Seokjin’s laughter is contagious as fuck. He glances over his shoulder to find his boyfriend and his brother looking at them with soft smiles. He feels something warm before he turns back around and looks up at the older, clearing his throat before talking.

“I just wanna say thanks I guess...you really are great for Namjoon. I’ve never seen him this happy before,” he says honestly, finally beginning to recognize some stores as they get closer to his apartment. He can’t believe they didn’t take the cars to the restaurant simply because Taehyung wanted to see the city lights and Jin thought the cold wind during a wintery night was *romantic*. He’s freezing his ass off, how can that be romantic?

Jin stops at that, surprise coloring his face. “Really?”

“Didn’t realize?” he asks, eyebrows raised in wonder because even if he knows Namjoon better, he also knows he isn’t exactly hiding how happy he is lately.

Seokjin sighs a bit, but the sound is pleasant and breathy, as if coming more out of mental peace than nerves. “Well, you know how Joonie is...sometimes one can’t tell what’s going on in that crazy mind of his.”

Jungkook chuckles at that.

“You’ll have to take my word then.”

When Jin glances at him, he thinks he sees the hint of giddiness in his eyes. White puffs of air leave his mouth when he opens it to reply, “I will,” and he sounds like he really will. He curls his lip as if about to smile but still tries to contain his face to do so just yet. “You know, Taehyung has never been this happy before, either,” he continues, faking seriousness, though his eyes betray him. “Coincidences?”

Jungkook grins, already liking Jin a whole lot more than he did before. “Maybe, yeah.”

“You look happy,” is the first thing Hoseok says when they meet for coffee the day after the double date. His friend looks incredibly carefree as well, as if a bit of weight has been lifted off his shoulders.

“I am,” he smiles back, and the gesture is so natural in his face, his lips turning upwards almost out of their own accord, eyes crinkling at the corners...it makes him wonder when did it become so easy to be happy, so easy to allow himself this and actually enjoy it.

“I’m glad. It’s about time you man up and take what you deserve,” he replies, sipping into the coffee Jungkook already ordered for him, knowing how he likes it awfully sweet, with three sugars and whipped cream on top. Hoseok quickly sets the paper cup back down on the table as if needing to keep talking so badly that he couldn’t be patient with his drink. He wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his sweater, making Jungkook frown in disgust. “You and Taehyung together...” he points at him, shakes his head in disbelief. “Seriously, I was counting the damn hours it would take you to get your head out of your damn ass.”

“Harsh much?”

“You know what I mean, dude. It was sad, to see you like that. But I’m glad it worked out,” he grins and the smile is so very Hoseok that Jungkook finds himself unable not to smile, too. It’s good to talk to his cousin, good to have him close despite the office separating them now. As if reading his thoughts, he adds, “Also, I heard you’re leaving the company? Please tell me it’s not just a rumor.”

“It’s not. I’m actually going to hand in my official resignation letter today,” Jungkook says solemnly. He tries to sound okay, at ease with the idea, not doubtful at all, but he can’t quite help the fact that Hoseok knows him too well for his own sake. His cousin regards him with a worried glance, lips pursing as his thumbs play with the edge of the plastic lid.

“You won’t see him, right?”

Jungkook bites his lip but stops the moment his teeth dig slightly hard into the flesh. He remembers Taehyung telling him he should quit the bad habit because it damaged the soft skin there. He doesn’t care that much, but he’s probably right.

“I have to hand it personally to him. It’s fine, I’ll do it,” he shrugs, because hey, it’s not a big deal. This is family business. This is okay, this *should* be okay. Namjoon asked him if it would, though for the way he looked at him when did, full of pity and that kind of look he gets when he’s basically grasping at straws, he realized quickly there would be no way out of this but through. It’s not like he deluded himself into believing it would be easy.

“Do you want me to come with? Or Namjoon, maybe,” he offers, and of course his brother offered, too. But Jungkook is sick of letting people fight his battles for him. He’s not a kid anymore who has to hide under his brother’s arms, that kid that used to run towards Hoseok’s bed with tears in his eyes. And he also cannot just let his boyfriend’s boldness do all the work. This is his family, this is his problem and he will man up and handle it. Even if it makes him feel anxious and scared as fuck.

“It’s fine. I can do it, it’s just...dad,” another shrug, another careless gesture to hide his uneasiness from Hoseok, but just like the first attempt, it doesn’t work.

“I know. But you know why I say this, too. He always gets inside people’s heads. Don’t let him. No matter how many times he’s told you how all you can aspire to do is working in that company, it’s a lie.

You should've never been there if you didn't want to in the first place," he explains after taking another sip of his coffee, this one longer and deeper, making his adam's apple move as the liquid makes its way down his throat.

"You and Namjoon are there, too. You like it. I should like it, as well," he replies, eyes lowered to his own cup of black coffee, although he's already made up his mind. But it doesn't mean he's completely on board with it, doesn't mean Hoseok couldn't change his decision if he really wanted to.

"But you don't. And you're absolutely entitled to doing what you want to do with *your* life. So please, do it," Hoseok says, voice serious and void of his usual light amusement, commanding him to look him in the eye as he talks. Jungkook does and feels himself shrink a little bit. His cousin reminds him a lot of his uncle then, with his determined and wise eyes; the eyes of an adult who is advising you because he's been in your place before, because he knows what's best and you should shut up and listen. He was never close to his uncle, but Jungkook always respected him for challenging his father and giving him a piece of his mind when needed. Hoseok's dad never stopped talking when told and he was so smart that he made people want to hear whatever he had to say. Jungkook realizes just then how much his cousin is like him as he continues, unfazed by Jungkook's wide, impressed eyes, "Don't do it for me, don't do it for your brother, and don't even do it for Taehyung. Do this for you."

And Jungkook, maybe for the first time in a while, actually listens.

When Jungkook gets to his father's office, he isn't surprised to find him already sitting in his throne, eyes ready to scrutinize him as if he'd been expecting him. Which, all things considered, he probably had. Jungkook, unfortunately, had to come straight to the highest floor of the building to get it over with, and couldn't get a glimpse of his boyfriend... though he *is* going to see him tonight and he shouldn't bother him during work hours, anyway.

He holds the paper in his hand, the letter he signed not long ago and that will give him the freedom he's wanted all along. His fingers are tight and steady as a rock. He doesn't sit down, doesn't intend to stay long enough to talk to the awful man and give him the chance to mess with his head like Hoseok said. He extends his hand in silence, waits for the older to take the paper but he seems to refuse as he simply

stares back at him with those empty eyes of his, completely undaunted.

After a few moments, Jungkook's arm begins hurting and he lets the letter fall on the desk instead.

"Here's my resignation. You can tell whatever excuse you want to the press, I honestly don't care," he says, right hand buried in the pocket of his jeans. He's never worn jeans to the office before and it feels great. Such a small detail and yet it tastes like rebellion in his mouth. He feels high on it, too, high on the idea of sending this whole fucking building to hell, high because he won't have to be back, high because now he can do what he really wants and---

"Do you honestly fool yourself under the pretense of thinking you can simply do as every other weak buffon here and *resign*?" his father asks, voice cold, eyes even colder. He always felt as if he were touching ice while talking to Mr. Jeon. When he was a kid, his mom used to be the sun, the polar opposite of his father. Now he thinks they both live in an ice castle and share the eternal winter together, snow clinging to their hands and freezing their hearts.

"I can. I'm like any other employee here," Jungkook states, proud of his own unwavering voice as he replies. His father stares back at him and slowly allows his eyes to show something besides coldness. His eyelashes shake as he blinks and the bitter edge of anger makes its way towards his dark irises, polluting them with something akin to poison.

Mr. Jeon straightens on his leather seat, his column so straight that Jungkook thinks it has got to be painful.

"I won't allow this. You're my son, my blood, despite whatever delusions you've chosen to live under, such as the luxury of pursuing irrational and fatuous *dreams*---" he spits at him, marking each word with his tongue digging into them like a knife, stabbing at the magical sound that has always clung to such a hopeful word as *dreams*. But of course, of course his father could take something beautiful in his calloused hands and turn it into something ugly like a mistake.

Jungkook tastes bile. "You won't *allow* this? You can't force me to stay here."

The look his father, his boss, his torturer sends him is such of disinterest and boredom that it makes him want to rip his hair out. Years of pent up frustration and stress and anger and sadness begin

making their way to his chest, like a balloon filling with air, slowly about to burst. He thought it'd burst already, back at their house when he'd snapped at his father, he thought he wouldn't be able to have that moment of strength, of blind defiance again, not with him. It seems he didn't just have a balloon; he had a whole circus locked inside him, just waiting patiently to unravel and explode into a perfect, almost comical, chaos. Because your parents are the people who are supposed to love you the most, the ones who should, who *must* care for and about you, not the ones who bring pain to your life, not the ones who neglect and purposefully hurt you. So what kind of parents does he have? And why has he ever allowed them to do this to him?

"I've been doing it for the past three years," Mr. Jeon answers, the perfect picture of calmness and control. He can still remember the way Taehyung riled him up only a couple of weeks ago, how he made him lose his precious control. That flushed face like a goddamn tomato, those awfully bright eyes, that *vein*. He wants to do that himself.

"I want to quit," he repeats because it seems the message hasn't been delivered to his father's brain.

The old man sighs. A hint of an eye roll passes through his eyes. He seems exhausted, and Jungkook wonders if he's stressed about leaving the company himself.

"You've always wanted to quit, Jungkook. What's different now? What do you wish for? Is it that boy you keep around? Fine, have him, as long as the press doesn't know I won't meddle in your disgusting, private doings." He gestures with a lazy, wrinkly hand, careless, eyes closing for a brief moment and looking to the side before finally looking back at him, as if holding back more insults. Jungkook counts to ten inside his head, thinks maybe it'll calm his nerves down but it feels like the timer of a bomb about to go off.

His father has never said anything about him sleeping with guys, let alone Namjoon being bisexual and bringing now the first guy to his door. He has never showed any care about who he sleeps with at all, not until it involved Kim Taehyung, one of his employees. And he knows *why* he cared then. Because he knew he felt something for him, something real, and maybe Jungkook would want to show his boyfriend around because that's what you do when you're in love, and god forbid people could ever find out about such a disgrace in a homophobic country like South Korea. The son of Jeon Wook dating a

man? An employee of Bangtan as well, at that? Where would his supposed professionalism go? His fake image? What would the people think?

Don't worry dad, I won't stay here long enough to find out.

And deep down Jungkook thinks that perhaps, in a sick way, it also reminds his dad of his own love for the two women he pretended to be in love with. And he has to ruin it just like he ruined his two marriages.

“Disgusting? Is this because he’s a boy and I’m a boy, too?” he can’t help but ask, already full knowing the answer but having the stupid need to hear it coming from his dad himself, maybe searching for another reason to hate him, though really there’s a whole list.

“I said I don’t care,” he answers, voice laced with anger and finality and yes, Jungkook almost smirks because this is what he wants, this is exactly what he wanted all along. “The only thing you’re quitting today is this idea of you leaving the company. And how dare you present yourself before me in my own office wearing that?”

“I can’t believe---” he begins, but cuts himself off. He needs to remain calm, he has to. He thinks of taking a deep breath but he doesn’t want to show any signs of being close to losing his patience. “I won’t, I’m quitting and you can’t just---”

“Watch me, then. You seriously expect to make it in a world without me? Without my help? If you ever even get one of your stupid books published it’ll be because you own my name and people respect the Jeons,” he finishes with a sick, wicked grin that twists his face into something almost evil. Is this what he wants? Does he want to make him really lose it, too? Maybe the apple really doesn’t fall that far from the tree after all.

Jungkook forces himself to push the slight wetness of his eyes away. He balls his hands into tight fists, unable to help it any longer. He feels his teeth grit and press so hard against each other that they may shatter. He’s far from caring as he shakes his hair, runs a steady hand through it as well, wishing to mess it around and annoy his father whose obsession with looks and what people see of you, is futile. He sees one of his eyes twitch slightly and half-smiles.

“I will. I will succeed in whatever the fuck I want to do in life because I’m going to do it for me,” he says, words tasting real and true in his mouth. Like a small victory, even if his father thinks he’s already won

all the battles, this is enough for Jungkook; to finally say everything he's wanted to say, to hear another balloon burst, and another, and another...

"What kind of pathetic speech---" he tries to interrupt him, cheeks slightly flushing with barely concealed anger but Jungkook is having none of it. He continues talking, unfazed by the other's voice, the one that used to be commanding, the one that used to intimidate him and scare him---and maybe, maybe it still does but for the first time in his life, he doesn't *care* . He's tired of being forced into submission, into following his orders and swallowing words and feelings and basically, himself.

"It may seem pathetic to you because you've never loved anything in your life besides yourself and your own greed. But I do, I really do. And I don't care anymore about whatever you---" he's pointing fingers, he's raising his voice at his father, he's finally putting him in his place. His hands move, no longer balled tightly at his sides but gesturing with a purpose now. He feels his whole face try to send a message; it begins at his eyebrows and it ends at his chin and it feels absolutely freeing.

Mr. Jeon stands up at that, eyes wide in disbelief. The redness has spread to the tip of his ears. His grey hair and the wrinkles around his eyes make him look even older than what he really is. Jungkook catches a glimpse of that fat, dark vein in his neck. "You stupid boy! How dare you be so disrespectful, so ungrateful to me?! Coming to my office and---"

The whole circus blows up just in that moment. Jungkook hears fireworks and smells fire when the words begin falling out of his mouth like a cascade.

"...because I'm done doing what you tell me to do! I'm done being your fucking puppet! So yeah, have my letter of resignation and if you don't like it then that's even better. I'd hate to make any of your life any easier after how you made it all, all so fucking---" Jungkook doesn't realize he's crying until he feels the tears wet his cheeks and a sob cut his sentence off. His father stares at him, shocked speechless by the sudden turn of events. "So fucking *hard* . For so many years I just--- *fuck you* . Seriously, fuck you for hurting me and making me feel like an embarrassment, for making me run away from something I love. And fuck you for not caring enough to stop, even now."

"Jungkook---" the old man tries to say, but the younger is so far from

listening. He's embarrassed and broken and he shakes his head before wiping his tears away and taking a deep breath, trying to compose himself and conserve the little bit of dignity he has left. He's never seen his father look so lost in his entire life, but then again, he hasn't cried in front of his father since he was a little kid.

"I quit, and that's it---that's...that's *it*," it's all he manages to get out of his mouth before he turns around and stalks out of the office in a rush.

The moment he walks to the the empty hallway at his left, he throws his head against the wall behind him and cries, letting go everything he's been holding in; no more anger but sadness instead.

Taehyung finds Jungkook crying into his hands, sitting on the floor, huddled on himself like a small, scared kid. He feels his heart break into so many pieces at the sight that he wonders for a moment if he's ever going to glue them back together again.

He knew Jungkook would send his resignation letter today. He knew and so he sent him a text to ask how it'd gone. After no reply, he called. After no reply, he asked Hoseok and he said Jungkook should be in the building because he'd had coffee with him earlier and he was heading here when he left. And so Taehyung went up to the highest floor to wait for him outside Mr. Jeon's office, figuring a few minutes of his break wouldn't hurt a soul. What he didn't expect to find was his boyfriend crying his heart out in a lonely hallway. He wonders if anyone saw him or heard him. He's unrecognizable since he's wearing common clothes and covering his face (and yet Taehyung would recognize him anywhere, even in a crowd full of people), but still it'd surely seem weird to see someone crying here. Well, that's not true, many people have cried in Bangtan but not like this. Not like something tragic has been done to them.

After a few moments of shock, Taehyung rushes to his aid.

"Baby," he says as soon as he crouches down next to him. Jungkook startles, looking up from his hands with surprise and confusion and---god, his eyes, his eyes are full of tears and rimmed with red, lashes heavy with water. His cheeks and nose are flushed, his hair a mess. He looks absolutely broken. "Baby, please, what happened?" he asks, already wrapping his arms around him with fervor, almost instinctively, feeling the other's body shake with the sobs that come out of his mouth.

Jungkook just cries against his chest, hands circling his waist desperately.

“What did he do to you?” he whispers into his hair, kissing his head, running his hands through the locks trying to calm him down. “I’m here, I love you,” he continues murmuring, soothing words leaving his lips. Jungkook holds him even tighter at that. And they stay just like that, hugging each other as the younger cries the sadness out of his system and Taehyung tries to force his own tears inside. For there’s nothing quite as painful as seeing the one you love breaking right in front of you, and being completely unable to do anything but watch.

“You can let go of me, I won’t break,” Jungkook chuckles but Taehyung is far from listening. They’re laying on Taehyung’s king size bed, after Tae asked Namjoon if he could leave an hour early for Jungkook. He couldn’t stay with a crying Jungkook in his arms on a hallway in which anyone could walk through at any given moment. Namjoon was worried at first but the other reassured him he would take good care of his brother, like he had before. And of course, he did. It’s been hours since then now, darkness has fallen into the city and Jungkook’s face is clean of any trace of tears. Still, Taehyung has a hand tightly wrapped around the other’s torso while his head rests comfortably against his chest.

“I know, but I don’t want to,” he simply replies, making his boyfriend laugh. After hearing him cry like he did before, this sound is like pure music to his ears. He never wants to see Jungkook like that again. Ever.

“I’m fine, Tae. Seriously. I just had a bit of a...breakdown.”

“Do you want to talk about it?” he asks, hopeful. Talking is always what he does when something bothers him, he knows how bad it can get if you bottle things up. But Jungkook has refused for the past two hours and although he obviously can’t force him, he still is worried he may break again if he doesn’t at least say *something*.

He hears the other sigh, his chest expanding for a moment before contracting again. “I told you I didn’t.”

“Just checking,” he shrugs before adding in a lower tone, “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” he replies, voice soft before he feels a kiss on the top of his head.

“You know I’ll always be here to talk though, right?” he says just in case, measuring his words slowly.

“I know, darling,” Jungkook replies.

The nickname sends a blush to Taehyung’s face. He giggles.

“Did you just giggle?” the younger asks, the grin clear in his voice. Taehyung huffs at that, trying to keep some of his dignity untouched.

“Of course not.”

“You so did.”

“No way, shut up,” he hits him in the chest for better measure but Jungkook just laughs in return, bringing Taehyung up with a hand to see him in the eye even though the lights are off and the only way to see one another is by the city lights coming from the window. He runs a hand through the older’s hair, eyes endeared and underlined by the white, bright moon. He stares at him for a few moments, playing with his hair softly, tangling it between his fingers before whispering, “Thank you.”

Taehyung feels his heart jump in his chest. “For what?”

Jungkook smiles; it’s so soft he almost misses it.

“For being here, for standing my ugly crying,” he adds with a light chuckle as if trying to ease the tension in the room.

Taehyung raises a hand of his own and cups the younger’s cheek. “You’re pretty even when you cry.”

“And you’re beautiful,” he murmurs back before leaning closer and kissing his lips.

And if this is love, then really, it’s worth all the pain, all the wait, all the screaming and all the pining. It’s worth absolutely everything.

Chapter End Notes

Gah, we’re so close to the end already D:

But at least Jungkook’s dad is gone yay. And we got some more namjin and fluffy taekook (:

Hope y’all enjoyed the chapter, I really liked writing it despite how sad it kind of got. It was needed, keep in mind Jungkook has bowed his head to his father during all of his life so this is a

HUGE change for him. (I'm kinda like super proud of him tbh).

Anyway, do comment and kudos (:

Honeymoon Phase

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jimin stares at his friend and muffles a giggle with his hand, eyes darting towards his boyfriend who is raising his eyebrows in perplexity at the sight of a nervous Kim Taehyung pacing around the living room with only a towel hung over his waist.

Taehyung is mumbling under his breath, checking his reflection on the mirror even though he still hasn't decided on what to wear and his hair is wet, strands sticking to his forehead and water drops falling to the floor. Yoongi fails to see what's so funny about the situation, for his friend has been freaking out for over an hour now and it's a bit concerning in his opinion.

"Shouldn't we...do something?" Yoongi asks then, leaning over the couch to reach Jimin better. His boyfriend shakes his head, body trembling with barely contained laughter.

"This is too good. I've never seen him like this."

"Guys . I'm not fucking deaf, you know? I just---I need to have the perfect outfit. He's already so hot no matter what he wears and he's got money...well, he *used to* have money," he raises a hand to cover his gaping mouth then, eyes widening in realization. "Oh my god, he resigned! Does that mean he's poor now? Am I supposed to pay? I can't afford a great restaurant!"

"Taehyung, calm down. He won't be here for another two hours," Yoongi reminds him after checking his wrist watch. He wishes he didn't know the exact time when Jungkook is coming up to get his friend, for it's none of his business and he'd rather do something else than watch him basically throw a tantrum every two seconds, but after hearing it for the last two days it kind of stuck.

Taehyung turns towards him at the speed of lightning, eyes wide as he slams a hand against his forehead. "Two hours!? I got two hours," he repeats in a lower voice.

"Dude, haven't you two been dating for like a month now?" Yoongi

inquiries as he takes the remote control and changes the channel for one without a boring cliché drama on it now that Jimin isn't watching anymore. He adores his boyfriend but oh how he hates having to endure episode after episode of lame as fuck storylines, bad acting and writers obviously trying to come up with original plots (they fail, every single time).

"Three weeks. This is our first official date," Taehyung replies, nodding his head at a pair of blue skinny jeans that have rips in the knees *and* at the back of the thighs. Yoongi frowns at the clothes and wonders if going naked is a choice, too, for those jeans reveal a lot of skin on themselves.

"But---"

"Yoongi, let him be," Jimin says, smile still plastered on his face as he tells his best friend that those jeans are gonna make his ass look downright edible. Yoongi frowns at the nasty comment.

"But I don't get it. He met his boyfriend's parents *before* going on a date with him? Who does that?" he questions next, but he only gets two glares in return.

"We just liked hanging out inside and---just... god, let us live!" Taehyung yells, holding a black shirt so tight on his hands that Yoongi wonders for a moment if he wants to rip it to make a nice matching outfit with the jeans. He rolls his eyes at the two and turns his attention back to the tv.

"Whatever," is all he mutters as Taehyung tells Jimin he needs to do his hair and both run up the stairs like a pair of gossipy, excited teenagers.

"Okay. Complete honesty. Do I look hot?" Taehyung asks as he turns away from the mirror on his bathroom, looking at Jimin expectantly, who is sitting in his bed with his head resting on the palm of his hand

"Yes, Taehyung. Seriously. If you weren't my best friend, I would *totally* hit on you," he answers for what seems like the hundredth time. Taehyung can't help the hint of a smile as he plays with the hem of his shirt. There's still the tug of insecurity making his heartbeat a bit faster than normal.

"For real? I don't know, I've never worn these jeans before...and the

shirt looks a bit...revealing, don't you think?"

Jimin tilts his head to the side, eyes narrowing as he inspects the cute black shirt he lent his friend minutes ago. It's a bit tight on the waist and the collar is low enough to expose a big part of his prominent collarbones, but in Jimin's opinion, that's the whole point of the shirt. And combined with the deep blue jeans *and* the combat boots? He looks hot as fuck.

"It's great. Now all you need is some eyeliner---"

Taehyung shakes his head as he leans over the mirror, inspecting his reflection. He sees the mole under his eye, the one on his nose. They remind him of the small one Jungkook has under his lower lip and how gorgeous it makes him. He doesn't feel so ugly with them anymore.

"Nah, that's too much. I already did my hair, I don't want to overdo it."

Jimin scoffs loudly at that. "He's your boyfriend, dude. What are you trying to hide? He knows you love him and wanna impress him," he shrugs but Taehyung thinks it's a bit easier said than done. He's too nervous to think properly, even if he knows his best friend is right.

"But..."

"If you start not dolling up for him after the first three weeks, what are you two gonna do in your first year anniversary? Lay on the couch wearing sweatpants? Ew," he physically cringes, raising from the younger's king size bed to lean on the threshold instead, arms crossing over his chest, fingers twisting around a black eyeliner that Taehyung wonders where he got from. Does he keep one in his pocket at all times? Somehow, it doesn't entirely surprise him.

"I wouldn't mind to---" he begins, because he really wouldn't. He knows it sounds pretty lame and cheesy but he doesn't care what Jungkook has got planned for them as long as they are together.

Jimin seems to read his cliché thoughts because he rolls his eyes and says in a stern voice, " *Dude* ."

And okay, fine. Being disgustingly in love can wait.

"You're right, give me that thing," he demands, shoving Jimin lightly in the shoulder as his friend grins mischievously, handing the eyeliner

over with ease.

Taehyung may be looking smoking hot, but when he opens the door to Jungkook, he wants to scream and hide and fuck him, all at the same time. He's only wearing a white shirt and a black leather jacket but it's enough to have Taehyung reeling. The way the fabric sticks to his body like a second skin, his perfectly parted hair and the bit of eyeliner he's wearing that gives him a smokey, kinda mysterious look, threaten to ruin the older's confidence. He's still checking him out, eyes traveling up and down his body shamelessly when he hears Jungkook speak,

"Wow, you look..." he's shaking his head a bit as if dizzy, pink tongue peeking out of his mouth to lick at his lips.

"Shut up, you look gorgeous and hot and---" he sighs, unable to finish that sentence.

Jungkook chuckles at that, the sound light and familiar. He then leans over and plants a chaste kiss on Taehyung's lips, one that leaves the older unsatisfied and waiting for more.

"Are you wearing lipstick?" he asks as Taehyung rests his hip against the threshold, arms comfortably wrapped around his torso in what he considers is a confident pose. He smiles at Jungkook, lashes batting sweetly as he nods.

"Yup. Strawberry flavored. You like?"

Jungkook doesn't reply with actual words but leans over again instead, this time running his tongue over the other's bottom lip before tugging at it with his teeth. Taehyung whimpers, shocked into silence as he feels his blood rush to his cheeks.

"I like," the younger smirks and Taehyung turns away from him with the excuse of searching for his phone so they can leave.

Why is he acting like this, god, why is he so nervous and why is Jungkook so *calm* ? *Because you've been basically dating for over a month and he's already met your parents and you're being an idiot.*

"Hey guys," Jungkook nods at Jimin and Yoongi who are in the kitchen getting dinner ready. Jimin is leaning over the counter and stealing some bread whenever his boyfriend looks away to make sure

the vegetables on the pan don't get burnt. He glares at Jimin whenever he catches him on the act, though a quick apology and a giggle are all he needs to make Yoongi roll his eyes fondly in reply, letting it go.

"Hey," Yoongi says looking up from a dough he's kneading on the counter. "Please take him as soon as possible. He's been a nervous wreck all day long and---"

"Yoongi," Taehyung says through gritted teeth as he sends daggers at the older, hands tightly clutching at his phone.

"What?" he asks, confused as Jimin punches him in the arm, whispering (loud enough for everyone to hear) how he's making Taehyung sound lame in front of his boyfriend. Yoongi curses at the punch and tells Jimin how it actually hurt, which makes the younger pout and apologize before kissing him on the lips.

Taehyung stares at them, unimpressed.

This is just great.

"Anyway. Bye," is all Taehyung says as he yanks an amused Jungkook by the wrist. He feels absurdly embarrassed when they make their way down the stairs, but he thinks his boyfriend may not say anything (even though there's a mocking grin plastered on his face all the way down) until the moment they're walking hand in hand towards Jungkook's car and he asks, "Are you nervous, babe?"

Taehyung doesn't even bother looking at him as he shakes his head.

"Don't."

Jungkook laughs it off before opening the door for him to get inside.

Taehyung didn't even know where Jungkook would take him, but he honestly didn't expect to find himself in one of the biggest libraries in Seoul. He sends an inquiring raised eyebrow towards his boyfriend when the latter holds his hand the moment they step through the gigantic double doors. Jungkook grins at him in reply, tugging him along in silence. Taehyung can't say he's ever been here, considering back in college he used to simply visit the library on campus when needed. And as much as he enjoys reading a good book, he can't say he's a big reader himself.

He stares at the rows of books with his lips parted in reverence. The shelves run high; they're so tall and beautiful he has to crane his neck to allow his eyes to squint at the titles. The library is so big that some parts of it are full of people while others are empty and look almost liminal in its expansion. The lights are a bit too bright as they shine against the brown bookcases. There's a series of tables arranged here and there for people to sit down and read in comfortable-looking cream chairs. Everything is just beautiful.

"Mind telling me what we're doing here?" he questions Jungkook anyway once he takes them to a pretty empty part of the library. He reads the shelf at his left and realizes it's full of gardening books.

Figures.

"I love this place," Jungkook simply shrugs, eyes sparkling as he stares at the thousands of colorful books that surround them. The high ceilings make them feel small, just like the endless glass windows that allow a bit of light from the full moon to pour through. And yet Taehyung feels cozy and almost at home with the faint murmur of hushed whispers from a few meters away as background noise.

"It's beautiful. You come here a lot?"

"Yeah. Mostly when I was young...whenever I got mad at my parents, I'd just sneak out of the house and come here," he replies, his eyes focused on the random book his hands hold like a treasure, even though the title reads something about how to properly grow petunias in your garden. His fingers caress the spine and the white pages before his eyes look back up at Taehyung. "This may bore you," he chuckles but the older shakes his head profusely.

"I like reading too, you know? And this place is obviously important to you so...it's nice," he smiles before quietly adding, "Though aren't we dressed kinda...you know, for this place?"

"You look absolutely ravishing, baby," Jungkook answers with a smirk tinting his pink lips and Taehyung feels his heart skip a beat at the sight. He opens his mouth to throw him a witty reply but all he hears is a sound between a snort and a huff. Jungkook laughs when he hears it. "What was that?"

"Nothing. Anyway, let's go read something," he suggests, already trying to squirm away from the younger. He didn't realize he was standing with his back against some bookcase until now.

"Tae? Are you...are you okay?" Jungkook chuckles as Taehyung's

cheeks continue flushing like a tomato. He shakes his head and his boyfriend laughs, hand still next to the older's face as he leans even closer yet, his delicious perfume making Taehyung physically ache. "Do I really make you nervous?" he whispers then, nosing his jaw and practically nuzzling his neck, the tip of his nose teasing his skin. Taehyung is getting hard just by this and it's embarrassing and lame as fuck, but the action is just so intimate and natural that it has his teeth digging against his lip, completely smitten.

"I'm...fine," he forces the words out, almost choking and tripping all over them, eyes struggling to stare right back at the two zealous dark orbs. And Jungkook notices, because he knows his boyfriend so well by now, has spent months looking at him and studying his body without realizing it that he could hear his pulse even while standing three feet away from him, could blindly draw Taehyung's eyes and his expressive eyebrows, could pinpoint the exact spots in where he likes to be touched...and could, undoubtedly, tell when he's a nervous wreck.

"You don't sound fine," he smirks then and Taehyung almost moans when he feels his boyfriend's tongue run over a sensitive place on his neck. His breath hitches and he glances around them out of the corners of his eyes, checking if the bookshelf still covers them from view and praying for people to continue avoiding the gardening section of the library.

"But I am..." he mumbles pathetically, craning his neck for him to do whatever he wants with him, though his hands still hold onto the shelves behind him, knuckles white due to the tightness in his hold. He's trying to contain himself from holding onto Jungkook instead because he knows that if he did, there'd be no avoiding the inevitable.

"You drive me crazy, love," Jungkook whispers against his skin and Taehyung wants to shake his head no and say it's the other way around; it's him who drives him absolutely insane, who projects all of these butterflies that dance and sing on his insides, melting them into a puddle of nothing.

It's him, *it's him* and Taehyung can't even imagine for how long it's actually been him without knowing it himself.

"We should...Jungkook, anyone could see us. Let's---" he begins, panicking when he sees a group of people talking animatedly and walking in their direction from their left. They can't see them but if they don't break apart any time soon, they will.

The younger smiles against his neck before giving him one last kiss and retreating.

“Such a party pooper,” he exclaims, rolling his eyes and directing them to the books at their sides.

“Shut up, we can get to that later,” he replies, his body missing his warmth almost instantly. He can still feel the flush of his neck where Jungkook was just sealing his lips against. He sighs in relief when the group of people walk past them, completely unaware of how his boyfriend was pretty much about to make him come in his pants against a bookshelf by just teasing his neck. “Now, show me the best places here.”

“With pleasure,” Jungkook grins, giddiness in his eyes before holding his hand out to him. Taehyung thinks it’s adorable how excited he looks simply by being among books. He’s the cutest nerd ever.

“So, is this your favorite book?” Taehyung asks eyeing the title with a frown. He’d be lying if he were to say he understands the meaning of those two words. Yes, they’re in korean but he’s sure they have a hidden meaning he’s missing. Jungkook grabs the book from the older’s hands knowingly and nods, solemnly holding it open on the first page.

“It is. I love it.”

They’re sitting side by side, shoulders touching as their backs rest comfortably against the shelf behind them. They’ve been here for over an hour and it seems no one is interested in latin-written books, for only two people have come by and barely checked a few titles before leaving them in their previous place, basically untouched. Taehyung thinks that if books had feelings, these would feel super rejected.

“Isn’t it funny to think someone else may think this about one of your books, someday?” he asks in a hushed whisper, because even though they’re in a pretty vacant corner of the library, he still feels he should honor the sacred place with a low tone of voice, as if he were in a church. When he said this to Jungkook, the younger smiled so widely back at him that now he can’t help but whisper with a bit of pride. His boyfriend isn’t smiling now, though. He’s looking up from the thin book, eyelids droopy.

“Taehyung...” he says, and it sounds more like a tired whine than

anything else. The older frowns at him.

“What?”

“The fact that I resigned doesn’t mean I have to write, I can do other things, too,” he answers honestly, but Taehyung huffs in response. He turns around so he can face him better, the shelf in front of them providing a bit of shadow against the lit up lights hanging from the ceiling, so Jungkook’s eyes are darkened while his mouth remains bright red and beautiful, as if calling for attention.

“But wasn’t that the whole point? For you not only to stop working for your father but to pursue your dreams as well?” he questions, truly curious as to what on earth Jungkook could be possibly thinking of doing instead. Taehyung loves his job, but he can’t say it’s his passion...he doesn’t think he has one, not to his knowledge, at least. Now, for Jungkook it’s a completely different story. If there’s anyone out there who is passionate about something, is him. And to ignore that? It sounds like a sin to Taehyung, like a personal offense to life itself.

Jungkook plays with the top corner of the book, holding the back with his right hand while sliding the top of each page with his thumb, allowing the soft yellowish paper to caress the skin of his finger, the sound like butterfly wings over a quiet summer afternoon. Taehyung recognizes it as a nervous tick and is surprised to find he isn’t biting his lower lip instead.

“I’m not sure it’d be a wise decision,” he says, voice so faint that he has to press himself a bit closer against him to hear. Or maybe it’s because Taehyung refuses to believe Jungkook could ever let go of something so significant, so easily.

“Fuck that. You have to do what makes you happy.”

Jungkook looks up at that, his thumb still running over the pages as he softly regards him with a lovely smile that is all lips and no teeth.

“You make me happy,” he cheesily states.

“Yes, and you’re already doing me so,” he shrugs with a quick eye roll, making Jungkook laugh lightly. He places his hand on the younger’s hair, carding his fingers through its silkiness, relishing in the delicious smell of his shampoo.

“Just try, Kooks. You have to try. Writing is your *it* .”

“My what?” he asks, though he sounds as if he already knows the answer.

“You know, that thing that makes all the other things worth it. All the shit and pain,” he explains, hands gesturing all around them as if pretending to blame the whole world, to take it in his hands and lock it there. “I’m no critic, no editor, no expert in literature whatsoever but I know that your poems have made me feel...stuff,” he shrugs, ever the eloquent. Jungkook half-smiles at his attempt to put it into words. “What I mean is that...I know you’re good and you can do great things and you have to try.”

There’s surprise in Jungkook’s expression as his mouth opens in slight awe at his last words. It’s not that he hadn’t expected Taehyung to be so kind to him, for he’s the sweetest, most genuine and beautiful person he’s ever known; both inside and out. But after being told no for so many years, he can’t help but be surprised at the odd sound of a yes. And such an honest yes, at that. He’s never heard his boyfriend sound so confident in anything.

“You believe in me,” he says, though it sounds a bit like a question. Taehyung’s hand stops his ministrations for a moment, taken aback by the astonished expression on Jungkook’s face.

“Of course I do.”

Jungkook smiles but it vanishes as soon as it comes, thoughts still running through his annoying mind as he sets the book down on the floor at his right.

“But...Tae, if I fail...isn’t it better not to know?” he asks, softly looking up at him through his thick lashes as Taehyung continues caressing his hair, trying to relax him. As Jungkook stares at Taehyung, there’s a world of silences behind his eyelids as he lowers his eyes. Taehyung looks right back at him, eyebrows pulling up in a deep frown. He has the sudden urge to reach for him and hug him to his chest. Or perhaps it’s not sudden; perhaps it’s always kinda there, subdued, waiting for the moment to slip from his fingers. “I don’t...think you understand how much I love it, Tae. And failing, failing is *not* a possibility I’d like to face,” he explains, or tries to, for Taehyung is looking at him as if he were a puzzle in a different language.

“So you’d rather not know?” he questions, and the younger can hear the frustration in his words. Jungkook knows the answer the older wants. He knows he loves him and would want him to have

everything life has to offer; he knows this because that's exactly what he wants for Taehyung himself. But he's terrified. Panic creeps its way towards his throat, slowly choking him, depriving him from the air that will keep him from falling.

"I know it sounds stupid but...the idea of not being good enough doing what I love..." he sighs, the breath heavy and familiar as he lets it go. Taehyung tilts his head to the side, shakes it a bit in disbelief before kicking at the floor with his foot, trying to release part of his pent up frustration. It makes his toes hurt for a few seconds, but it catches the other's attention as he looks back at him with surprise.

Taehyung grabs his hand then. He eyes the way Jungkook instantly intertwines their fingers together and squeezes so softly that it makes Taehyung wonder if he even notices he's clinging to his hand for dear life. He squeezes back, runs his other hand over his wrist.

"And what if *you are* , Jungkook? What if you become freaking famous and successful? What if you're closing the door before even checking if it's locked?" he questions, softly but seriously enough for the other to know he means it.

"Who is the writer here?" he chuckles when he hears Taehyung's metaphor. His boyfriend rolls his eyes in reply, leaning to rest his head on his shoulder.

"Just...try."

Jungkook remains in silence for so long that Taehyung thinks the answer will be a final no. He's about to come up with yet another argument when the younger finally says,

"Okay...I'll think about it."

Once they leave the library, they decide to order sushi back at Jungkook's apartment instead of going to the restaurant itself because Taehyung gets handsy as soon as they reach his car. He rubs his hand over Jungkook's crotch after putting the seatbelt on (just because Jungkook forced him) and smirks so suggestively that Jungkook curses.

"I'm driving, Taehyung."

"I know you are. Don't mind me," he replies, his hand still pushing

against the half-hard cock trapped on his jeans. Jungkook bites the inside of his cheek and does his best to focus on the road ahead, eternally grateful for not having gone to a place far from his apartment. It only takes them six absurd minutes of Taehyung sucking on his own thumb while groping Jungkook for them to get to the building. Jungkook thinks it's a miracle they make it to the elevator with the older kissing him shamelessly on the mouth the moment they get out of the car. Jungkook has to restrain himself from slamming his boyfriend against the hood and fucking him right there on the street for everyone to see.

They don't get to order sushi, of course, for when Jungkook finally unlocks the door, he has a handful of a horny Taehyung refusing to let go of him (not that he minds). Taehyung kisses his lips before his mouth travels down towards his jaw and neck. Jungkook sighs, relaxing as he leans to expose his neck to his boyfriend. The older caresses the skin with his mouth, which feels as soft as a feather, lips slightly moist, their touch heavenly.

"You're beautiful," Taehyung whispers against him, his warm breath feeling a bit like tickles and he's about to laugh before the other's tongue swirls in circles around a purple bruise there, the memory of a hickey he painted against the younger's skin a few days ago, and he finds himself moaning instead.

"No, you are," Jungkook says and it comes out more breathy than he intended. Still, he can hear the fondness in his voice.

Jungkook pushes Taehyung against the wall then, and the older moans at being manhandled. His eyes flutter shut in pleasure as he feels the younger kneading his ass, taking fistfuls of his skin on his big hands and caging him with his broad shoulders. He feels his warmth enveloping him as Jungkook slams his hips against his backside, earning him yet another needy moan.

"Fuck just---take me, please."

"You want me, baby?" Jungkook whispers against his ear, his hot breath sending a shiver down the older's spine. His lips ghost over his earlobe, teeth grazing it diligently. Taehyung feels his cock getting harder by the second, his entire body flushing with complete and total need.

"You know I do. Stop teasing."

He hears Jungkook chuckle then, breathy and husky and deep. He

feels his hands touch him under his shirt, fingers running over smooth skin, stopping at his nipples and rolling them around his burning fingertips. Pleasure runs all the way through Taehyung's body and Jungkook bites his lip at the gorgeous sight, at the blissful sounds he makes every time his plush pink lips part. He could eat him whole; his skin and his mouth are so dangerously sweet, it should be illegal.

He latches his own mouth against the older's neck then, biting at the skin and sucking with his tongue as his fingers continue pinching his nipples, getting the soft skin hard under his touch. Taehyung is a mess of low moans for when Jungkook decides to let his free hand travel down to his pants. He palms him through the fabric, relishing in the almost guttural groan that leaves his mouth at the sudden friction. He pushes against the younger's hand, eager.

"Are you gonna---fuck me...here?" Taehyung asks, his breath coming out hard as his heart slams against his ribcage in anticipation. Jungkook kisses his neck, fingers unzipping the older's tight jeans and running over his hard member. The hand previously teasing his nipples then runs its way towards the ripped part at the back of his jeans. Taehyung visibly whimpers the moment Jungkook's warm fingers slip inside, caressing the golden skin of his thighs.

"I may," is all he gets in reply, eyes fluttering shut in pleasure the moment the younger's nails dig slightly hard against the sensitive, tender flesh. "Fuck, the things you do to me, darling."

Taehyung moans, both due to the words Jungkook sends right to his ear with his tongue brushing his earlobe as he verbalizes, and the way the younger's hand begins stroking him slowly.

His eyes shut in absolute submission as the younger adds, "Take your clothes off."

Taehyung thinks it's a bit unfair that Jungkook is still wearing most of his clothes but he doesn't voice his complaint as he pulls his jeans off with a bit of effort caused by the tightness around his thighs. Jungkook helps him with his shirt as he kicks the jean away from them, and the older smirks when he hears the sound of his boyfriend taking his own jeans off.

But it doesn't last long, the knowing smile, that is. For it's seconds later that Jungkook holds both of the older's hands against the wall, palms splayed on top of his head and secured under his own.

"Kinky," he chuckles, but Jungkook quickly shuts him up with another

dry thrust of his hips against his. It sends Taehyung reeling a bit as he bites on his lip, pushing his ass backwards to create more friction, feeling the other's cock already fully hard when it rubs over the crack of his ass. He tries to push Jungkook's hands away so he can get his briefs off as soon as possible, but his boyfriend has other ideas in mind.

"Easy there. No rush, baby," he murmurs, kissing Taehyung's cheek almost tenderly, the brush of his lips against his cheekbone so sweet it gives the older whiplash. "Gotta open you first, yeah?"

And Taehyung expects lube, a couple of fingers and *a lot* of lube, enough to create a squelching sound. He's surprised when Jungkook gets on his knees behind him instead, freeing his hands with the sudden movement. His eyes widen when his boyfriend gets his underwear off, letting it slide to the floor as his lips kiss his round globes. He feels lips and tongue and even teeth unite to reduce him to a mess of moans. Jungkook gives a groan of his own when he parts the older's buttocks and licks at the entrance, hands holding him open to thrust his tongue slowly inside. Taehyung is already pushing against the wall, trying to level himself, but when Jungkook adds his fingers inside him, his head is thrown backwards in an attempt to release *something*.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck...." he mumbles, both curses and praises mixing in his mouth as Jungkook scissors his index and middle finger with such expert coordination that he thinks he may faint out of pure pleasure. That combined with his delicious wet tongue as it slides over his walls, breaking him apart, unraveling under his magic touch. He pushes his hips against his face, hands working as leverage as they hold onto the wall for dear life. And he pushes hard, up until Jungkook has his mouth buried between his cheeks, his two fingers caressing his prostate as if it were a wounded animal, with soft feathery touches that leave him begging for more. Literally. "More, please...right there, oh my *god, right fucking there.*"

And Jungkook complies, licking a long stripe over his entrance and slapping his right cheek. Taehyung whimpers at the testing touch, and this seems enough to allow Jungkook another slap on his other cheek, this time harder; it makes Taehyung gasp in surprise, the pain registering as absolute pleasure and going straight to his throbbing dick. He lowers his eyes to watch the red tip already smeared with precum as it pulses like a beating heart.

But it's before he can come that Jungkook stands back up and presses

himself against him, hands holding his on top of his head again, his own hard, thick cock teasingly hanging between his asscheeks. And he wants him so badly, wants him inside him, fucking him senseless. And Jungkook wants it, too, but he loves teasing the older, driving him to the edge of the cliff so the fall is a thousand times better. He delights himself with admiring his waist, his soft and lean body, the curve of his beautiful ass...

“Fuck me bare,” Taehyung blurts out then, and they’re so close that he can hear Jungkook’s breath hitch.

“*Fuck*. Are you...are you sure?” he asks, his previous confidence fading for a moment as he turns Taehyung around to face him, eyes gentle as his hands cradle the other’s head.

“Of course I am,” he smiles and Jungkook smiles right back, more out of instinct than anything else, because who could watch Kim Taehyung smile and refuse to return the favor?

“Okay,” he nods before kissing his temple softly and holding him by the hips, turning him back to face the wall. Taehyung leans his weight on his hands, hears Jungkook lubing his cock up quickly, fingers traveling up and down his shaft in fast strokes before he feels him back against him, slowly starting to push his tip inside. Taehyung shuts his eyes, legs widening to make the slide easier. A moan makes its way up his throat when Jungkook pushes completely inside, his balls touching the curve of his ass. The lube feels cold as it drips. He feels a sting and presses his hips tight, even closer yet as Jungkook’s hands caress his sides and he waits a few moments for him to finally sigh and move his ass to signal his boyfriend to move.

And he does; deep, intense, thorough thrusts that have Taehyung arching his back, hands balled in fists as he glues them to the wall and moans. He’s never been fucked against a wall before; he didn’t know it could feel this great to have the solid support of it under his hands while his boyfriend held him and slammed inside him over and over again.

The tip of Jungkook’s long cock curves when he slides back inside then and barely finds his prostate.

“You feel amazing, baby,” Jungkook grunts, his hands going from his hips to his torso as he teases the older’s nipples again, lips trailing kisses down his back and around his nape.

“You--- *fuck*,” he gasps, unable to form coherent sentences. He’s never

felt Jungkook this close before, the thin latex now not separating them, allowing the soft skin of his cock to completely make contact with his wet entrance as it swallows him time after time, walls stretching with the size the moments he thrusts so deep Taehyung swears he feels it *everywhere* . The movements are so delicious, the rhythm harder by the second, tough and mercilessly slamming against him, just the way he likes it.

“ *Harder* , come on, hard----” the older’s sentence is cut off by Jungkook suddenly turning him around without disconnecting them and raising Taehyung’s legs to wrap them around his torso so fast that he thinks, for a moment, that he levitates in the air. Or maybe it’s just the pleasure making him finally insane.

The new position feels pretty similar to the last one but now he can look at Jungkook’s lustful, dark eyes as he stares at him. Now he can stare right back and lick his lips and watch the moment his boyfriend’s heated gaze follows the movement. Now he can hug him closer, tangle his hands on his hair and *pull* , hard, making Jungkook moan the most delicious sound. Now he can kiss his lips and it’s wet and hot and incredible.

Jungkook slaps him in the ass again, Taehyung moaning against his lips, the sound getting heavier and more intense in his mouth as Jungkook slams right against that incredible, blissful bundle of nerves that make Taehyung see fucking stars. The younger bites at his neck, his shoulder, chest, every part of his body he can reach as they slowly begin reaching their climaxes.

“Where....do you want it?” Jungkook asks, his breath coming out hard. Taehyung instantly knows what he means and he smirks as he leans over his ear, their sweaty chests touching, strands of hair sticking to their foreheads, and murmurs,

“Half inside me, half on my face.”

And Jungkook bites his lip until it draws blood though Taehyung lets him have it because he can relate to the madness as his boyfriend pushes him against the now warm wall and fucks him with all of his strength, his thrusts almost animalistic as he pushes and pulls and Taehyung comes seconds later, without a warning, the pool of warm inside him spilling out in white, fat stripes that drip down Jungkook’s legs and to the floor.

Jungkook fucks him through the aftershocks, chasing his own release

and finding it the moment Taehyung licks a stripe up his neck and shoves his whole weight against his throbbing cock. He does just as Taehyung asked for; coming a bit inside him, relishing in the way his cum dribbles over his beautiful thighs before he lets the older go of him for him to get on his knees in a hurry, mouth open as Jungkook shoots the rest of his load towards his waiting face.

He licks at the cum while looking at Jungkook straight in the eye, pink tongue running over his cum stained lips and fingers reaching to smear the cum on his cheeks over his tongue, sucking on his thumb and his wet fingertips eagerly. His eyes look almost innocent as he does so, too, and Jungkook stares in awe for it's one of the hottest and most beautiful things he's ever seen.

"Fuck. You're gonna kill me one of these days," he whispers, helping him back up with a tired smile and sweet eyes.

"Ditto," is all Taehyung replies as he squeezes his hand and walks them to the bathroom to clean up, the younger's light laughter following right behind.

Taehyung eats sushi as if he were having an orgasm with each piece that touches his tongue. He shuts his eyes, moans shamelessly and swallows soundly. At the third time in a row, Jungkook drops his chopsticks in frustration and stares at him with an unimpressed look.

"You're doing it on purpose," he states. It doesn't help that Taehyung is wearing one of Jungkook's button-ups. It's white, almost transparent as it hangs loose and oversized on his body. He's sitting cross-legged on the couch, his thighs barely covered by the shirt, his hair still wet from the shower he just had.

"Doing what?" the other asks, innocently after taking a sip of his chinese soda.

Jungkook waves his hand lazily in the air, trying to encompass the way his boyfriend is teasing him.

"That...those, those damn sounds."

"Wow, I can't even eat and you're already thinking such nasty things....wow. I got feelings, too, you know?" Taehyung asks, dramatically shaking his head in a way that makes little drops of water fall on Jungkook's lap. He winces as he wipes them off, though

it's probably his fault for sitting so close to Taehyung in the first place (not that he'd move).

The younger rolls his eyes at his words. "If you wanna have sex again, just say it."

Taehyung pops yet another piece of sushi in his mouth, chewing quietly while looking at him. Right after he swallows, he places a hand on his chest, exaggeratedly batting his lashes in a charming way before saying, "Thought you'd never ask."

It's two hours later that they find themselves watching tv. Jungkook reads his phone and realizes it's four a.m and he's not even tired. How could he, when Taehyung is literally resting his head on his lap while they watch an awful variety show? Tae replies to each question the contestants have to answer to and gives out a little yell of victory when he gets them right. Jungkook smiles at the sight when Taehyung turns around to look up at him with a grin.

"I should go and participate. I'd be great---wait, are you even watching it? We can watch something else if you want..." he says, already going for the remote at his left. Jungkook shakes his head and Taehyung frowns in return, curious as to why his boyfriend is staring at him so tenderly, as if he wanted to say something important.

He waits, and after a few seconds Jungkook finally speaks up.

"I love you. So much. You know that, right?"

The older blushes slightly.

"Of course I do. You say it all the time," Taehyung says with an eye roll that has Jungkook sulking like an offended child. He laughs at his adorable expression and leans to drop a quick kiss on his nose. "I love you too, boo."

Jungkook raises his eyebrows and shakes his head at him with a grimace. "Boo? What the fuck?"

"It's cute!" Taehyung argues, sitting up on the sofa.

"Do not call me boo. Ever."

The older huffs before a small smile paints his lips. "Well now you

know I gotta, right?”

“Funny.”

“I am not laughing, though,” he shrugs and right before Jungkook gets another word out, his eyes find something thrown on the floor and he smirks. “Also, nice leather jacket you had on.”

Jungkook looks at him, unfazed, the sound of the tv like background noise to their late night conversation. “Thank you. I hope my boyfriend doesn’t burn this one. He has a weird temper, you know?”

“Well he’s probably got his reasons. I bet you used to put him in handcuffs and pretend you lost the key,” he replies without missing a beat, eyes narrowing as the memory resurfaces.

Jungkook laughs at that.

“Wow, I’d almost forgotten about that. That was *fun*, ” he replies, eyebrows raising and falling suggestively. Taehyung snorts.

“No, that was mean. *You* were mean,” he states, poking his chest with a finger.

Jungkook huffs at his words, holding his boyfriend’s wrist to hold him close against him again. “As if you weren’t.”

“I wasn’t. I was lovely, just like I still am,” he smiles, dazzling and beautiful, his hair looking almost golden in its disarray.

“That, you are,” he smiles right back at him, eyes crinkling at the corners as he sets a chaste kiss against Taehyung’s collarbones. He feels a bit of pride at the many hickeys all over his skin.

They turn off the tv after that, though they stay in the same position, both in silence... and it feels so comfortable that Taehyung is *scared* . He feels Jungkook playing with his hair while humming to an old song, wonders what the younger may be thinking about. He knows what he is thinking about; that little voice at the back of his head is whispering that this is all a bit too good to be true. Jungkook is too good to be true. And Taehyung loves him so dearly, so very, very dearly and he’s been doing *great* . It’s only been over a few days and yes, Jungkook’s mom did call a few times (but after Jungkook replied to the first one and got yelled at, he decided to decline the rest, at least for a while). But he’s doing fine, far better than he expected, all things considered. They both are, even though Taehyung feels a bit

odd working at the company of such an awful man. And yet Jungkook reminds him every time that Namjoon will be taking charge soon and they both know there's no better man for the job.

He's still undeniably scared, wonders if Jungkook feels panicky at all, too. Because Taehyung isn't sure what he'll do if he loses this boy right here who holds him as if he were precious, who kisses him passionately....this boy who is his ultimate *it* .

"Do you think it'll ever pass?" he voices out after a moment, voice as hushed as it was back in the library. Jungkook frowns at him, a bit confused, and so he adds, "The honeymoon phase?"

The younger cracks a bit of a smile then, thumb caressing his cheek earnestly.

He doesn't shake his head no, but what he replies is even better for Taehyung's frightened heart.

"There's no way I'll ever want to let you go," he says, and he says this so honestly, so very truthful to his own words that Taehyung finds himself not only believing him but also *agreeing* . No matter what comes their way, how could he *ever* want to let him go? They already wasted so much time closing their eyes to the truth behind their arrangement, that he can't quite imagine a world in where he makes the same stupid mistake twice.

And yet, what if it's something beyond their power that separates them?

"But what if it's not us, what if someone or something else gets in between us?" he asks, unable to remain quiet, and Jungkook frowns again, this time his eyes hardening at the idea. He purses his lips.

"Tae, why are you so scared?" he murmurs, and Taehyung feels like the biggest, most annoying idiot of all. He should just shut up.

"I'm sorry. I'm ruining the mood."

Jungkook rushes to shake his head, his hands comfortably stroking Taehyung's neck. The smooth touch relaxes him slightly.

"You're not, it's just---I hate that you feel that way," he explains, eyes sad and Taehyung hates that he did that. This is supposed to be a fun date, not a depressing one. But then again, he has to talk to him about these things, too, even if they aren't all that pretty.

He shrugs a bit, resting his head against the other's chest instead of his lap, arm curling around his strong waist, the soft fabric of his cotton shirt rubbing over his hands. "I just have to get used to....this. To being happy with you."

Jungkook is smiling when Tae looks up at him.

"It won't take too much. I already don't know what I'd do without you," Jungkook chuckles and Taehyung is about to agree, to say that the idea of being without him seems bizarre now that he's had a taste of how much better things could be *with* him, but the younger is already talking again, "And...whatever comes our way, we'll cross that bridge when we get to it, okay? Don't worry about things you don't even know anything about yet."

Taehyung breathes his perfume in and sighs, content, his words relaxing him almost as much as his touch. He knows Jungkook is right, it's just sometimes it gets a bit hard to ignore the scary idea of things going wrong. But if he spends too much time focused on them, how is he supposed to enjoy this?

"Yeah, I know. You're right," he admits before adding a quick, "I love you," because he does.

Jungkook tightens his hold on his back and sighs as well before replying, "Me too."

And Taehyung loves that he says it even though they both already know.

He feels he can breathe a little better as he peacefully shuts his eyes, ready to drift off to sleep.

The End.

Chapter End Notes

aaaand that's it guys! Wow, it's over :o

Well we still got the epilogue left though it's gonna be a short one.

I just wanna say thank you to everyone who ever commented, suscribed and sent kudos to this story.

It's a bittersweet feeling to finally put an end to it, but I'm satisfied with how it worked out (:
I have other fics planned! I hope you check them out once they make it out n.n

Over 1800 kudos! Seriously thank you for joining me on this nice journey. I love y'all.

p.s: my perfect date would be at a library. sue me.

xox, C.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung tightens his hold on his tie, tilting his head to the side against the reflection on the mirror. He smiles. It's probably the fifth tie he's tried in a row, and he is starting to worry about this becoming a bit of a pattern; he getting nervous about every single thing in his life that involves Jungkook one way or another. But he can't help himself, after all, his boyfriend is fucking finally getting published. This is big, *huge*. He can't be prouder, he can't be happier. This is everything Jungkook has been working for during the last two years. And he got lucky, or at least that's what he says whenever people ask him about his book. 'I got lucky, ran into an amazing agent in the middle of the street.' And yeah, maybe that was luck but the fact that the guy looked over Jungkook's writings and absolutely loved them, wasn't. He'd been discouraged by then, after being told *no* so many times, he really thought he should give up. But he didn't because he believed in himself and his words and his passion and this happened and now Jungkook is proving everyone wrong.

"Are you ready to leave yet?" Jimin asks from downstairs. Taehyung can overhear his discussion with Yoongi as they both fight over the stupid swear jar. Jimin had thought it'd be an awesome idea to get one since Yoongi couldn't stop swearing every time he opened his mouth. And of course, Yoongi being the stubborn guy he was, accepted the challenge under the idea that Jimin himself would lose more money than him. Turns out the jar was filled the next time Taehyung went over to visit them and they both refused to talk about it when asked. So it's really no surprise they're fighting over it yet again.

"In a minute!" he answers as he nods approvingly at his reflection before hesitating, shaking his head and throwing the tie away, leaving only the pristine white button-down shirt. After applying some cologne and a bit of gloss to his lips, he walks down the stairs and finds Jimin holding the swear jar like a trophy, arm raised into the air and chin pointing to the sky. Meanwhile, Yoongi is looking even more like a toddler as he tries to reach said jar standing on his tiptoes. "Well, this is sad," he comments, leaning against the wall with his

eyebrows raised.

“I want my money back!” Yoongi is saying, pathetically straining his entire body into an awkward position to get to the precious object. To no avail, of course.

“This is more mine than it is yours!”

“Oh, so you admit defeat, then?” the older smirks, dropping his arm to cross it in front of his chest instead, smugly.

“Are you kidding me? I kept paying because you wouldn’t!” Jimin accuses and Yoongi stares at Taehyung’s surprised expression out of the corner of his eye as he thinks of a reply; quickly his face morphs into one of victory as a light bulb seems to lighten up in his head.

“You were the one who suggested turning the swear jar into a sex jar,” he says with a devilish glint to his dark eyes.

“Woah, what?” Taehyung asks, arms raised in confusion, palms up defensively. He isn’t sure if he really wants to know what’s going on between his friends any longer but his curiosity is an itch dying to be scratched.

Jimin turns towards him then, eyes wide and hands tightening as if he hadn’t noticed him there before (even though he was the one to call for him in the first place). He lowers the jar but just barely, aware of Yoongi still eyeing the bills. “Oh, Tae. You ready to leave?”

“Yeah...what is a sex jar, though?” he inquiries, unable to help himself.

His best friend giggles fakely, waving a hand carelessly in his direction as he hugs his blazer around his frame and holds the jar against his chest like a treasure. “Just Yoongi saying stupid ass shit.”

Yoongi points at him desperately, eyebrows hiding behind his fringe. “See?! You swear all the time!”

Jimin glares at him as he replies through gritted teeth, “Shut up.”

“Um, okay. Let’s–yeah, let’s go. Jungkook is waiting for me. I mean, us,” Taehyung quickly corrects himself although they all know the person he wants to have with him the most in such an important moment is him.

“Let’s go,” Jimin nods in agreement with a small smile as he grabs his phone and walks towards the door. Yoongi stares at him in disbelief, hands balled into fists. Taehyung stares at them from over his shoulder, hand already at the knob as he asks himself if he could make a run for it without them noticing. Probably.

“You’re not taking the jar, are you?” Yoongi asks him, eyes narrowed in suspicion. Jimin huffs in retaliation, and Tae thinks that if he had long hair, he would probably have flipped it by now. His best friend is the baddest bitch.

“Watch me, Min Yoongi. Watch me,” is all he says, making his boyfriend gulp as Taehyung opens the door for Jimin to walk through. He laughs at his dramatic, movie-like exit. Yoongi walks right after them after a brief pause, murmuring under his breath about fucking Park Jimin and how he will see once they’re back at their apartment.

Taehyung continues wondering what the hell is a sex jar all the way to their destination.

Jungkook’s hands are shaking. He feels so dumb, so weak as he holds probably one of the most precious things he’s ever held in his hands. It has his name. Right there on the cover, in bold letters, his fucking name (well, not his name per se considering how he had to use a pseudonym not to be related to his father’s company but still). It’s unreal, surreal, fucking crazy, insane—he holds the book gently, as if it were Taehyung himself. The spine is thick, filled with pages with his words on them, the words he chose, the words he put together after months of hard work. It’s all paying off. He wants to scream fucking finally into the air. He can’t believe he’s standing right here, in one of Seoul’s biggest libraries, the place he showed Taehyung in their first official date, his goddamn happy place, holding *his* book. It’s not even hidden away like he feared it would be but rather in the new releases section. Standing tall and pretty with the cover he didn’t choose, but well, he doesn’t mind. He reads the title, *‘In all our cracked perfection’* and sighs.

“I’m so proud of you,” Namjoon says as he wraps an arm around his neck, rubbing a fist over his head like he used to do when he was a kid. He laughs it off, shoving him in the chest.

“Thank you,” he smiles, chuckling when he sees Jin and Hoseok taking turns to take pictures with the book, making funny faces to the

camera and hurrying to publish them on their social media. It's funny how close those two got after spending some time together every time the seven of them would meet up. They bonded as they both complained about having to endure Taehyung's and Jungkook's childish tantrums as they figured out their feelings and man up enough to actually do something about them. But Jungkook thinks it makes sense, both have that genuine, optimistic vibe and are like the glue of the group; without them, none of them would make sense together.

"Okay, hashtags. Talk to me. I'm thinking...#newbook #release," Hoseok says, leaning against Jin's arm naturally, as if he belonged there, and looking quite professional behind his black sunglasses (although they don't make much sense now that they're indoors).

"Please. Think big, Hobi. #Breakthrough #NewAuthor...um, what else...#Whipped!" he replies with a bright smile, pointing at Jungkook and jumping a bit on the soles of his feet as if he has just discovered the cure to cancer. The younger stares at him with an offended frown.

"Hey, I thought you guys were trying to promote the book, not me. Also, I'm so not whipped."

"You come with the book. And...yes, you are," Hoseok points out with a purse of his lips that twitches into a soft smile. Jungkook is just about to retort in an attempt to recover his dignity, or at least whatever is left of it, until a deep voice interrupts him before the words even make it past his lips.

"Fuck, Kookie...it's so beautiful," he hears Taehyung's voice suddenly say from somewhere behind him. He turns around so abruptly that his neck almost cracks. He hears Jin murmur a '*Not whipped my ass*' but he doesn't care enough to pay him any attention whatsoever. He sees his boyfriend standing there looking beautiful as always, hands to his chest in pride, eyes a bit wet with emotion. He sees Yoongi and Jimin approaching them as well, quickly saying hi to everyone. Jungkook wonders why Jimin is holding a jar filled with money but shrugs it off.

"Hey, baby," he smiles at the older, quickly wrapping him in his arms and kissing the top of his head. Taehyung returns the hug instantly and Jungkook sighs against his comforting, light and familiar weight. He's still holding his book in between them and laughs when the hug becomes uncomfortable with the object being squeezed against their chests.

“Well, let me see! I need to see, god I can’t believe you wouldn’t show me until now,” he tells Jungkook, hitting him playfully in the shoulder with the book. He didn’t show him the final copy, yeah, but he did share every word inside the book with him; he’s his muse after all. Maybe not all of the poems are about Taehyung, since he isn’t his only inspiration, but he is his favorite. He is the shadow of every letter of every word, and he wouldn’t have any other way.

“Ouch, don’t use my book against me.”

“Too late. Now, let’s see...” Taehyung says, excitedly flipping through the pages, bringing the book to his nose and smelling the fresh perfume of a newly printed book. Jungkook smiles at him, still holding him close by the waist. He’s nervous, his cheeks flushed a pretty pink because Taehyung is slowly approaching the index and that means he’s closer to the dedications page and god, he hopes he likes it. He sees Namjoon send him a comforting smile as he leans against the shelf behind him, Jin giggling at his side as he waits for Taehyung’s reaction. People walk through the library, unaware of the seven young men acting like absurd fangirls.

“Oh my god...that’s so cute! Yoongi, do more cute stuff like this for me,” Jimin complains as he flips through another copy of the book, apparently already having read over the dedications.

“What is cute?” Taehyung asks, a confusing frown on his forehead, but before his friend can bring himself to reply, the older finally reaches the second page of the book. His eyes widen instantly, and it would probably make Jungkook laugh if he wasn’t so nervous. His lower lip wavers as his hold in the book tightens, knuckles turning a bit white as his eyes re-read the words over and over again. “Oh god...Kookie,” he whispers, finally looking back at him, eyes full of tears.

“I—do you like it?” he inquiries, trying hard to conceal the hesitation behind his words but probably failing.

“If I like it? This is literally the most romantic thing I’ve ever—” he shakes his head, unable to finish the sentence before he chuckles and adds, “Well, not the most. It’s hard to compete against this,” he admits with a choked laugh as he holds his right hand up, the one with the bright, shiny ring in his finger. That was only a few months ago, the day Jungkook finally got the balls to propose to Taehyung and almost shit himself in the process. *As if he’d say anything but yes*, he remembers Jimin commenting the moment they returned to their apartment with a squealing Taehyung and a very lovestruck

Jungkook. “But...this is incredible, thank you. I love it,” his boyfriend is saying now, voice a bit higher than usual with emotion.

“Thank you, baby. I wouldn’t have done any of this without you. You know that, right?” he asks, lips pulling into an endeared smile. Taehyung rolls his eyes, fond.

“Don’t be silly. You did all of this yourself.”

“I wouldn’t have even tried alone. I would probably still be in my dad’s awful company,” he winces, the idea sending a shiver down his spine. He hasn’t properly talked to his father in so long that he wonders if he still holds that title. But he does, because he is and he will always be his dad, just as his mom will continue to be his mom and they will probably continue to have their awkward, forced conversations over the phone. They may be forced but most times, it’s them that call, not the other way around...and it makes Jungkook think that if they keep doing it, it must be because they care, at least a little bit.

“Still hate-fucking me?” Taehyung asks with an almost shy voice, eyes crinkled at the corners in amusement.

“Please, it was never hate-fucking,” he finishes with a huff before leaning over and kissing his sweet lips. He can hear their friends complaining about how disgusting they are, and how they should save that for when they’re back at their apartment but he ignores them as he continues kissing his boyfriend like it’s the first time. Taehyung kisses him back just as passionately, lips parting for him and fingers playing with his hair. It’s when the older pulls at the strands a bit to tilt his head and deepen the kiss that Jungkook breaks the kiss. Taehyung pouts at him, a question in his eyes. “Baby, we’re in a public library. And our friends are just there,” he adds with a light laugh.

“So? Can’t I make out with my boyfriend?”

“Fiancé, you mean,” the younger corrects him with a raised eyebrow, his eyes lowering towards the older’s hand which is still holding onto his book. The ring shines between them, calling for attention.

Taehyung’s smile brightens up as if the sun itself were reflecting off his lips. He tightens his hold on Jungkook’s slim waist, nodding. “Yes, my beautiful *fiancé*. God, I love saying that.”

“Then say it,” Jungkook replies with a shrug and Taehyung nods, nods

and nods, feels his heart warm up and fill with all of the pride, the love he has for this man in front of him who--

“Okay this is all super romantic and shit but we have reservations, you know?” Jimin speaks up from behind them, making his boyfriend nod and the rest of their friends make noises of agreement. Taehyung sends him the most awful glare as he rolls his eyes and sets the book back on its place, though, holding Jungkook’s hand instead as they all walk out of the library, their laughter and voices carrying off the walls.

The restaurant is superb (Namjoon made sure to let everyone know it had five stars on yelp, to which Jin responded that the fact it had a Michelin star was way more important, but most of their friends had no idea what that meant) and their table is one of the biggest ones there are, filled with the seven loud friends who keep on cracking absurd jokes about how underdressed they are for such a fancy place. At one point, Hoseok even grabs the nice white napkin and tugs it inside his collar, putting on a pretentious expression and pretending to eat with his pinkie raised in the air. Meanwhile, Jimin explains to Jin and Jungkook the origins of the swear jar, and how he decided to name it the sex jar to add money every time Yoongi got in the mood. Which, apparently, was a lot of the time. This makes Jungkook laugh so loud that when he mocks Yoongi calling him thirsty and telling him he now had enough money to pay for everyone’s dinner, the older throws his own napkin to his face. Taehyung watches it all, smiling so hard that his cheeks hurt.

It’s once the food finally arrives and the two waiters leave their dishes perfectly aligned in front of them, that Namjoon announces he would like to make a toast. He stands up tall, proud, a kind smile on his face. Seokjin stares at him with endeared eyes from his left, resting his cheek on his fist and focusing all of his attention on him.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been prouder of you, little brother, than I am right at this moment--” he begins, “which is saying something considering how although you are younger than me, you’re a bit of a role model,” he chuckles, a flush on his cheeks. Taehyung squeezes his boyfriend’s hand, who is staring in absolute awe at his hyung. “I’m proud of you for standing up to dad and...for basically doing what you knew you wanted. For going after it, I guess. Most people don’t do that, Kookie. Most people are cowards but you weren’t, you took a risk. And people would be a lot happier if they followed your

example,” he continues, looking straight at Jungkook in the eye before raising his glass of champagne in the air, everyone imitating him with emotional eyes and sweet smiles. “And so today we celebrate dreams and not giving up. For Jungkook!”

“*For Jungkook!*” everyone echoes, the sound of crystal glasses clashing against each other drowning their gleeful voices.

Jungkook is quick to wrap his arms around Namjoon when everyone finally sets their glasses down, and Taehyung watches as he whispers something to him that makes the older’s eyes water a bit.

And everything seems so okay that it makes Taehyung’s heart squeeze inside him. The word family beats inside his chest and he feels a bit silly as his own eyes burn with unshed tears.

“Are you okay?” his fiancé asks him once he sits back down at his side, a comforting hand at his thigh. And it’s like their friend’s laughter and voices are suddenly white noise, all of him focusing on the man at his side. He feels so filled with love that he’s scared he may blow up.

“Yeah. We all are, aren’t we?” he grins, hand resting against his, and Jungkook grins back a bit out of instinct, because he can’t help but doing so whenever he watches his boyfriend’s beautiful, bright smile.

“Yeah, we all are,” he agrees before leaning a bit against him and leaving a sweet kiss on his cheek that tastes more like a promise than anything else.

It’s when they’re back in their apartment that Taehyung stares once again at his own new copy of Jungkook’s book and opens the second page, watching it with warm eyes.

And it reads,

To Taehyung, who gave my lips all the words they were looking for.

Chapter End Notes

I may fucking cry omg. I think I took so long because I low-key didn't want to finally wrap this fic up, it's my big baby after all. But I promised you guys an epilogue and so here it is! I intended

to make it longer but I'm truly happy with how it ended up. I hope you all are as well. Perhaps someday we'll get a prequel bonus chapter, who knows? No promises hehe.

Thank you for your support and all the love. I can't believe the 2k kudos this fic got! I love y'all,

xoxo, C.

p.s: I think I had the dedications thingy planned for months
hahah god

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